

The Australian

June 5, 1968

Women's Weekly

PRICE

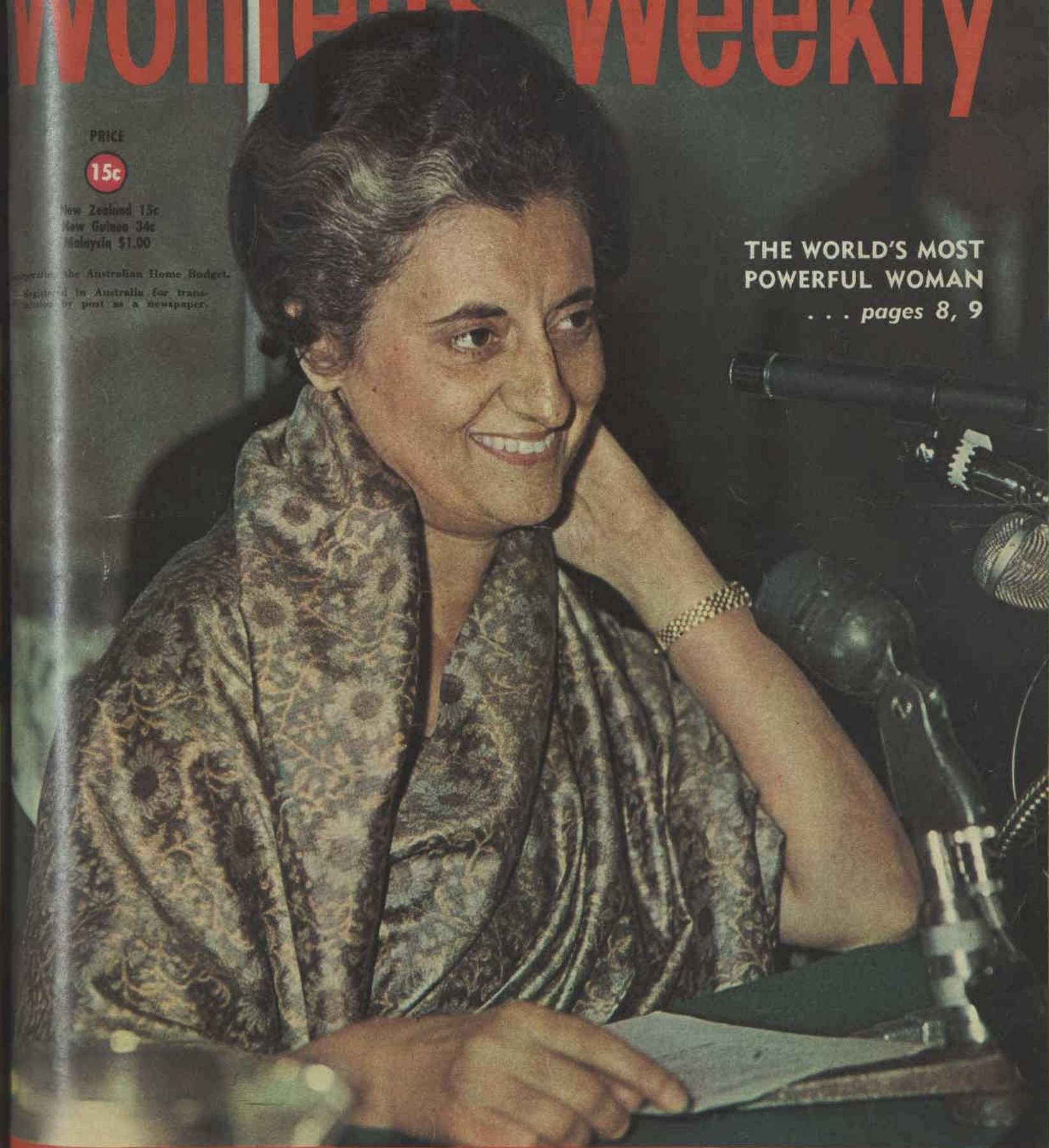
15c

New Zealand 15c
New Guinea 34c
Malaysia \$1.00

Supplements the Australian Home Budget.
Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

THE WORLD'S MOST
POWERFUL WOMAN

. . . pages 8, 9



16-page lift-out
**TABLE-TOP
COOKERY**

**THE DARING, DRAMATIC
LIFE OF AMY JOHNSON**

—PART ONE

**All about
WIGS and
WIGLETS**

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4083 WW, G.P.O., Sydney 2001.

Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.

Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.

Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 135 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth 6001.

Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

Printed by Compres Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

JUNE 5, 1968

Vol. 36, No. 1

OUR COVER

● The world's most powerful woman, India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, photographed at a Press conference held at the Hotel Canberra during Mrs. Gandhi's six-day state visit to Australia. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

- All About Wigs . . . 13
- Amy Johnson, by Constance Babington Smith (Part One) . . . 38, 39
- Knitting for Smart Matrons 59
- TABLE-TOP COOKERY
- Centre lift-out

FASHION

- Travel Wardrobe in Wool . . . 27
- Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . . 29
- Fashion Frocks . . . 84
- Needlework Notions . . . 85
- Butterick Patterns . . . 95

REGULAR FEATURES

- Social Roundabout . . . 10, 11
- TV Parade . . . 15
- Beautiful Australia . . . 25
- Traveller's Tale . . . 30, 31
- Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell . . . 43
- Compact . . . 46
- For Teenagers . . . 61-64
- House of the Week . . . 68, 69
- Stars . . . 82
- Mandrake, Crossword . . . 95

FICTION

- The Nine Billion Names of God, Arthur C. Clarke . . . 71
- The Grass Widow's Tale (Serial—Part 1), Ellis Peters . . . 75
- Crisis for Clancy, Sandra M. Lopez . . . 87

HOME and FAMILY

- Collectors' Corner . . . 48
- Prize Recipes . . . 51
- Gardening: The Garden in June . . . 53
- Reader's Story . . . 55
- At Home with Margaret Sydney . . . 57
- Transfer . . . 78
- Home Hints . . . 79
- Recipe Contest . . . 85

Gallant old warriors are in good hands

● This month the Red Cross will knock on your door. This is the story of a brave band of veterans who live in peace and dignity because you and the Red Cross care.

By KAY KEAVNEY

"MARRIED? Not I," said Mr. Doddemeade gaily. "I never had the brains to catch a girl."

Mr. Doddemeade is 81, quite blind, and great fun to be with. I met him at his home, "Graythwaite," North Sydney, the home of 55 war veterans like himself.

It's a beautiful old place, high on a hill, with the Harbor winking at its foot. It was built in 1823, on the site of an even older cottage.

The grounds of its near neighbor, Shore, the distinguished boys' school, used to be "Graythwaite's" paddocks.

Back in 1915, in the thick of the War to End All Wars, its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allwright Dibbs, presented it to the State "for use as a convalescent home for sick and wounded soldiers and sailors."

"When not further required for that purpose," went on the citation optimistically, "it should become a home for distressed subjects of the British Empire, regardless of sect or creed."

Luckily for future veterans, the Government asked an

organisation to run it which still goes on remembering while the rest of the world may forget.

This was the Australian Red Cross Society, N.S.W. Division, formed only the previous autumn, in the terrible year 1914.

Since then, through alterations and expansions and several new wars, thousands of men have found shelter and care and companionship at "Graythwaite."

Patients who can afford it pay \$10 a week, scaled down in case of hardship. It's a pittance for a good home and full nursing care.

Said a charming and cheerful person, Matron Hazel McClelland: "We do everything here short of surgical work, for which they go to the Repatriation Hospital at Concord.

Compliment

"They're all World War I veterans, old and growing older. Some are into their nineties. They're dear old men and they're very fond of this place."

My blind friend Mr. Doddemeade returned the compliment.

"We're well fed and well

looked after, and, as for the nursing service, you couldn't beat them. They're the most kindly natured women in the world."

Mr. Doddemeade's hands deftly shaped a basket. We were in the Handcrafts Room, presided over by one of the Red Cross' remarkable voluntary workers. Miss Dorothy Burnie has been

coming to "Graythwaite" for well over 20 years.

Handcrafts (the Red Cross frowns on the word "handicrafts") help to keep the old soldiers stimulated and interested, and bring them pocket-money, too.

Though the raw materials are mostly supplied by the Red Cross, and the finished articles are sold by them, the proceeds go directly to the men.

They live in bright wards, and have lots of places to sit in the sun and talk and reminisce. They go in and out freely, if they are well enough.

No families

They have recreation rooms and TV and movies and concerts, thanks to good friends like the Red Cross Younger Sets and the Shore boys and the pupils of North Sydney Demonstration School and the RSL.

Visitors from such organisations are often the only callers the veterans have. Many of them have no families, or those they have are scattered or forgetting.

"This is the only home I've got," said 83-year-old Mr. Walter Lund, "and it's a good home. God alone knows what would happen to me if I didn't have it.

"The trouble is," he added, but quite cheerfully, "the trouble is, I've lived too long."

Mr. Doddemeade thought it likely he'd live to be a hundred. He has a cousin of 105. "She's just had to give up gardening," he said.

The old ex-servicemen are very proud of their home, with its wonderful cedar staircase, its beautiful hall paved with the original tiles, which were put in one by one, its fine old door with the original lock.

"That's an old gas bracket there over the door," said 79-year-old Mr. F. Burgess. "And how much do you think you'd pay today for those glass door handles? Doesn't bear thinking about, does it?"

It seems natural to ask the old warriors where they fought, and the exotic names come out as if new-minted. "Fromelles, Bullecourt, the Somme . . ."

It was all more than a century ago, but these men are still paying the price of service when they were young and strong.

You meet many more of them farther up Sydney's North Shore, at the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Home at Gordon. Here, too, you meet veterans of World War II and subsequent wars, and a handful of ex-servicemen.

Said Matron Valerie Hambro, who has held the home efficient sway here for 12 years:

"We've had ex-servicemen

To page 10



CONVERSATION in the hall at "Graythwaite" for Mr. F. Burgess (79) and Mr. Walter Lund (83), in cap. The residents are very proud of the lovely old home. The original tiles were set into the floor one by one.



IN THE HANDCRAFTS ROOM at "Graythwaite," with Red Cross honorary instructor Miss Dorothy Burnie, are (from left) Messrs. F. Hill, F. Rigney, and E. Doddemeade. Mr. Rigney is a former international footballer.

DIANNA'S COMEBACK

Illness couldn't beat the stylish golf star, but she needs all her great willpower for the coming months

AUSTRALIA'S international golfer Dianna Thomas could do no wrong on the golf course.

Titles piled up. She represented Australia in Commonwealth and world championship tournaments.

Experts praised her stylish long game and deadly putting. Fans copied her glamorous clothes.

And then fortune (or whatever god is worshipped by golfers) ceased to smile.

Illness struck three times — glandular fever, pneumonia, and thrombosis of the leg — putting Dianna out of action for six months.

These days, 18 holes is a long way for the young golfer who, in 1965 and 1966, had a handicap of plus one.

Her first comeback game was a mixed four-ball at the Royal Canberra Golf Club. A caddy was with her and she frequently had to sit on the buggy because she was so tired.

Yet she has no intention of giving golf away. Her aim is to represent Australia — for the third time — in the world's major tournament of women's golf, the Espirito Santo Trophy to be staged in Melbourne.

She has until October to get back in top form.

"It's a fair while. If I can manage to have a reasonable score at the trials I might make it. But I feel as though I haven't played for ten years, instead of six months," Dianna said wearily when I met her at Royal Sydney.

She had just played in the first round of the 36-hole Rose Bay Cup. Her face, framed in glossy black hair, was drawn. The orange sweater and skirt — she loves bright colors — seemed to accentuate her tiredness.

"After my illness I started practising nine holes each day, but I wasn't strong enough to do too much. In any case, it's better to play. You get a wider variety of shots on the course. And it's the only way to improve your short game, which is chipping and putting."

Neighbors' jest

Dianna, who is 24, came out from England with her family when she was 12. Her father took over the management of a property north-west of Narrabri, which, to a child used to living on the fringes of London, seemed like the back of beyond.

The people who had the place before left their pets, including two black snakes which lived on the veranda," Dianna remembered. "They told us to throw them some meat, but the first thing my father did was to get rid of them."

The family moved to Wagga in 1960. If Dianna had not been too late to get into the school hockey team she might never have become a golf star. Golf sounded "dead" to her.

Living opposite was a family of golf enthusiasts. They used to tease her about not being able to play even if she tried. This, coupled with the fact she had to give hockey away, made her take a closer look at golf.

"I'll never forget my first game with them," she said. "For a joke they gave me all the wrong clubs to play with. They told me to use the putter on the tee, the driver in the bunker, and gave me a sand iron to putt with. They thought it was a great laugh."

But their teasing encouraged rather than discouraged the 16-year-old. Her enthusiasm grew. Soon her ambition was to be on a handicap of eight, which would qualify her for most State events.

"The worst handicap I had was 30. I came down fairly quickly to four," she smiled. "When I first began playing, they used to call me a pot-hunter. That is a person who retains her handicap so she can win prizes. I was only able to play in four-ball events on Sundays. They were not subjected to handicap changes."

Her playing wasn't confined to Sundays for long. She began doing shift work in the local telephone exchange, "a popular job with golfers," because it allows them to play golf in daylight hours.

By the time Dianna was 18 she was considered one of the golf finds of the season.

Next year, 1963, she represented Australia ("It's a great thrill representing 12 million people") in Commonwealth matches with Canada, Britain, and New Zealand at Royal Melbourne. She won all her matches.

"Britain won and Australia came second," she said. "All the other Australians were in their late 30s. I was 19."

Dianna Cross (as she was known before her marriage), the reluctant golfer, had arrived.

Golf has given her a chance to see the world. In 1964 she represented Australia in Paris.

"It was the first time the Espirito Santo Trophy—which is played every two years—had been staged. The series was originated

in France by the Vicomtesse de Saint-Saveur, who thought there should be a women's golf tournament conducted on the same lines as the Eisenhower Cup.

"A team of three from 27 countries compete, and the two best scores from each country are taken daily for four days," Dianna went on. "The best aggregate score wins. France won that year, and Australia came fifth, which is very good as we are way behind in golf. Other nations have more chances to play competition golf."

Dianna herself came individually seventh out of 90-odd players.

Two years later the talented young golfer was in the team to play in Mexico City. "It nearly killed me, foodwise," she said, laughing. "If you like hot, spicy food you're all right."

The following year Dianna was globe-trotting again. This time to Canada, where she represented Australia in the 1967 Commonwealth matches.

"We had a lovely six weeks, with only two and a half weeks of golf. The Canadian Ladies' Golf Union took us to Niagara Falls, to Expo 67, and right up through the Rockies and then across to Vancouver. I came home through the States."

Golf has also "given" Dianna a husband! Ray Thomas was the professional at Wagga City Golf Club, and he coached her for a couple of years.

She says he gets "a tremendous kick" out of her successes, but seldom watches, because she has to try "that extra bit harder" when he's among the spectators.

DIANNA THOMAS, the girl who was given the wrong clubs for fun in her first round, has a spectacular backswing. (Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.)

Dianna thinks pre-tournament tension is good for a player. She always has a few butterflies on the first green.

"I once heard an actress say that if she wasn't nervous before going on stage, she couldn't act. I feel the same. You need some sort of nervousness to rise to a big occasion."

Dianna is "sort of superstitious," too. Ever since she began playing she has never hit a ball off a colored tee.

"I always choose a white tee. Once I had only a red one, so I put the ball on the ground!"

Greatest challenge

In the seven years Dianna has been playing golf she has discovered that the game she thought "dead" is more challenging, more frustrating than any other sport.

"You can learn to play a presentable game of tennis in a matter of weeks," she said. "But you don't get to be a decent golfer for at least a year. Tremendous skills are needed. No matter how good you are, there's always room for improvement."

"It's you against the course—and a course never stays quite the same."

"Nor do you ever hit the same shot twice. I saw a robot in the States hit 200 balls to test distance and velocity, and every one ended up in a different place when it hit the green. Yet the robot was mechanically perfect. You can never beat it."



**FURNITURE
COLLECTING
FOR AMATEURS**

**16-PAGE
LIFT-OUT
BOOKLET**



and . . .


In praise of older men

and . . .

and . . .

and...

- For the gardener: all about AZALEAS.



NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK • NEXT WEEK



● Student David Mitchell, 19, left, founder and President of the Julie Andrews Fan Club.

"The Sound of Music"— greatest film bonanza

—In Australia 5¼ million people have seen it and some have gone back, and back, and back—up to 80 times.

By
KAY KEAVNEY

Mr. R. T. Milbourn,

"All ages and types and both sexes used to come again and again. Perhaps there was a slight preponderance of women, but only slight.

Always shy about giving names

"Personally, I think it's because 'Music' is the most

All over the world, the

*Never appeared
on film before*

Julie Andrews, who plays the enchanting Maria, had never appeared in a film before. She soared to the peak of world popularity.

Her salary for "Music" was relatively low, and neither she nor her co-star, Christopher Plummer — nor indeed any member of the cast — draws a percentage of the astronomical gross.

The film was shot on location in and around Salzburg, Austria, in only 11 weeks, and cost a mere \$8 million. By contrast, "Dr. Dolittle" took 52 weeks and cost \$15 million.

It was adapted from the stage musical by Rodgers



● Film projectionist Chris Cunneen, 19. Chris' film tally is six times.



● Dorothy Barber, 16 years a secretary — so enchanted she has seen it 11 times.



● Schoolgirl Hazel Katz, who wants to be connected with the theatre, six times.



● Actor Bill Pearson, 21. "Refreshing is the word for Julie Andrews and the film."



● Katherine Mordaunt, 14, likes music, the theatre, Julie Andrews.

Above are some Sydney fans



● The reason for it all — Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer as Captain and Maria von Trapp, and the children in a scene where they sing "So Long, Farewell," from record-breaking "The Sound of Music."

and Hammerstein, adapted in its turn from the life-story of Maria von Trapp, heart and soul of the famous Trapp Family Singers.

It told the story of Maria, the tomboy novice nun who was sent to be governess to the family of eccentric naval officer Captain von Trapp, and brought music and love and light into the children's lives and his.

It ended with the Trapps' escape over the Alps from the encroaching terror of Nazism.

Curiously enough, Christopher Plummer (Captain

von Trapp) hated the show. He thought it was too schmaltzy. In fact, he called it "The Sound of Mucus."

He plays the role throughout with tongue firmly in cheek, which in my view adds just the right touch of ginger, especially in the first half.

Julie Andrews, on the other hand, loved the show, which is just as well, because Julie has to believe in a character, indeed become it, before she can play it at all.

She plays Maria delightfully and sings like an angel.

It's a soaringly beautiful film. But 48 times? 89? 500?

Why should people want to see a film so often? What kind of people?

"All kinds of people," reiterated Mayfair manager Mr. Milbourn. As he said, though, "Music" lovers prefer to remain anonymous.

In the end, I found seven, almost uniformly young. Or rather, David Mitchell, founder and President of the Julie Andrews Fan Club, found them for me.

They ranged from 14-year-olds to "in the 40s." They were intelligent, articulate,

and didn't mind at all having their names and pictures used.

All were lovers of music, usually all kinds of music, but especially musical comedy. All were members of the flourishing Julie Andrews Fan Club.

David Mitchell is only 19, and looks like a university student, which indeed, for a year, he was.

He wants to become a producer-director, is studying films and television at North Sydney Tech, and intends to do a further four-year course at Columbia University, New York.

He was exceedingly articulate about the film's appeal.

"It's a complete departure from the cliché-ridden stage musical — you know, *Girl Makes Good* on Broadway. Everything is superlatively done, the camera work, the orchestrations, the performances. The tunes are simple and catchy, and it helps that they're so well known.

Idealised, but charmingly so

"The children provide good comedy, and children in the audience can identify with them in a way parents can be pleased about. Of course, they're idealised. The whole film is idealised, but charmingly so.

"Then there is Julie Andrews. A Debbie Reynolds might have made the role too schmaltzy, but Julie puts a sharp edge on her performance which is just right."

"She enjoys herself so much," said Margaret Debenham, 21, Sydney science graduate and entomologist. "She makes you enjoy yourself, too."

Margaret is a music- and theatre-lover. She goes to plays like "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." She has seen "Music" nine times, spread over a goodly period.

"My father and brother think I'm quite mad," said Margaret, laughing. "But my mother understands. She likes the film, too."

"All my friends think I'm a bit mad," said fourth-form

schoolgirl Hazel Katz, of Darling Point, N.S.W., who has been six times. She thinks one of the main reasons for the film's success is that it's so different from the usual "depressing" modern movie.

Hazel loves music, too, and the theatre, from Shakespeare to Shaw. She wants to act or somehow be connected with the theatre.

Fourteen-year-old Katherine Mordaunt wants to be a nun. This impressive little girl was particularly moved by the scene in which the Mother Superior persuaded Maria she has no vocation for the convent life.

"Of course," said Katherine quietly, "you can have a vocation for all sorts of things. Maria had one for marriage and a family. For myself, I should like to help people, to look after children who need help. At the moment, it seems to me I can do this best by becoming a nun."

The wholesomeness of "Music" appealed to Katherine, and the music (she loves music and the theatre), and, of course, Julie Andrews.

"She can fit into any personality," said Katherine. "She was Maria."

Dorothy Barber, for 16 years secretary to a major Sydney building-materials manufacturers, was astonished to find herself so enchanted with a film that she saw it (so far) 11 times.

"I walked out on the stage play," she said, "and I had to be talked into seeing the film. I love music — I'm a classical pianist — but I think the guiding star is Julie Andrews, the warmth of her personality, and the sheer humanity of the character she portrayed, with such a love of nature and of children.

"The scenery enchanted me, too. I've wanted to go to the Austrian Alps all my life. After seeing 'Music,' I'm determined. I'll get there. Some day."

Chris Cunneen, 19, a film projectionist who started as a "lolly-boy," was enraptured by the scenery, too.

"I love Austria," he said, "though the film is the closest I've got to being there.

"I love the film, too. It has a little bit of everything in it. Julie Andrews is terrific. She's so natural. There's nothing flashy about her. And what a voice."

So far Chris' tally is six times.

Just sit back and relax

Bearded Bill Pearson, 21 (four times), is an actor, a graduate of NIDA, now studying on a "Tote Scholarship." He gets a lot of work, on film, in TV shows like "Contrabandits," "McGoolley," and "Homicide," and on the stage.

"I went to see the film," he said, "after a terrible rehearsal. I had to do something to pull out of my depression. Well, I came out of the Mayfair, Sydney, absolutely elated and happy. A month later I went again.

"I mainly watched Julie Andrews. I've never seen an actress who is so sincere, and with such ability and so wonderful a singing voice. She's refreshing. In fact, that's the word that describes the film.

"Another factor is its good strong story. The escape from the Nazis came as a complete surprise to me. I expected a light musical, but this element gave it depth.

"The general public don't go to a movie to think themselves silly. This film entertains you and you can just sit back and relax. Its appeal is universal. I don't wonder it's the most successful film of all time."

The same team, with the same shining star, hope to surpass even "Music" in their forthcoming musical life-story of the great, late Gertrude Lawrence, to be called simply "Star."

Australians should be seeing it by the end of this year and making their inevitable comparisons.

Meanwhile, the greatest bonanza in film history continues, and all kinds of people keep coming back, and back, and back.



Pink milk for your skin.

As you grow older, the plump moist skin you had when you were very young begins to change. The years have made it drier. Rougher. Tiny lines appear.

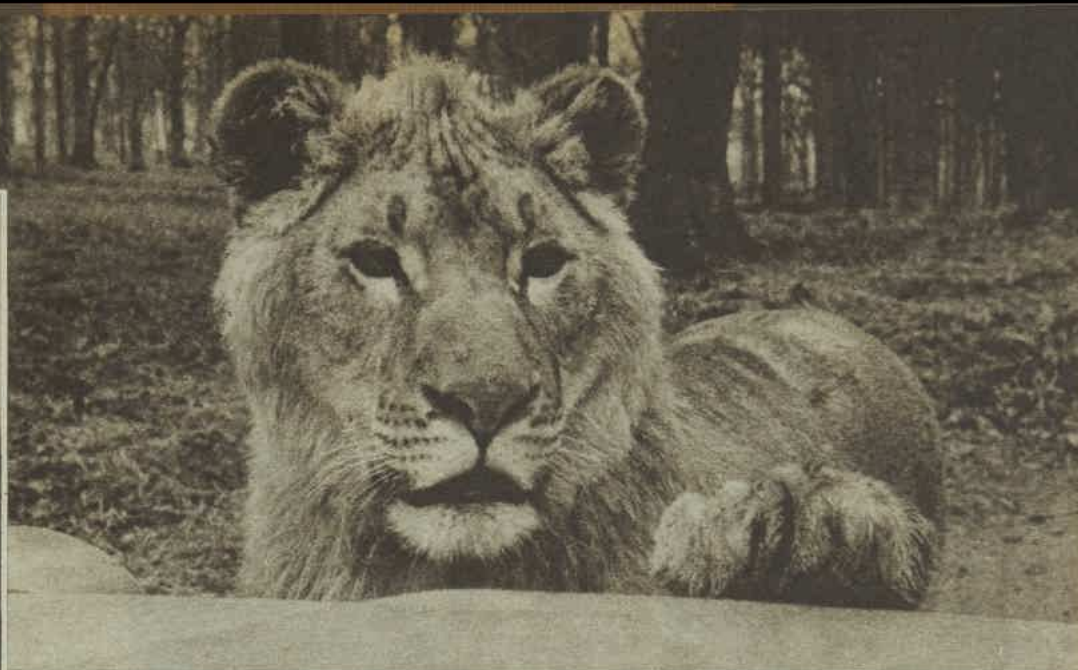
This is the moment for Skin Dew. The deeply penetrating, replenishing emulsion that puts back the moisture growing up took away. Skin Dew is far different from the thin watery moisturizers you may have tried before. This richly textured emulsion is made with "ferment lactiques", a unique milk-culture derivative

that nourishes thirsty skin, restoring the smooth, soft tender young radiance it once had. A few drops under your make-up each morning, and a few drops before you go to sleep, is all you need. Skin Dew is pink in the bottle. Invisible on the skin. Skin Dew from Helena Rubinstein. It's the milk dry skin drinks.

Helena Rubinstein



MAJOR GEOFFREY GIBBON, British hunter, who with two partners is establishing the game park in N.S.W.



● Communing with lions is a wonderful experience — if you keep the car windows wound up! This lion is at "Longleat," Lord Bath's home in Britain.

A ROAR OF LIONS AT WARRAGAMBA

WATCH out for lions when you go to Warragamba.

Lions?

That's right. From mid-June, there will be 50 of them roaming that part of the Australian countryside 40 miles or so south-west of Sydney.

Within the confines of nearly two miles of fencing, this is

Major Geoffrey Gibbon, licensed hunter, is the man responsible for letting lions loose in our midst. He wants us to have the chance to see these magnificent beasts under natural conditions, as in the great game reserves of Africa.

So next time you go to Warragamba, you will be able to drive through 125 acres of lion territory.

It will be perfectly safe, provided all stay inside their cars with the windows wound up (these are the rules in the African national parks).

Three miles of winding road will give visitors a chance to watch the lions at large, and photographers could have a field day.

The idea for the lion park comes from England, where Mr. Jimmy Chipperfield, son of the Chipperfield family (the oldest circus in England), turned part of the grounds of Lord Bath's home, "Longleat," in Wiltshire, into a 100-acre lion reserve.

"The Lions of Longleat" opened in April, 1966. Initial public opposition to the idea of a lion reserve in the grounds of a stately

home quickly gave way to its recognition as one of Britain's foremost zoological exhibitions.

Five months after its opening, more than 100,000 people had been to visit the lions.

The success of the park impressed America, and last year, with Mr. Chipperfield's assistance, a 600-acre "Lion Country Safari" was opened near West Palm Beach, Florida.

Three years ago

Major Gibbon, a long-time hunting friend of Mr. Chipperfield, visited Australia in 1965 and decided that we might like a lion park, too.

Richard Chipperfield, son of Jimmy Chipperfield, is a co-director in the project, and Mr. Alfred Bullen, of Australia's circus family, is the third director.

So in April last year, after sending off a large shipment of animals from Uganda to English zoos, Major Gibbon came to Sydney to select a site.

"At first I thought Camden would be suitable," Major Gibbon said, "but then I found a better site at Warragamba. I got all the necessary permissions from local authorities, quarantine officials, etc., and started building in March this year."

Construction is costing \$200,000, and as soon as it is completed and passed by the authorities the lions will be shipped here.

The park, to be called "African Lion Safari," will be opened about mid-July.

For the information of nervous neighbors, the park will have a 12ft.-high outer

fence with a 3ft. overlap, and 10ft. inside this, another 6ft. fence. Cars will enter the park through double safety gates.

Inside, about 20 wardens in radio-controlled vehicles will be on duty at all times, equipped to handle any incidents, including car breakdowns.

At night the lions will be shut in special lion houses, and, before they are let out each day, the fencing will be thoroughly inspected.

Major Gibbon stressed the safety of this type of park (provided people obey the rules), and said there had been no dangerous incidents in either the English or American parks.

"The only incident I know

of concerned one of the wardens in the American park. A lion had jumped into one of the small, man-made lakes in the park and was drowning."

"The warden jumped in after it, dragged it out and gave the lion mouth-to-mouth resuscitation!"

"Afterward, he was asked if he had realised the danger of the situation. He said no, the only thing he had noticed was that the lion had shockingly bad breath."

Feeding time is always a major attraction in the English and American parks and probably will be here, too.

The lions will be fed six times a week, at about 3 p.m. The wardens will throw the huge hunks of beef from jeeps.

A section of the park will be set aside for a children's zoo, where baby animals will be on show. There will also be a restaurant and curio shop.

Elephants, too

"Each year we hope to add something," Major Gibbon said. "Our first addition will probably be a couple of elephants."

"At 'Longleat' they now have an island with chimpanzees and hippopotamuses in the river. The American park, which is much larger, has elephants, giraffes, zebras, rhinoceroses, monkeys, and several other African species."

But what weekend visitors will be seeing is the kind of life Major Gibbon enjoys full-time in Africa.

Major Gibbon is an exemplar of a "gentleman adventurer," and loves his life as a big-game hunter.

"I was a Welsh Guards-

man for 12 years, and later did five years of show jumping, captaining the British team at one stage," he said.

In 1963 he came to Australia, got off the ship in Perth, hired a jeep, and drove north to do some crocodile shooting.

He stayed at a cattle station, then drove down to Sydney and finally crossed the Nullarbor back to Perth.

Licensed hunter

Back in England, he went to see "Hatari," an adventure film starring John Wayne as a licensed hunter trapping game for zoos in Africa.

"I thought, that's the life for me," Major Gibbon said. "I had just sold an engineering business in Wales, so I was free to start a new venture."

Major Gibbon had met Jimmy Chipperfield years before at the Royal Stables, Windsor, and they had become friends. He knew Mr. Chipperfield was an experienced hunter, so asked for an introduction to hunting.

On his first expedition, in 1965, Major Gibbon caught 12 elephants.

"I was fascinated by it all," he said, "so I stayed on in Uganda as a licensed hunter, while Jimmy went back to England to start his lion park."

Major Gibbon returned to Australia in 1965 on a business trip concerning his interests in cattle stations, and it was then that he thought of a lion park for Australia.

He hopes that when people drive through the reserve they will get some feeling of the wonderful life in Africa.

"People need somewhere to go to get away from city

By

BARBARA MARTYN

life," he said. "I hate living in cities and spend as little time as possible in them."

As a bachelor, he is free to roam the world.

"What woman would want to be married to a man who leads the life I do?" he said. "I suppose I should settle down some day."

But he looked doubtful about being on the other end of the trap for a change, and quickly changed the subject back to his life in Africa.

"Trapping animals for zoos is hard work and dangerous, but very exciting."

"Lions are marvellous," he added. "Although, actually, I like elephants best. You never know what they are going to do, and they are incredibly brave. I could watch elephants all day long."

"Lions are really rather lazy and live a pleasant, leisurely life, particularly in the reserves."

The outlook for lions, at least, seems rosy. Other countries, such as Holland and Germany, have also expressed an interest in establishing lion reserves and are consulting Mr. Chipperfield, who has offered to provide the lions and the know-how.

Climate is evidently no problem, as the lions at "Longleat" have thrived in the English climate to the extent of being more active in the winter months.

So it seems that, although colonising is a thing of the past, the British are about to "lionise" the world.



● Richard Chipperfield, of the British circus family, with one of the young animals at "Longleat," Wiltshire.

WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL WOMAN



—"My ambition," said Mrs. Gandhi, "is to bring security and the enjoyment of living to 520 million."

FOR two days, I trailed her around Canberra, a little woman swathed in a sari, topped by a thick black coat.

Mostly a black scarf covered her dark hair, slashed by a single dramatic wing of white.

I watched her from the edges of a dozen crowds, in the streets, and at receptions—Indira Gandhi, living history, leader of 520 million human beings.

She is the most powerful and responsible woman the world has ever known.

How did it feel to be such a woman? How did she bear her burdens?

I watched her with the Governor-General and his wife, the Prime Minister and his wife, with the ministers and diplomats and their wives.

Widowed and pre-eminent, Indira Gandhi moved always alone. Did she feel very much alone? Was there anyone with whom she could share the bad moments, as a man will with a loving and understanding wife?

I wondered about these things—and I'm willing to bet every other woman in the watching crowds wondered about them, too.

She has so often made her attitude clear. "I do not regard myself as a woman," she has said, "in regard to the job. If a woman has qualifications for any profession, she should be in it."

"A woman's work is more difficult than a man's, because she has to look after the work as well as the home."

And again, "I do not regard myself as a woman. I am a person with a job."

Just a citizen

And again: "In the Indian Constitution, all citizens are equal, regardless of sex, religion, language, and state. And, therefore, I am just an Indian citizen and the first servant of the land."

Just the same, she is a woman. Impossible not to speculate, as she moved — graciously aloof — in and out of places, shook hundreds of hands, flashed the smile that lights her sombre face, murmured a word or two, put her hands together in the Indian salutation called Namaste.

At the Prime Minister's luncheon on the second day, I heard her speak for the first time, in a clear, lilting, almost unaccented voice. It was a statesman-like speech.

● Left, the Indian Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, was the guest of the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. John Gorton, and Mrs. Gorton at dinner at the Lodge, Canberra.



● Mrs. Gandhi, above, laying a wreath on the Stone of Remembrance at the Australian War Memorial, in Canberra. Left, with the High Commissioner for India, Mr. A. M. Thomas, and Mrs. Thomas, who gave a reception for her.

—Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1961



◆ Mrs. Gandhi with Mrs. Gorton, above, at the luncheon given by Mr. Gorton on behalf of the Australian Government at Parliament House. Right, Mrs. Gandhi wore a sari of natural silk tussore with a pink border to dine with the Governor-General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey. Her visit was part of a four-nation tour.

travelling the globe, touching on many great issues.

The Prime Minister, Mr. John Gorton, and the Opposition leader, Mr. Gough Whitlam, spoke of the courageous and adventurous life this woman has led.

And a remarkable life it has been.

She was born in 1917, at the height of the Russian revolution, only child of Jawaharlal Nehru and his 17-year-old bride Kamala. They were aristocrats, living luxuriously, until they and Nehru's father chose to throw themselves into the struggle for freedom.

Ahead, for the parents, lay many years of deprivation and imprisonment; for the little girl, loneliness and poverty.

A high-caste Hindu, she fell in love, with a Parsee, Prime Gandhi, and married in 1942, despite formidable opposition. She bore him two sons, went to prison with him, and mourned when he died in 1960, worn out by services to his country.

She had been only 18 when her mother died. When her father became Prime Minister, Indira was his mistress.

She was also elected President of the Congress, in direct line from her grandfather and father. She travelled widely, met the great of the world.

On January 24, 1966, she became Prime Minister of the world's largest democracy, the second woman in history (Mrs. Bandaranaike, of Ceylon, was the first) to be elected to this office.

She came to power at a time of intolerable crisis, and

she has faced intimidating crises ever since.

At the Parliamentary luncheon in Canberra, John Gorton and Gough Whitlam paid tribute to the manner in which she has tackled those crises and the day-to-day problems of office.

A little later, at a nearby hotel, the Press, television, and radio gathered in force for a Press conference.

Soon, Indira Gandhi was among us, in a flowered sari, her deep, dark eyes smiling. She sank into a chair behind the barrage of microphones and told us she was glad to be with us, and seemed to mean it.

The men asked questions about Vietnam and Malaysia, but the handful of women asked questions about Indira Gandhi, the woman.

High ambition

"Madam Prime Minister," asked one young girl, "are you lonely?"

Indira Gandhi smiled, a beautiful smile. "Are we not all lonely?" she countered. "Are we not all alone? I am too busy to be lonely."

"Madam Prime Minister," asked another young woman, "what gives you the strength to bear such burdens. Is it religion? Philosophy? What is it?"

"I think," she said, "that it is my love and my involvement with the people, the Indian people."

"Madam," said another, "have you any particular personal ambition?"

"My ambition," she said, "is a very high one. To bring security and the enjoyment of living to 520 million people. Oh, yes, this ambi-

tion is a very high one indeed."

"What," said another woman, "do you think has been the greatest contribution of India's women since independence, and where do you think their greatest contribution will lie in the future?"

"In India," she said, "we do not separate our citizens in this way. Gandhi and my father realised that freedom could never be won if half the population were apathetic."

"They brought this half, the woman, into the struggle. If there were beatings, if there were imprisonments, the women suffered equally with the men."

"And so it seemed natural, when independence came, that all should be alike, should be equal. For us, the women are just citizens. Their contribution will be as citizens. That is how it seems right to us."

"Madam Prime Minister," asked another, "what do you consider the most important personal quality?"

"Tolerance is important," she said, "The tolerance of one human being for another, regardless of race or sex or creed."

The questions died away. The woman in the flowered sari waited courteously. Soon, swiftly and gracefully, she was gone.

The reporters lingered, talking together, deeply impressed.

Like the rest, I knew that I had been in the presence of an exceptional human being, a historic personage, a citizen of the world.

— KAY KEAVNEY



Warriors' home



Gardens surround the Lady Gowrie Red Cross Home (left). Below: Matron Valerie Holcombe talks to Miss Ellen Bosden (84), formerly matron of a hospital in Malaya.



From page 2

here from many nations, and Merchant Marine, too — if they served in a war area. Our women are mostly nurses from World War I.

"We have 87 beds, and they're always full. Usually the patients live here till the end of their lives, though we can't guarantee this because we can't keep infectious cases.

"As the years go by, the patients are older, in fact mostly it's a home (with full nursing) for the elderly. But they aren't necessarily old. Korean and Vietnam veterans convalesce here, and many do go back to work.

"We have an overall staff of 45, and a visiting Red Cross doctor. Nearly half our patients are entitled to go to the Repatriation Hospital at Concord for surgical treatment. Many, too, go to Royal North Shore."

There have been major additions since the Red Cross took over the magnificent estate in 1941, but the nucleus of "Lady Gowrie" is the mansion built by former millionaire financier Mr. John Woolcott Forbes.

Veterans now shower in his all-black bathroom.

Five acres of gardens and rolling lawns, with tennis courts and swimming-pool, surround the white-painted hospital. On every hand there is beauty.

Big library

There is a fine new amenities building, including a big, light room for handicrafts, and the Red Cross Auxiliary is continually adding comforts and equipment. There is a big library, there are bowling and billiards, TV, movies, and often concerts.

"I'm absolutely lucky to be here," said 87-year-old Mr. Philip Brennan, a widower for many years, and brother of the Australian poet Christopher Brennan.

"He died 32 years ago," Mr. Brennan remembered. "He was 11 years older than I. I had a younger brother, but he is dead, too. Yes, I'm lucky to be here."

"Cheer up," said Mr. John McGilvray, 84, born in Mull, Scotland, a veteran of the Australian Flying Corps. But Mr. McGilvray, too, is long a widower.

Tears came easily to the old, and he wept to think of what might have become of him were it not for the Red Cross.

Mr. Charles Hudson, who lost a leg from frost-bite on the Somme, is a comparative youngster of 76. He was in the landing at Gallipoli. He

showed me a silver bullet, the gift of Princess Mary to every person serving on Christmas Day, 1914.

Mr. William Eadie is a senior resident at 96. He was a pathologist and radiologist on a ship, in the Merchant Marine in World War I.

Every one of the old fighters has a story.

Matron Holcombe knows them all. She knows all about their families, their state of health, their likes and dislikes, and so, it seems, do the rest of the staff.

This is a family, and this is a home, with a small "h."

In the Nancy Consett Stephen Wing — added in 1956 and named after a great worker for Red Cross — I met some of the gallant women veterans. Among them was 84-year-old Miss Ellen Bosden, former matron of a 1000-bed hospital in Malaya.

Miss Bosden sat in a wheelchair, cuddling a little brown toy dog.

Said Matron Holcombe, "When Miss Bosden had to give up her flat to come here, she had to give away her cat and her little black-and-white dog, Whisky."

"She had a black-and-white toy dog which she called Whisky, too, and it was such a comfort to her."

"When it wore out, we bought her another, and then another. She called them all 'Whisky.' But now we just can't find a black-and-white dog — they're all pandas in the shops. So we had to buy this one."

"She still calls it 'Whisky,' though, and it's still a great comfort."

Miss Mary Godden, 88, was a war nurse in World War I and a bush nurse in peacetime.

"The women patients are older on the whole than the men," said Matron. "They seem to go on longer looking after themselves, being independent. But they settle down here and are happy. It's really such a beautiful place."

Mrs. Nancy Pollak, a former Wrán, is only 47, the Wing's only woman veteran of World War II, and is suffering from multiple sclerosis.

"I can't tell you," she said, "how thankful I am for this place."

Miss Marguerite Hall, 77, a former Canadian Army nurse, and Mrs. Eva Ward-Smith, 82, a former Australian Army nurse, were in neighboring beds in one small, charming ward.

"Mrs. Ward-Smith," said Matron, smiling, "loves to see a man in a suit."

Matron and I sent in Ernie Nutt, our photographer, male and suited, to see her. She sat up beaming.

Both at "Graythwaite" and "Lady Gowrie," patients spend as little time as possible in bed. They try to keep active, both mentally and physically.

But with every year they are growing older, more dependent, more in need of intensive care. Some must have every bite they eat cut up for them.

It all takes more time and a great deal more money. And with every year, the problems will grow more acute.

"Wherever there is need," runs the slogan, "there is Red Cross."

This great voluntary organisation constantly needs funds, not only for its veterans' homes but for all its other saving work — its Blood Transfusion Service, the care of today's sick and wounded servicemen, its disaster relief funds, and so much more.

June is "Red Cross Calling Month," culminating in the Door Knock Appeal on Sunday, June 23.

When the knock comes at your door, remember Mr. Doddmeade and Miss Bosden, and all their gallant company, living in peace and dignity because you and the Red Cross care.



AT PICNIC RACES. Among the many visitors to the Upper Hunter Amateur Race Club's two-day picnic race-meeting at Muswellbrook were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bishop, of "Millera," Scone (at left), and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arnott, of "Bonnie Doone," Timor, near Murrumbidgee.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

JUST back from two months abroad, the

Larry Merels were bubbling with enthusiasm about the many fascinating discotheques in Europe and America. With Morey Amsterdam (the American comedian who plays Buddy in the "Dick Van Dyke Show") as their host, they visited most of the really interesting night spots in Las Vegas. Personalities they dined with included Al Martino, Donald O'Connor, and Sammy Davis Jr. They were shown the night life in Paris by the Baron Henri de Montesquieu, who is now visiting Sydney.

EXCITED at the prospect of attending the famous Salzburg Festival in Austria is Jean Germetot, who leaves for three months in Paris at the end of June. A great sun-and-sea lover (he's one of the 6.30 a.m. swimmers at Bondi Beach each day), Jean hopes to bask in the sun in the South of France. Incidentally, Jean is among the Sydney hosts organising cocktail and dinner parties for Paris visitor Baron Henri de Montesquieu.

SYDNEY friends have been receiving lots of gay postcards from Mrs. Magda Winkler, who is at present visiting one of her twin daughters, Sylvia Tagler, and her two children, David and Michele, in Kansas City. She'll be off to New York soon and then on to Europe, where she plans to spend a few months before she returns home to Sydney.

BRIGHT farewell party given by Sue Du Val the night before artist Paul Jones left for a month in England included many of his artist friends. Paul will see his wild-flower paintings on show in London at the Tryon Gallery and look up his friends over there. He plans to return via Venice, Bangkok, and Bali.

MEMORIES of her childhood days flowed back to Mrs. Ignacy Listwan when she admired the stunning goateen coat worn by Mrs. Gilbert Marrou at one of the brightest cocktail parties of the week. Mrs. Marrou, who arrived only recently from Paris, bought the coat from the Gurale peasants in the Patra Mountains, in Poland, where Mrs. Listwan spent her childhood years.

DATE for your diary . . . exhibition of primitive and modern art at the home of Mrs. Rhylle R. Gray, 81 Alexander Crescent, Bayview, on May 31 and June 1 to aid The Foundation for the Peoples of the South Pacific.

EXCITING time for effervescent Sydney lass Gaye Hughes, who arrived back recently after 18 months in Europe. A few days after her arrival, former Sydney boyfriend John Harkness (one of five charming bachelor brothers) asked her to marry him and they've set the date for a July ceremony. After the wedding they'll move into a delightful home unit at Double Bay which John bought and decorated while Gaye was overseas.

AMONG the souvenirs Mrs. Ronald Meadows brought home from her youngest daughter's wedding in California was a tape-recording made by a close family friend (who was also among the guests), former Olympic swimmer Murray Rose. Mrs. Meadows spent two months with her daughter Gay, who married James Edwards, of Glendale, California, on May 11. When the newlyweds left for a honeymoon in Mexico, Mrs. Meadows returned home to Sydney, where she plans to spend a few weeks quietly at Palm Beach after all the excitement.

— Mollie Lyons



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Basil Green after their marriage at St. Patrick's Church, Gosford. The bride was Miss Rosalyn Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Phillips, of Point Frederick, Gosford. They will make their home at Armidale, where the bridegroom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Green, of Wagga Wagga, is a member of the tutorial staff of the Science Department at the University of New England.

WEEKEND AT QUIRINDI



PRE-DINNER DRINKS. Mr. and Mrs. Brien Cobcroft, of "Parraveena," Willow Tree (at left), with houseguests from Sydney, Miss Jenny Dight and Mr. "Tiger" Scott, had drinks in front of the fire before they left to have dinner with Prince Philip at "Berwick." The following day, Mr. Gavin Cobcroft was host at a lunch for Prince Philip, which was given at the main homestead at "Parraveena."

Although the polo was cancelled because of bad weather, the Duke of Edinburgh spent an informal weekend at Quirindi as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Hill. He watched a football match, enjoyed a picnic lunch, and was guest-of-honor at a luncheon held on an adjoining property.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair Hill, their son, Noel, and Prince Philip posed for photographers on the lawn outside the homestead at "Berwick," Willow Tree, with the Hills' spaniel, Mihanovich, on the morning of his second day at Quirindi. Later in the morning the party all went horse-riding.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moses, of "Valais," Willow Tree (at left), arriving with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Moses, of "Hazel Park," Bellata, for the picnic luncheon which members of the Quirindi Polo Club gave for Prince Philip in the showground pavilion.



SYDNEY VISITOR. Mr. David Shmith, of Elizabeth Bay, and Miss Robin Huddle, of "Kerrawah," Coolah, were the guests of Mr. Harry Evans, of "Miller's Point," Willow Tree, for the weekend. They were among those who dined with Prince Philip.

AT RIGHT. Twosome Mr. Andrew Bettington, of "Parrah," Willow Tree, and Miss Jenny Crossing, of "Karanilla," Quirindi, after the luncheon given by members and wives of the Quirindi Polo Club.

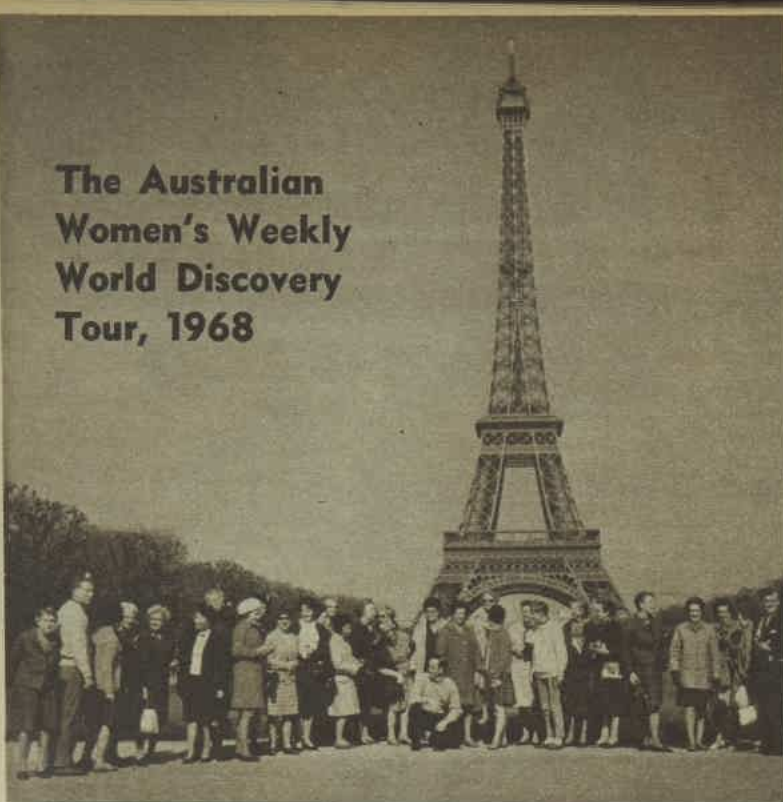


AUTUMN LEAVES. Threesome who took their pre-luncheon drinks outside under a lovely plane tree at the showground were Mrs. Robert Wilson, of "Nullawarah," Wallabadah, Mrs. John Aitken, of Bellevue Hill, and Mrs. J. R. Vickery, of "Bective," Tamworth.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 5, 1968

The Australian
Women's Weekly
World Discovery
Tour, 1968



World tourists photographed in front of the Eiffel Tower.

ENCHANTMENT OF EUROPE

CHANGES of countries and coinage, of people and places, of food and fashions, and of nations and notions make our European tour the most exciting part of our trip.

We are in a constant state of wanting to stay and having to go on.

We all feel like Cecil Rhodes—"So much to do, so little time to do it."

So each dawn we leap from our beds with a glad cry—or stagger forth with a feeble moan—and set off for another day's adventure.

Into the bus and off, you say.

Have you ever tried to get 48 people, plus their hand-luggage, settled in their seats? Sounds easy, doesn't it?

By now we know each other like a family, know each other's ways and whims, and know our own seats—but, no.

We move back one seat every day so everyone can have a turn in the royal box (the front seats). So we don't know our seats. So we have a corroboree in the aisle trying to sort it out.

We have been shopping and all the extra parcels won't fit on the head racks. But let's try.

"Put those coats on top of each other."

"Turn the bag sideways."

"Hey. That's my best hat you're squashing."

"I can't sit down till Dolly gets here—she has the window-seat today."

"Open the window, it's stuffy in here."

"Shut the window! I have

a cold and I'm in a terrible draught."

Calm and serene in the midst of this tumult is our Italian courier, Pietro, who is blessed with a quick wit and a Latin laugh which has the whole busload rolling in the aisles.

"We must have air or we'll be unhealthy," he says. "If you get a cold, I can take you with me. If you get unhealthy, I have to leave you behind in hospital."

At last we are all seated. The driver starts the engine. Pietro starts counting heads.

"Dad isn't here," Mrs. Blank calls out. "I don't know where that man gets to."

By
Micky McNicoll

Just before panic sets in, Dad saunters up the steps into the bus. "Had to buy some smokes," he mutters.

Where, you are wondering, is all this happening? It happens in Belgium, Germany, Austria, Liechtenstein, Italy, Monaco, and France.

It happens to be the habit of all nations on all bus tours.

It happens to be very funny if we all realise we are all of a kind.

And apart from the beauty, the history, the treasures, and the pleasures seen and learnt in Europe there is the delight of discovering how well and how easily—even with language barriers—people can know and understand one another.

We have travelled more than 3000 miles through five countries and two principalities. We have stayed in more than a dozen hotels

and we have eaten more than 100 meals.

We have seen such things as Brussels Market Square, the fairytale palace in Heidelberg, the Swiss and Austrian Alps, the Italian Dolomites, the Grand Canal and San Marco Square in Venice, the Ponte Vecchio, Pitti Palace, and the Duomo in Florence, St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, the Colosseum, and the Trevi Fountain in Rome, Naples and Pompeii, Pisa's leaning tower, Genoa's slums, the gambling and glamor in Monte Carlo, the Lido in Nice, lazed through Provence to Lyons, and finally flung ourselves into the gaiety of Paris—ending the days at the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergere.

If only we could stay longer... if only we could go back... where would we go?

How delightful to linger longer on the shores of the lake at Lucerne. From there to take another trip to the top of Engelberg (the Mount of the Angels).

Or maybe the boat trip down the Rhine. A warm spring afternoon with the wild cherry blossom misting the banks with white as we pass the famed Lorelei Rocks and a tiny village where the only entrance to the church is through the local pub.

"Something for the flesh and something for the soul," the locals say as they sip a drink on the way to and from services.

Or just back to London. "How nice to be home," we all said as we walked into the Kensington Palace Hotel with our rooms, hot baths, and friends to greet us.

ALL ABOUT WIGS



● Two ways with hairpieces. Left, long fall of hair for the short-haired girl seeking the romantic look. Right, wiglet attached to the crown of the head gives extra fullness and body for evening glamor.

— Panel of experts gives comprehensive guide to buying and care of hairpieces

CALL them what you will—portable hair, interchangeable heads of hair, pre-packed hairdos—they all add up to much the same thing, the wig.

In this case, wig is used loosely to include all varieties of hair extras—wiglets, bandolas, falls, and, of course, the wig proper.

Once the exclusive property of models and the prematurely bald, the wig is now commonplace. At last count, Elizabeth Taylor had 30 wigs of different styles and colors, as did Empress Farah of Iran. Frank Sinatra has a wardrobe of some 60 or so false hairpieces.

As wigs and hairpieces are an expensive way of pampering one's vanity, they should be carefully selected, then expertly looked after.

Just how does one care for a wig? Many women are blasé about the whole business, neglecting the most elementary rules of wig care. Others treat them like dear, if slightly eccentric, relatives.

A panel of Sydney wig experts advocates a compromise—regular, but not fanatical care.

Panel members are Mr. Stuart Andre, of John and

Andre, wig-makers for more than 30 years, Miss Beryl Farley, manageress of A. and W. Brown, hairdressers and importers of hand- and machine-made wigs, and Mr. Henry Moor, manager of Alexander, Double Bay, who estimates that 25 percent of the salon's clients own either a wig or a hairpiece.

Their first advice to the prospective buyer is to know

By
Jacqueline Smith

the difference between the types of hair accessories.

The wig: New "head of hair" built on a mesh base which fits right over the owner's hair.

The wiglet: Small piece of hair on a base to add fullness, usually at the crown or as extra curls at back or top of the head.

The "scalpette": Hairpiece made similar to a wig for people with very thin hair on the top of the head. Usually worn by older women who don't fancy a full wig, but haven't enough hair to hold a bandola securely.

The bandola: Fall of hair, several inches long, attached

to a band or ribbon. Worn usually by girls with short-cropped hair to give an illusion of long.

The fall: More luxurious version of the bandola—much longer and thicker. Often chosen by women who already have long hair to give a thicker and heavier effect. Unlike the bandola, which is held in place by a ribbon, the fall is attached to the crown of the head with a few strategically placed hairpins and the "join" carefully covered by the wearer's own hair.

Once women are sure of the difference, they can look for a wig or hairpiece more successfully.

Why are some wigs and hairpieces much cheaper than others?

Cost depends on several things—whether hand- or machine-made; length and thickness; color; whether European or Asian hair.

What is the difference between machine-made and hand-made wigs?

A hand-made wig is much better—each strand of hair is individually knotted, and the wig looks more natural.

Hair in the machine-made wig is woven to the mesh base in concentric bands, and, if one looks very closely, the wig appears more sparse. It is also heavier.



Above left, blunt-cut, layered wig can be worn in casual styles for day or, as shown, in an elaborate cocktail coif. Above right, return of the Rita Hayworth look with a long wig falling in swinging waves. Left, a softly curled hairpiece — and a pert crop of hair becomes a crowning glory.



holds a set well and saves hours otherwise spent at the hairdresser.

For the woman who entertains a lot or works, it is economical.

Hairpieces, however, probably aren't money-savers and are mostly bought by young women to heighten their beauty. So what more could you want?

How often does a wig need cleaning?

It depends on how often it's worn — with regular wear, about once every four weeks. It also depends on the amount of perspiration and the quantity and quality of the hairspray used. The less hairspray, the less often the wig needs cleaning.

How is a wig cleaned?

NEVER with soap and water. It must always be professionally dry-cleaned. Mr. Andre, however, says that hairpieces of untreated European hair should be shampooed and conditioned by the owner, with only an occasional professional clean. The base, he stresses, must never be allowed to get wet. Water will eventually rot the mesh irreparably.

Can lacquer be used on a wig?

No, it's too strong. Use a lanolised or water-soluble hairspray — sparingly.

What about a perm?

Do NOT perm even the best-quality wig. The process is too drying.

A woman should consider this **BEFORE** buying. If she wants a curly or waved wig,

she should buy one made from naturally curly hair or hair treated by a curling process before manufacture.

Careless wig-buying is not only silly, but often an utter waste of money.

And bleaching and tinting?

You can tint a wig darker shades, but never lighten or bleach it. Even so, any form of tint is not advisable — it dries the hair.

Never buy a wig or hairpiece several shades lighter or darker than the color you want. If the shop assistant tells you it can easily be changed to the required color, he doesn't know. It is no easy matter to tint hair an exact shade, especially wig hair, as the subtleties in tone are so different.

Conceal wig-line

What is the correct way to put on a wig or hairpiece?

A wig should be eased on to the head like a bathing cap, starting from the front.

The wig should either be cut with a fringe or a piece of the wearer's own hair left out at the front to comb over the revealing wig-line.

A fall, or hairpiece, should be secured at the crown. If there isn't enough hair to secure it firmly, make a thick pin curl and anchor it to that.

How often should a wig be set?

Unless the owner is especially adept at setting her wig, it is better to have it set professionally as often as needed.

Duration of a set depends on the style and the humidity — the higher the humidity, the more likely a set is to collapse.

Whenever you remove a wig, check for untidy ends and pin them into small curls. It will save time and extra setting later.

Does back-combing or teasing affect the hair?

Back-combing is against all the natural rules of hair-care and should be kept at a minimum with wigs, hairpieces, AND your own hair.

Do wigs harm the wearer's own hair?

On the contrary, a wig is frequently used to improve the condition of its wearer's hair. It gives hair a rest from teasing, too brisk and frequent brushing and combing, and allows fine hair to strengthen.

Is a wig block necessary?

Essential. All wigs shrink to some extent, and a block counteracts excessive shrinkage. Whenever the wig is not being worn, pin it securely to the block.

How should a hairpiece be treated when not in use?

It is essential that the hair is thoroughly brushed and all teasing removed before the piece is put away. Always roll it in a few rollers and keep it either in the box provided or wrapped in a silk scarf.

Have you any special tips for wig selection and care?

Never buy a too thin bandola. Nothing looks worse than hair you can see through.

Don't buy too radical or gimmicky a wig — unless you're a model. They are very little use and are usually only effective for professional photography.

If you intend wearing a hairpiece, year-in, year-out, don't spare the expense. Buy real hair; that handles more luxuriously and looks authentic.

On the other hand, Kenneth of New York says: "Real hair, of course, for most hair accessories, but I still think people are nuts to spend real money on real hair for simple switches — synthetics are fine for these."

Finally, just one extra bit of advice! Keep the wretched things out of sight. Some people simply cannot adjust to the idea of wearing somebody else's hair.

My young brother is one. An otherwise well-adjusted, normal seven-year-old, he shows a positively macabre fascination in my hairpiece. He begs to watch me "glue it on," wrenches the back of my head periodically to see if I'm wearing it, bribes his friends with promises to show them his sister's "bit of hair," and asks my friends if they wear them.

Usually content just to look at the inanimate object in its small black box, the temptation obviously became too much. The other day I found him swinging my hairpiece from a tree and giving Geronimo-type whoops of delight.

I haven't worn it since.

While the hand-made wig is considerably more expensive, the panel agreed that in the long run it was a better buy.

Why is European hair much more expensive than Asian hair?

Mr. Andre had the most to say on this — and was adamant that European hair was considerably better.

"It's a finer texture," he explained, "and looks more luxurious. Asian hair is originally jet-black and is bleached and tinted by a highly chemical process which ultimately dries and damages the hair."

"Wigs of Asian hair quickly become dull. European hair retains its lustre indefinitely."

Why does the color of the hair influence the price?

It doesn't with wigs of Asian hair — they're usually the same price, as to some extent the hair has all been chemically treated.

However, the cost of wigs made of hair not color-treated in any way varies considerably. The more everyday brown shades are the cheapest, as brown hair is more readily available. The blonder or greyer the color, the more expensive the hair.

Is a wig or hairpiece economical?

Well, yes and no. Most buyers consider convenience more than economy. The initial expense is comparatively large, but with care a wig can last for years. It

• New film—a love tragedy

SOCIETY SCHOOLGIRL BECOMES A STAR

By Robert Feldman, of our New York staff



PIA DEGERMARK — a film producer saw her dancing at a ball with Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, tracked her down, but had to persuade her to act in his film, for she had no need of stardom.

"ELVIRA MADIGAN," a sensitive, delicate story of a Swedish romance, which has received the highest praise from critics in Europe, America, and London, will be shown at the Sydney and Melbourne Film Festivals beginning this week.

The film is based on a true story, similar in circumstances to the suicide of Austria's Crown Prince Rudolph and Marie Vetsera, at Mayerling, at the end of the last century.

Sweden's most celebrated case, which followed the Mayerling tragedy by a year, is that of a young married count, who deserted his regiment, his wife, and two children, for a lovely young tight-rope walker, Elvira Madigan.

LOVERS HIDE AND FLEE

A delicate drama, filmed in superb color, it shows the lovers hiding and fleeing from their responsibilities, living ecstatically and unsheltered in nature, until money and summer are gone.

Hunted, starving, they refuse at last to make the practical compromises required by life, and end theirs with a gun.

The photography, like the tale of Cinderella,

running the gamut of the soft hues of summer in the country, has the impressionistic quality of a mobile Monet painting.

On the soundtrack runs the exquisitely beautiful accompaniment of a Mozart piano concerto.

DANCING WITH PRINCE

The discovery of the star, the beautiful young Swedish film actress Pia Degermark, reads almost

Her photograph, taken as she danced with Crown Prince Carl Gustaf at a country ball, inspired a film producer to search for the unknown girl.

The producer, Bo Widerberg, had no glass slipper to trace his beauty. He had only the newspaper photograph and, when he found her, she turned out to be a 16-year-old schoolgirl.

Unlike Cinderella she was not poor, and she was not eager to try on the glass slipper of fame.

But Widerberg was persuasive, and the following summer Pia spent her school holidays portraying the title role. Her co-star was Thommy Berggren.

Now, two years later, "Elvira Madigan" has been seen all over Europe and

America, and Pia, an unspoiled 18-year-old, is hailed as the successor to Garbo and Ingrid Bergman, both magnificent in their acting of tragic victims of love.

Named best actress at the Cannes Film Festival last year, she travelled (with her ever-present mother) through Europe and America to promote the film, even as it rode to box-office success on the strength of its reviews.

Pia, with a natural and unselfconscious talent, brings out the tenderness and simplicity required by the role. To this is added her translucent fawn-like beauty.

"ANTI-HIPPIE" STATEMENT

As Pia had never acted in her life, not even in a school play, Widerberg, so as not to dim his young star's spontaneity, filmed the story entirely on location, without once taking the girl into the pressurised studio atmosphere.

Sensitively directed by Widerberg, who also wrote the screenplay, the story has struck a chord with despairing idealists, and with the young "flower people" of North America.

But, interviewed by John Guren, of the New York "Times," Pia said, in effect, that she considered the film to be an "anti-hippie" statement.

"I think all the young people today are too tough and too rough," she explained.

"Nobody shows any sweetness any more. My generation is playing on each other's feelings the whole time, but they are afraid to

show any of the softer emotions.

"This is very difficult for a great many young girls—girls like myself, who don't feel like hippies.

"We can't just play along. And that is why there are so many depressed young girls in Sweden today.

"I am like that. I still believe in romantic love, in holding hands. This business of jumping into bed immediately is not for me. I couldn't do it."

With that, reported Guren, a blush appeared on Pia's face, as though the very utterance of those last words suggested an outrage.

Then she added: "Doing Elvira's story has taught me something about love and more about life."

Pia finished her schooling last month and said she would do at least one more film.

After that? She is not sure.

A fitting ending to this storybook tale would be for the prince finally to marry the schoolgirl.

But Pia's answer to that was: "Ah, the Prince. We have known each other since we were little children.

"He just laughs and makes fun of me. I like that. I really like that."

Which shows that the glass slipper belongs to another age.

This year's Sydney Film Festival will be held at the Rose Bay Wintergarden Theatre from May 29 to June 10. "Elvira Madigan" will also be shown at the Melbourne Film Festival, which is from May 31 until June 15.



FILM LOVERS, played by Thommy Berggren and Pia Degermark, in a scene from "Elvira Madigan." Pia's father is a textile manufacturer, and she has two schoolboy brothers, Peter and Jan.

NEW OFFERINGS AND SOME OLD FAVORITES

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television has suddenly become spiced with interest again after weeks of enveloping viewers in a blanket of programs that seemed to have become bland with age.

IT'S been a good time for viewers. On TCN9, "Hunter" came good in a pacy episode in which Kragg defected from CUCW, Will Rushton and Dave Allen came back in the "Tonight" show.

ABC-TV premiered two new quality shows, a suspense serial, "Bat out of Hell," and "Not in Front of the Children," as well as a new series of "Not Only But Also."

ATN7 reintroduced viewers to a Barry Jones in his own TV show, "Encounter."

It was an exciting week, but most of the new offerings are on Monday and Tuesday nights, when good programs are already showing.

For instance, viewers will have to miss half of "Ironside" if they want to see "Not Only But Also."

Dudley Moore and Peter Cook of "Not Only But Also" must surely be two of the funniest men on TV.

The program (ABC-TV, Mondays, 9.05 p.m.) is comedy sketches and music. The sketches are hilarious.

My favorite is the Dud and Pete working-man sketch in which, with the minimum of props, they talk about things like love, evolution, romance, and religion.

They get very high-flown and carried away, using language that doesn't match their looks or the situation.

Savvy-looking Pete was discussing about love to Dud in the premiere. His personal experiences are rich.

"I was on Bus 92B going to the model aeroplane field when suddenly this tempestuous beauty got on," he said.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

MOMMA once said, when she was explaining the answer to a homework problem about an object not fitting into a container smaller than the object, and a very plump lady walked by in slacks: "I don't know if I like these stretch clothes, like socks that fit any size foot or stretch slacks that fit any size woman. I mean, if you have a perfect figure, well good. But when you're overweight something's got to give somewhere, hasn't it?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: We now live in an age of stretch clothes and shrinking dollars.

"She looked at me, she was amazingly sensuous — it was written all over her face."

Diverted, Dud asked Pete what was written all over his face, and Pete, barely pausing, said, "insatiable lust," and went on . . .

"I looked back at her and then I went upstairs for

Television

about five stops. Never saw her again. You've got to play it cool with women."

Dudley Moore (who would like to have "small but passionate" written on his face) is a brilliant pianist, so if you don't go for nonsense, there's always the music.

Barry Jones: "Good TV"

"ENCOUNTER," Barry Jones' new program, is a feather in the cap of Crawford Productions. I think they should get some special award for recognising Jones as the TV personality he is, and backing him.

He is unusual on Australian TV—a personality who didn't come from show business, and who holds an audience on his own, through his academic attainments.

Bob Dyer recognised Barry's potential and developed it to the hilt on "BP Pick-a-Box," but "Encounter" introduces a new Barry Jones—Jones in charge of his own program, unhampered by rules and a show-business compere.

I thought Jones had decided on sensationalism to guarantee a first big rating when I saw "Encounter" was subtitled "Homosexuals." But there was no sensationalism.

He dealt with the subject objectively, thoroughly telling of its history and famous adherents, interviewed a male and a female homosexual, talked to psychologists, and finished with a panel discussion about it between a psychiatrist, a social worker, and a clergyman.

I have always admired Barry Jones and found his enthusiasm and zest for any subject admirable.

"Encounter" labelled as "encounters with prominent Australians and subjects" promises to be good TV.

Dave — and his enduring charm

DAVE ALLEN, back in Sydney again for a season at Chequers and a frequent visitor to TCN9's



CHRIS AND PETER ALLEN, young Australians who made their name on "Bandstand," are back on TCN9 on Sunday, June 2, at 7.30 p.m., when they appear in "Hollywood Palace"—host, Jack Benny.

"Tonight" show, the scene of his first Australian successes, has once more demonstrated his enduring charm.

It's an odd quality, charm. There is nothing so engaging as the real thing, nothing so phony as the turned-on, insincere charm freely distributed by so many showbiz types.

When Dave Allen is away I forget that he is charming.

He only has to appear on TV, though, happy to be back with the viewers who made him, and I realise that he is endowed with 100 per cent genuine charm, and Irish charm at that.

Dave Allen told me once that he tries to make people happy. He certainly succeeds with viewers.

In his personal life his great happiness is his marriage to actress Judith Stott.

Now, their happiness has been crowned with the birth of their first baby, a son, Edward Tynan O'Mahoney.

Edward makes a happy third in the children of the Allen ménage. Dave has a stepson, Jono (Judith's son by her first husband), who is now "round eight," and a daughter, Jane, 2½, whom the Allens adopted when they were told they would not have children of their own.

As often happens, Jane's adoption worked the miracle and two weeks before Dave came to Australia Judith had Edward, Allen's first son.

Jack Neary, the big boss of Sydney's NLT Productions, who first brought Dave

Allen to Australia, is to be young Edward's godfather.

Neary, who has Irish forebears, is as Australian as damper and corned beef, but confesses to being a professional Irishman. He loves the Irish, gets misty-eyed when Irish tenors sing.

He is as proud of young Edward, his Irish godson-to-be, as if he were his own.

"Hunter" steps up the action

"HUNTER," Crawford's glossy production, a kind of Australian edition of "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." (TCN9, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.), promised this week to develop into a tighter, pacier production that could hold its place on TV on merit.

There was less driving about in cars, more story and action in "A Reason for Dying" than in any other episode I've seen.

Kragg (Gerard Kennedy) finally defects from CUCW and joins forces with COSMIC fighting Communism.

With this new situation it will be interesting to see what happens: whether Kragg will become more popular than Tony Ward as Hunter, whether he will be developed as a hero for the younger age groups while John Hunter enthalls the more mature audience.

But, whatever happens, I wish the two heroes would take more notice of Nigel Lovell's acting as Charles Blake, head of COSMIC. He is very good in his role, streets ahead of any of the others in the cast.

● Australian actor Rob Inglis as W. C. Wentworth, one of the 12 characters he portrays in his one-man show.



A BRIDGE TO THE AUDIENCE

"If you don't rely on the physical setting on the stage you can achieve a great deal in the theatre," said Rob Inglis. "For instance, the Greeks and Shakespeare."

It was the eve of the Sydney opening of his "Men Who Shaped Australia for Better or for Worse"—a medley of speeches and writings of men prominent between 1850 and 1900.

His first one-man show, "Canterbury Tales," in which he toured the world, was given last year in Australia, when it won the highest praise.

"A one-man show," he said, "is a simple narrative framework within which the imagination is not limited in any way."

"The effect is decidedly limited if you rely on a costly set. Let a flap move and immediately the bridge that has been built between you and the audience is broken. They can be lost to you for the rest of the performance."

Before he went to London in 1955, with the intention of writing for stage and television, Rob, a journalist on a Newcastle paper, had done some reviewing and amateur work in small theatre groups.

He said, "I got one play, 'The Hands,' performed on the BBC, but then 'The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll' arrived in town and a friend with whom I had acted in Australia said they needed an understudy for Roo, and was I interested."

"I was, and from then on started acting professionally. I took tuition in speech, movement, and all that, and in singing, which landed me my role as the Beadle in 'Oliver!'"

"The idea of 'Canterbury Tales' came to me when I was playing the Beadle and becoming thoroughly bored. So I started reading Chaucer."

"I chose a selection of the tales, spent four months rehearsing in an empty theatre, and then presented them to a group of British Council students."

"My props were a few stools, a cloak, a beard, a

lute, and lighting. It was a success, so I toured England, the Continent, and, last year, America.

"Meantime in London I hadn't stopped writing — mostly radio plays about Australia."

"I was commissioned to write and direct 'The Voyage of the Endeavour' for the Commonwealth Festival in London. I later adapted it for a tour of New South Wales by the Arts Council of Australia."

"The ABC used it for Federal Educational programs, but now, I hear, they are going to run it as an adult series on Sunday afternoons."

"It was my delving into Australian history that suggested this new show to me."

"Men Who Shaped Australia for Better or for Worse," which had its premiere at the Adelaide Festival in March, was described by critics as a "virtuoso one-man performance . . . a Festival bobby-dazzler."

Many characters

In the 55-minute show, Rob portrays 12 characters.

Using only a chair, a rostrum, and a guitar — the latter for the Australian balladry he interposes between the changes — a suit with the long-tail coat and high white collar of the period, he becomes lispng Robert Lowe, protesting against the influx of convicts into the country; haughty Wentworth, talking on Australian society; a 78-year-old woman reciting a poem she composed to Sir Henry Parkes.

After his three-week season in Sydney, Rob will do a month's tour of New South Wales and Queensland.

"Strenuous tours? Yes, I suppose so," he said.

"But if I have someone to drive the car, time for writing and thinking, time to catch my breath, then I can cope."

Since his return to Australia two years ago, Rob, who lives at Cremorne with his wife and their two children, has been working in local television.

"With all the filming being done in Australia now, I would like to be a part of it — but still have time left for writing."

— Gloria Newton

Knit a Villawool Original in Starlite Crepe

Quality yarns for exclusive handknits.



Designs 12 & 13 from Villawool Junior Hand Knits Book 1st Edition.

Yarn—Villawool Starlite Crepe.

The success of Villawool designs is dependent on the use
of the recommended Villawool yarns.



Villawool



Enquiries to Villawool Textile Co., 255 George Street, Sydney.

V63.1410c

AN HOUR OF ARIAS



● Soprano Janice Taylor, who sings "Caro Nome," from Verdi's "Rigoletto."

● An anthology of favorite arias from seven operas is the rich television fare for viewers in four Australian States on June 1. The show, "Opera '68," is a BP presentation.

Twelve Australian and overseas opera stars appear in the hour show — Morag Beaton, June Bronhill, Reginald Byers, John Germain, Rosemary Gordon, Maureen Howard, Ronald Maconaghie, Alexander Major, Marcella Reale, Donald Smith, Janice Taylor, and Neil Warren-Smith.

Backing them is a chorus and the Australian Elizabethan Trust orchestra.

The operatic feast includes arias from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," Verdi's "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore," and Puccini's "Tosca" and "Turandot."

● "Opera '68" may be seen on June 1 on TCN9, Sydney, and GTV9, Melbourne, 7.30 p.m.; NWS9, Adelaide, 8 p.m.; QTQ9, Brisbane, 8.30 p.m.



● June Bronhill, one of the stars appearing in "Opera '68," to be shown in four States on June 1. As Norina in Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," she sings with Ronald Maconaghie as Dr. Malatesta.



● Above: Atmosphere of European cottage industry, captured in the "Spinning Chorus," from Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman." Left: Hungarian-born baritone Alexander Major as Count di Luna, who, with New Zealand soprano Rosemary Gordon as Leonora, sings a duet from the last act of Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

Television



MR. BERNARD ELSEY, millionaire, among some of the colorful surroundings he likes to achieve for his resorts. This picture was taken in the grounds of Tiki Village Holiday Motel, at Surfers Paradise, Qld.

MILLIONAIRE AT WORK

DAYDREAM ISLAND— NEW HOLIDAY PLAYGROUND

● In the middle of the swimming-pool—the biggest in the Southern Hemisphere—is an island bar. Salt-water is pumped into the pool at the rate of 20,000 gallons an hour.

MILLIONAIRE Mr. Bernard Elsey is a man who likes novel ideas and isn't afraid to try them out. He believes that if you never venture, you never gain.

At the moment he is concentrating on ideas that are both novel and practical for his latest project — Daydream Island resort, off Proserpine on the Queensland coast, a luxurious Barrier Reef coral playground which will have all the trimmings.

Due to open on July 1, Daydream Island will cost Mr. Elsey about \$500,000.

"Yes, it is a lot," he said in the office of his Gold Coast headquarters, the Beachcomber Holiday Hotel at Surfers Paradise.

"No, it doesn't make me feel nervous — it's just a matter of money."

That may sound like the statement of a man born with a very large silver spoon in his mouth. However, Bernard Elsey's parents were very poor.

Born in England in 1906, he came to Australia with his parents at the age of five.

"We lived in the slums in Nottingham," he said. "I went back to look at where we lived some years ago and was shocked."

"We used to live on bread and dripping. My remembrance of the dripping was that I was always allowed to get at the gravy in the bottom of the tin."

Life for Bernard Elsey is very different now, but he still isn't a man to flash money around, even though he's a millionaire.

Cheques

"I would be a millionaire in property," he said. "No millionaire has money. I suppose I would be one of the poorest people around town as far as money is concerned."

"You are never actually wealthy in money. Once you get to this stage it is just a matter of writing cheques. You don't deal in money."

"I suppose that when I go out, nine times out of ten I haven't any money on me."

He is a teetotaler, doesn't smoke, and doesn't gamble.

"I have some keen, strong, health ideas," he said, "and look after myself."

In his casual white linen

suit, with open-necked shirt worn outside, white mooccasins, and face well tanned by island sun, he looked like a very fit man in his early 50s.

He has a son, Eric, 34, an only child, married with two children, who is in the hotel business in Port Moresby.

Bernard Elsey has been married twice.

"There are two Mrs. Elseys," he said, "both living in Brisbane."

"I divorced one and one divorced me — and I am the best of friends with both of them."

Looking across with a slight smile he added, "Women like to read those details, don't they?"

Breakfast foods gave Bernard Elsey his first real chance to get into big money. From 1940 to 1950 he was the agent for the whole of Queensland for three major breakfast foods and some other lines.

In 1950, having made some money, he retired to the Gold Coast and lived on a large 60ft. boat.

"I used to cruise around like a millionaire," he said, "but I got bored stiff."

"I began to run the boat for pleasure cruises."

"This was a big success and led to the starting of Ansett Airways' flying-boat service from Sydney to the Gold Coast."

"I got the idea when I watched a seaplane landing one day on the Broadwater at Southport. I asked the captain of the seaplane was it difficult and he said not at all."

"I put the proposition to Ansetts that they start a service, and they did, using Catalinas and putting me in charge."

"When Ansetts moved to Coolangatta, flying Convair land planes, I handled the airway service, too."

"Moving from airways into the accommodation business was almost inevitable."

"People would get off the plane," Bernard Elsey said, "and they would ask for a good hotel, with a pool, and a room with a bathroom."

"At that time these things were non-existent on the Gold Coast, so I decided to build a hotel. I built the Surf Riders Hotel at Southport and sold it about 18 months later."

Now he owns the Beachcomber Holiday Hotel, Tiki

Village Holiday Motel, and Ski Lodge (a motel), at Surfers Paradise; Beachcomber Motor Inn (a motel), at Coolangatta, and other property around the Coast.

In 1967 he acquired Daydream Island on a 30-year establishment (starting off) lease, with an extension of 99 years.

It is a mile long and about 500ft. wide, heavily timbered, with a hill in the middle about 200ft. high. There are lots of birds, including the white parrot, and the fishing all around the island is good.

Big future

It had been owned by the Ansett organisation, who got it from Mr. "Skip" Moody, who has retired on the Gold Coast. Ansetts closed their accommodation on Daydream Island when they transferred their interest to Hayman Island.

"Daydream is the biggest thing I have done," Mr. Elsey said. "I have tremendous faith in Queensland, particularly the Barrier Reef. It has an enormous future."

Asked about rumors that there was to be a "nudist

colony" on Daydream, Mr. Elsey said:

"Reports about this have been somewhat exaggerated, but there will be a very quiet beach, accessible only by launch, that I call 'Sunlovers Beach.'"

"Around Proserpine people call it Rocky Beach, and a lot of people used to go there from Proserpine and say they bathed in the nude among themselves."

"We will keep it for sunlovers — for anyone who wants to get an all-over tan. Males will be able to go one day, females another. They will be segregated."

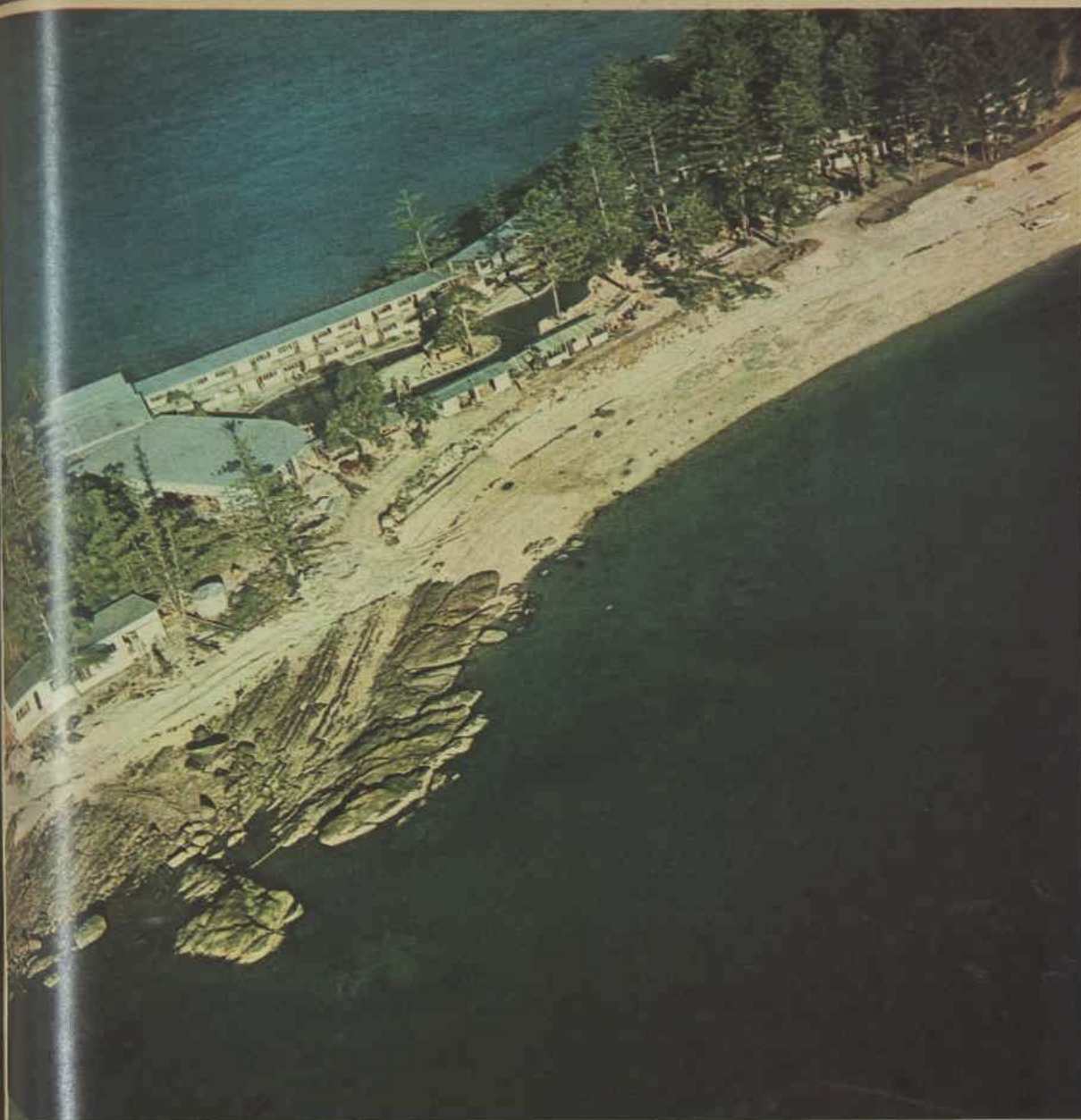
"It can only be approached by boat," Mr. Elsey said.

"I have tried to get to it by land, but there is a sheer cliff drop which makes it inaccessible. It is like a little cove — ideal for the purpose."

Mr. Elsey has designed special cotton costumes for women and men to wear on Sunlovers Beach.

"Some people always like to have some cover," he said.

"The women's costume leaves them bare at the sides, with a V front and back. It would be topless. Or they



By
JEAN BRUCE

THE NEW Daydream Island resort being built by millionaire Mr. Bernard Elsey, taken from the air. Work is still in progress. The island, which is on the Queensland coast near the town of Proserpine, is one mile long and about 500 feet wide. The resort, which will be a luxury playground, will accommodate about 150 guests when finished. The picture at left shows buildings and the swimming-pool. Below, the whole island is seen in its surrounding sea.

can go without costume when they're on Sunlovers Beach, if they want to."

The men's costume amounts to a G-string.

Mr. Elsey said: "I saw them wearing this kind of thing on the Isle of Levant, off the Riviera in the Mediterranean. They called it *la minuscule*."

Daydream Island will have a licence and a swimming-pool that goes right around the building.

"It is the biggest swimming pool in the Southern Hemisphere," Mr. Elsey said. "Saltwater is pumped in at the rate of 20,000 gallons an hour."

Grass hut

"The centre of the pool will have an island bar in the form of a grass hut."

"Yes, it is unusual, but if people are dripping wet they can't go indoors to a bar—so why not bring the bar to them?"

There will also be a hair-dressing salon and a ladies' wear shop.

"Daydream is a true coral island," Mr. Elsey said.

"There is coral all around it. I've got a special machine

up there grading the beach. The machine breaks down any big lumps and grinds the coral to soften it. There's no need to go out to the main reef to see coral."

Till now, lack of fresh water on Daydream Island has been a stumbling block for anyone interested.

Mr. Elsey said: "Everyone says it is the prettiest and best in the group, but it had no water. This is the reason Daydream has never gone ahead before."

"I began to inquire how oil rigs got their water, and found they had desalination plants. I thought if an oil rig can have one in the middle of the ocean, it should be possible to have one on an island."

"I got a desalination plant from America and it will be installed as one of the last things on the island."

Bernard Elsey believes Daydream Island will attract many overseas people as well as Australians.

He said: "I have travelled the world three times studying the hotel business and island resorts, including the West Indies. I have a good idea of world standards."



EXQUISITE, EXPENSIVE...

JEWELLERY in the form of birds and animals belongs again to high fashion. Here are gorgeous examples from world-famous jewellers.



● A serenely cruising swan fashioned by Boucheron in gold, mother-of-pearl, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies.



Page 20



● The bijou bee is in gold and diamonds, by Boucheron.



● At left, a proud little duckling in gold, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, by Van Cleef.

● The ethereal butterfly, by Van Cleef, is fashioned in gold, coral, turquoise, and diamonds.



● The scintillating silver lobster, at left, was made by Buccellati.

● The parrot is of gold set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Fashioned by Cartier.



Wherever you find a full cupboard and a happy home



you'll find 

Arnott's famous **Biscuits**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1968

Page 23

Fashion says Prints.

Cutex says Lip-prints!



POSY PRINT.

POP PRINT.

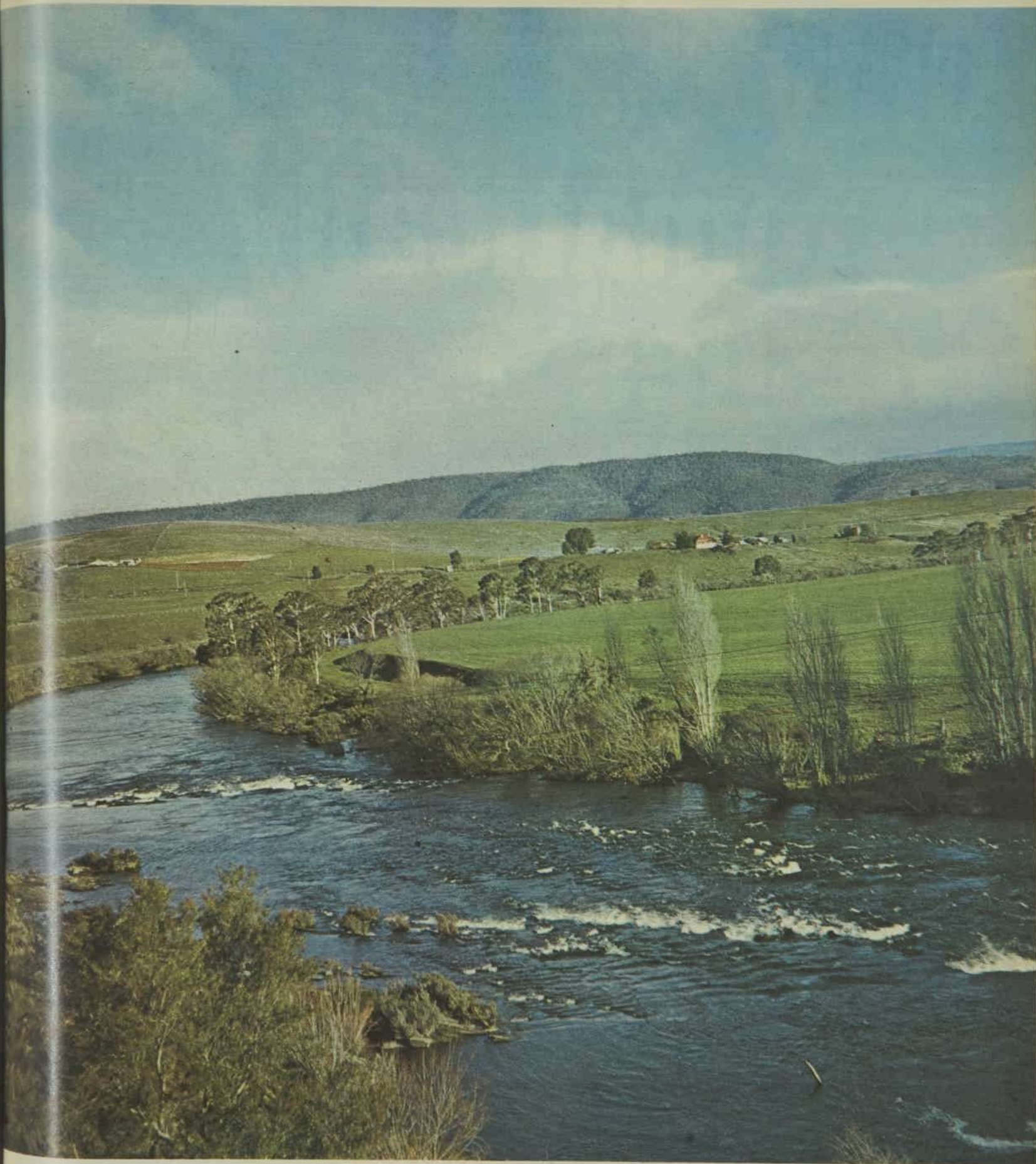
LOVE PRINT.

3 NAUGHTY NEW LIP-SHADES IN FASHION-PRINT CASES!
NEW WAY TO REGISTER YOUR MALE?



LIP-PRINTS? YEP, THREE NEW
CUTEX LIP-SHADES: DRESSED
WITH GREAT CHIC IN
FASHION-PRINT CASES.
LIGHT-STRUCK, FIRE-FLUSHED,
COLOUR-BLUSHED LIP-SHADES:
ICED (AH COOL!) WITH SHIMMER.
LIP-PRINTS FROM CUTEX.
SET YOUR SEAL ON HIM. NOW!!

CUTEX LIP-PRINTS 85¢



IN THE QUIET TASMANIAN COUNTRYSIDE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1968

CLEAR autumn light bathes this pastoral scene of a river rippling peacefully over its stones, past shedding poplars and riverside gums, to where the red roof of a farmhouse and a patch of ploughed red earth make flecks of color on the calm blue and green of the Tasmanian countryside. The picture was taken near the junction of the Ouse and Upper Derwent Rivers.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture by Mrs. V. Hamilton,
of Central Castra, Tas.

Page 25

Only automatically washes a full 14 lbs.

(Second best is maybe 12 lbs in the same size cabinet)



Illustrated: Model 1154HD

G.E. washes the biggest load of any automatic. It also saves time, power and water in washing the smallest load. The exclusive Mini-Basket attachment washes little loads up to 2 lbs., does all your 'hand washing' automatically. And only G.E. offers 14 wash programs to safely wash more fabrics than any other machine — and so easily — you select any wash cycle by simply pushing a button. There is no guesswork. The controls are neatly arranged, clearly marked — including a progress indicator which shows the stage your wash has reached before it comes out clean and bright.

These points are fair proof of G.E. leadership. But there is more to it. Much more. The exclusive 'filter-flo' wash system pan filters the finest lint, and doubles as a dispenser for powder detergents, bleaches and softeners. For permanent press garments, the exclusive 'cool-down' system actually reduces and helps remove creases that form in the fabric. And to match this unbeatable washing performance, G.E. gives you exactly the heavy-duty reliability you need — right down to the cabinet itself, of galvanealed rust-resisting steel, triple coated with baked enamel. Top cover and lid are both porcelain enamelled.



5 YEAR WARRANTY.
12 MONTHS FREE SERVICE

Every G.E. automatic is backed by a 5 year warranty on its transmission — the hardest working, most expensive part. Only G.E. can offer this warranty with the surety and proven reliability of over 6,000,000 washers sold throughout the world.

Meet more from the world's largest range of appliances



Model 1054: fully programmed automatic (with or without heater.)



Model 954: flexible automatic (with or without heater.)



Model WW6HD: Two-speed wringer-washer.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

*Trademark of General Electric Co., U.S.A.
Cosgrove Road, Enfield, N.S.W., 2136.

GE 581

TRAVEL WARDROBE IN WOOL



Nan Sanders

● Miss Nan Sanders, director of the Australian Market for the Wool Board, chose a wardrobe of pure new wool garments when she recently attended the annual branch directors' conference of the International Wool Secretariat in London. The clothes were all styled by Australian designers.



● Chosen for cocktails and conference luncheons, a coattress (above) made in pink pure new wool ottoman. The design has a high, round neckline and a swirl to the skirt. By Tu, of South Yarra.

● Versatile travel dress (below) made in check pure new wool racine jersey. The dress is widely belted in self material and it can be worn with or without the wool sweater. Design by Tu, of South Yarra.



● Perfect for any day or after-dark occasion is the salmon-pink coattress above, made in pure new wool velour. Silver and pink buttons are used for the front closing and the half belt. Design by La Petite, of Collins Street.

● Basic for Miss Sanders' travel wardrobe was the navy coat (above) made in pure new wool ottoman. The special zip-on luggage cover is made in check wool. Coat by Tu, of South Yarra; cover by Myer, Melbourne.





Everything's coming up softness with new Comfort fabric softener

Here's a fantastic new washing discovery to give fabrics a softness you've never known before. Just rinse Comfort in and it softens everything you've washed. All that harshness that washing powders seem to leave just disappears. In its place — a luxurious softness that's nice to be near. New Comfort Fabric Softener. Try it! You'll be glad you did!



AND Comfort takes the
cling out of nylon . . .



puts a new easy glide
into ironing.



DRESS SENSE

by

BETTY KEEP



4685.—One-piece dress by young Australian designer Norma Tullo in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4585, the price 75c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE one-piece dress, above, with its slightly shaped body line and new bell-type sleeves, is chosen for a young reader. A paper pattern is available for the design.

Here is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I have bought 3yds. of 54in. red wool for which I would like a style and pattern. I want a beltless dress finished with long sleeves and a bit of shape in the design. I am 17 and take a size 12 pattern."

Illustrated above is the design you inquired about. The dress features the details you mentioned, and I hope it's exactly what you had in mind when writing. To order, underneath the illustration are full details.

"Is the shoe with an ankle-strap suitable for a girl who has fairly thick legs?"

No, don't wear ankle-strap shoes if you have more than slender legs. They make heavy legs look heavier.

"Could you please supply me with a size 12 pattern for an evening dress with a halter top and fitted waist finished with a wrapped sash? I have 6yds. of crepe to make the dress."

Our pattern department has the design

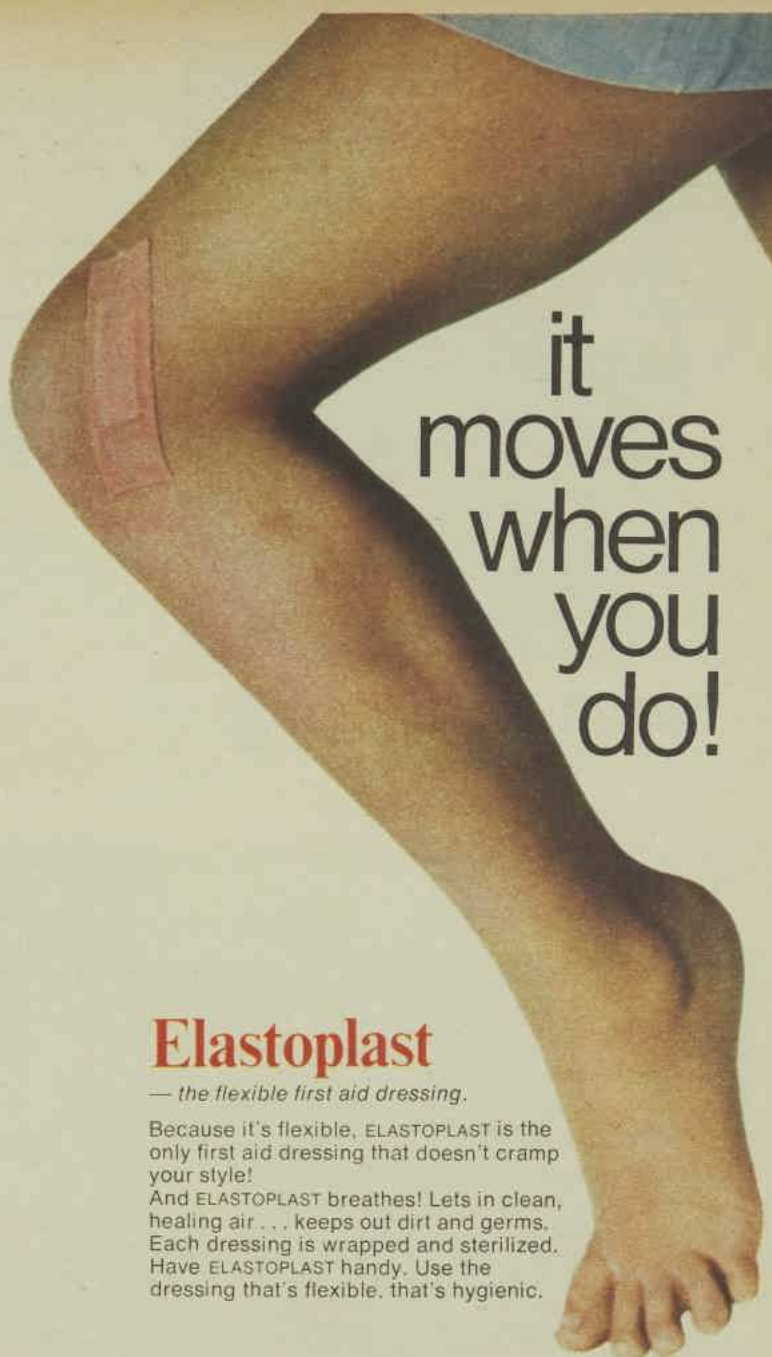
you described in a group of mix-and-match separates, all featured in one pattern. The evening dress looks like a one-piece, but it is a tuck-in, wrap-around halter top and separate to-the-floor skirt. The skirt is gathered into a waistband. Other pieces in the pattern include a short jacket and full evening pants—to-the-knee or ankle-length. To order, quote Vogue pattern 7271, the price \$1.05 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.

"I am having an evening frock made in a beautiful gold-and-blue brocade. My upper arms are very fat. Should I cover them or have the frock sleeveless? I am in my late fifties."

Have the frock made with sleeves. An exposed upper arm is the fastest age-teller I know. Anyway, sleeves are returning to fashion, and one of the newest shapes is narrow and slightly belled toward the wrist.

"From London I have been sent a pair of black lacy stockings made in fine nylon. Would it be correct fashion to wear the stockings with a turtle neck? The shift is made in shades of orange and brown."

I think a very lacy black stocking too fussy to wear with a striped shift. Keep the stockings to wear with a special party dress.



Elastoplast

— the flexible first aid dressing.

Because it's flexible, ELASTOPLAST is the only first aid dressing that doesn't cramp your style!

And ELASTOPLAST breathes! Lets in clean, healing air . . . keeps out dirt and germs. Each dressing is wrapped and sterilized. Have ELASTOPLAST handy. Use the dressing that's flexible. that's hygienic.



Strips
Strips and Patches
1 yd. Dressing Strips



Smith & Nephew (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

SN47 HPC



ANIMAL-LOVER Dr. Andreas Von Nagy, of Tanzania, is often with his pet young baboon, called Moyam.

TRAVELLER'S TALE

ENCHANTMENT IN EAST AFRICA

By ESME BROWN

● East Africa has the largest conservation area of wildlife left in the world today. People finishing work in the afternoon in Nairobi, capital of Kenya, still have time to visit a national park—about 15 minutes by car.



ABOVE: Rufus, the bottle-raised rhino, who is one of the most famous inhabitants of Tsavo National Park.

BELOW: A friend of Rufus, the elephant Toto, who appeared in the film "Naturi." He is still a mere child.



THERE you can watch zebras, giraffes, perhaps a family of lions, and various other animals roaming in their natural surroundings.

You can also be highly entertained in the animal orphanage at the entrance to the park.

However, the highlights of my visit to East Africa last year were visiting Dr. Andreas Von Nagy's private zoo in Tanzania, and meeting the young rhino named Rufus in Tsavo National Park.

Unless you have your own car and can make up a party to share dangers and expenses, touring in East Africa can now cost up to \$20 per day, and with so many wonderful places to visit this can be devastating, unless you're a millionaire.

I decided to go by local bus, which few Europeans use, from Nairobi to Arusha, in Tanzania (Tanganyika, last time I was there years ago).

The bus terminal in Nairobi is in a rather notorious area where Europeans are not advised to wander.

The many notices saying "Beware of Pickpockets" are not exactly reassuring.

Those whom the lions fear

However, I found the staff extremely courteous and was vastly entertained by other travellers—large families of Somalis and Kikuyus, with children, chooks, and on their heads cleverly balanced bundles.

The bus jolted along the dusty highway that runs through the Masai reserve. These are the fearless warriors who will fight a lion with only spear and shield as weapons. It is said that lions are afraid of the Masai.

We passed many herds of Masai cattle, often with young boys as herdsmen, and the bus made frequent stops to take on Masai men and their wives as passengers. Civilisation has made life easier for them. They usually threw a large sack of meal or bunch of bananas in first, and you had to be quick to dodge before this landed in your lap or on your toes.

ESME BROWN is a pharmacist who "left Sydney University many years ago with an open ticket to adventure." She writes: "Working in Fiji, New Guinea, and South and East Africa infected me with an incurable wanderlust, but the Mau Mau uprising in Kenya put an end to my adventures there—until last year, when I had an opportunity to return to work in Nairobi."

All the Masai carried a long gourd containing their staple diet of blood and milk, with a cloud of flies surrounding it.

The women wore numerous necklaces of beads on wires. The warriors carried 8ft. spears and sported a

narrow scarf in rust-red or dust-red cotton, flung nonchalantly round their necks.

A beaded belt with leather scabbard containing a businesslike long-bladed knife completed their costume. Our driver demanded "All spears under the seat" before we pushed off.

After showing passports and permits at the border of Kenya and Tanzania we finally arrived at Arusha, a charming town of the old German colonial era with tree-lined streets.

"When world was young"

It was here that I heard of Dr. Von Nagy, a Hungarian who has lived in Tanzania for many years and has collected many rare and beautiful wild animals, allowing them to roam freely as a part of his garden separated by a grassy ditch.

Visitors watch the animals being fed from 4.30 every afternoon, and I was delighted to find that I could stay in a small cabin, accommodation being limited to one single and two double cabins in the grounds.

Awakening here was like looking on the world when it was young. Across the lawn an inquisitive giraffe stared at you, and a zebra and foal cropped the grass peacefully. Flamingos stood one-legged in the lake, and many beautiful species of buck grazed on a small island in the centre. A lesser kind—an antelope with delicate lavender-grey coat striped with white—gazed back at you trustfully.



ABOVE: Animals and birds roam in their natural environment in Dr. Von Nagy's big garden in Tanzania.

BELOW: It's feeding time in the afternoon, and the pelicans and the zebra and foal are waiting expectantly.

Dr. Von Nagy conducts safaris up nearby Mt. Meru—photographic or hunting—and in the district of the neighboring ranch owned by film star Hardy Kruger, the scene of that superb film "Havari." Visitors can also stay here.

On the last day of my stay with Dr. Von Nagy I was allowed to accompany him to feed the animals at 4.30 p.m.

We went in procession, a small female yellow baboon, Mayam, clinging to the doctor's head, a native boy carrying the buckets of feed, and me not too far behind!

The giraffes had their feed-box high in a thorn tree, so it was necessary to climb a ladder to feed them. Then the buck and zebra got their rations, and, finally, the pelicans, who had been following us patiently, had their feed of fish.

In the evening we sat out in the garden and watched the rose-glow on the snows of far-distant Kilimanjaro.

The animals became misty

figures silently fading into the background of bush, and in this peaceful paradise the turmoil of all Africa seemed to be resolved.

My next memorable meeting in East Africa was with Rufus the rhino, who lives in Tsavo National Park, the great 8000-square-mile reserve 150 miles from Nairobi.*

Rufus' story is unique.

When about two days old he appeared to have been abandoned by his mother and wandered into the kitchen of a game-warden's cottage looking for food and protection.

Rhino remains affectionate

Rufus was the baby of one of the largest animals on earth and would have normally been fed by his mother until he was five years old, but he became a bottle baby, living on cow's milk and water for six months.

*We published the story of Rufus in 1965.

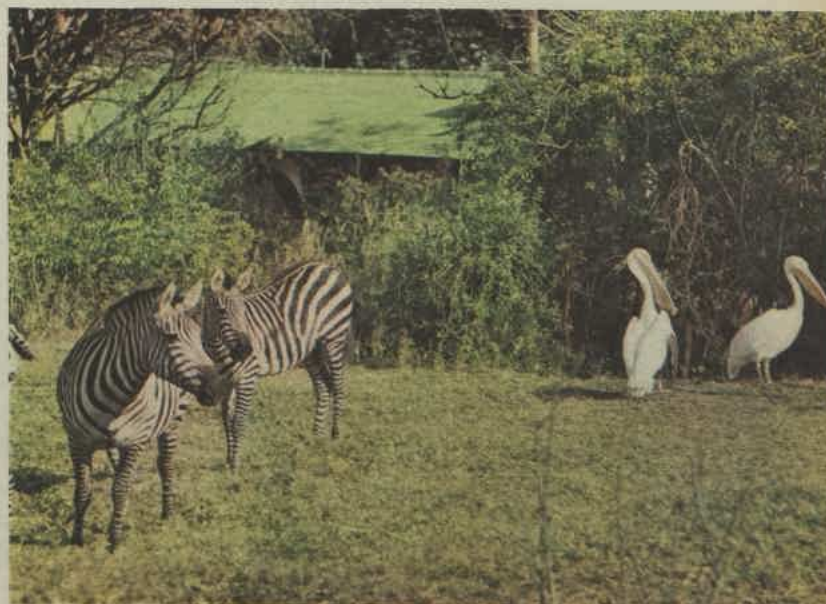
He grew so fast that the house wasn't big enough to share with him, so a stable was built for him to sleep in.

You will find Rufus grazing with several other baby animals, buffalo and elephant, in the care of a keeper. He is kindly and gentle, and hopefully investigates you for apples or buns.

His friend Toto the elephant has a distinct advantage when he stretches his trunk to grab the apple meant for Rufus, and poor little Rufus cries so plaintively that you must be sure to have some emergency supplies for him.

Fame has not spoiled Rufus. He is as affectionate as ever, but does not realise his own strength, and almost knocks you over when he rubs up against you to be patted.

Four hundred pounds of rhinoceros is quite a hazard.



IT'S READY

EXTRA TASTY THE STRONG ONE

If your husband doesn't believe this is the tastiest cheese in Australia, send back the wrapper and we'll refund your money.

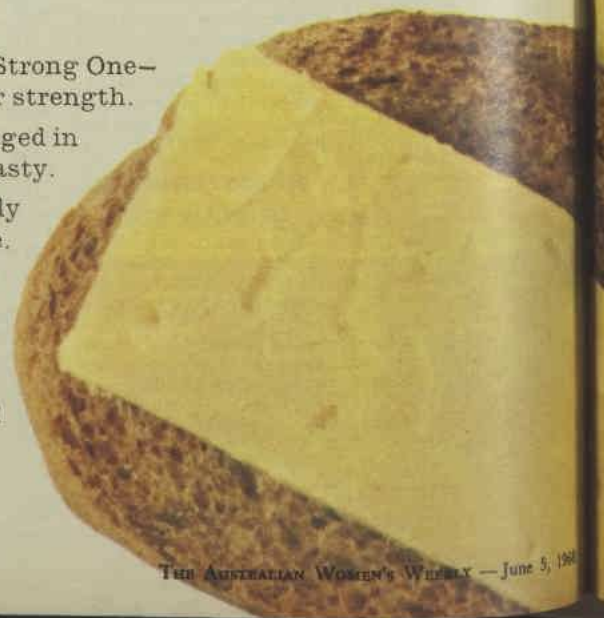
He's tried the tasty ones. Now let him tackle the Strong One—the husky cheese bred for strength.

Ageing makes cheese taste strong. And no cheese is aged in Australia for as long as CRACKER BARREL® Extra Tasty.

Well over one year rolls by before it can proudly call itself the Strong One.

Then, and only then, would Kraft allow it to be labelled—CRACKER BARREL Extra Tasty Cheese!

If a good strong cheese is what he's been waiting for—then what are you waiting for?
Bring home the Strong One!



Brilliant red foil keeps the
Strong One fresh for your table.

EXTRA TASTY

Cracker Barrel^{*} Cheese

KRAFT^{*}

**NATURAL
CHEDDAR**

Aged Over
One Year

AUSTRALIA



another good food from Kraft.

* REG'D. TRADE MARK

What the well dressed refrigerator is wearing this year

In particular, the Kelvinator 2-door convertible.

No matter how cleverly and imaginatively you build a refrigerator *inside*, somehow it always manages to look pretty much the same as all the others outside. White.

Beautiful, but white.

Naturally, we could easily paint the outside of our refrigerator some other colour, say paisley. But since there can't be more than a handful of people who'd do handsprings over a paisley refrigerator, we'd have our hands full of refrigerators.

What we needed, then, was to design a refrigerator that could, like the chameleon, change its appearance whenever the mood struck its owner.

So we built one.

We took our big, beautiful De-Luxe 15 cu. ft. 'NO FROST' refrigerator, gave it two special doors and called it the 2-door convertible.

To start with, it's white. Just like all the other beautiful white refrigerators we make.

But its two doors have special "picture frame" trims into which you can slide an exciting range of "Fashion Plates" made especially for us by Formica.

There are coloured 'Fashion Plates', woodgrain 'Fashion Plates', high-fashion 'Fashion Plates' and there are even plates you can fashion yourself.

This way, you can change the appearance of your 2-door convertible to compliment or contrast with your kitchen decor.

And the best thing of all; under the 'Fashion Plates' is a handsome, crisp white refrigerator. Just slide them out and go back to nature.

Behind the two doors on our new convertible are all the features you've ever wanted in a refrigerator:

The most advanced 'NO FROST' system you can buy, a big 126 lb. freezer, a meat pantry that keeps fresh meat *really* fresh for a week, twin vegetable crispers, a three-position butter conditioner that actually makes butter behave, twin unbreakable liquid dispensers for cordials, cold water



or fresh fruit juices, slide out shelves, tall bottle storage, lift-out ice-cube storage, and we've even trimmed the inside with



gold and deep tan — it'll make your mouth water.

This year, we have a whole range of refrigerators, in a whole range of sizes for a whole range of pockets.

Each one is packed with features. Everything you've ever wanted. Meanwhile, see your local Kelvinator retailer about our new 2-door convertible.

Ask for a test drive.



Kelvinator is the one to buy



Model 788 2-door convertible 15 cu. ft. 'NO FROST' refrigerator wearing 'Fashion Plates.'

The sweet, wholesome teenager is now a swinging
sophisticate who'll play Cleopatra on Broadway

LESLIE UGGAMS' NEW IMAGE

An interview in New York by REX REED



LESLIE UGGAMS (above) when just emerging from the "Singalong" college-girl image and (left) 1968-style, with her husband, Australian Grahame Pratt. Now resting between her recent smash Broadway success in "Hallelujah, Baby!" and next September's big-budget musical "The First Roman," she is making a TV special and furnishing their eight-room Manhattan apartment. Working or not, she always cooks dinner.



crimination, she told them, "I've really found very little resistance."

It was true, but Mitch Miller hadn't told her about the TV stations in the South that had dropped his show because of her. Nor had she been informed about the letters that NBC was forwarding at the rate of 2000 a week to Mitch Miller's office.

Ugly letters

It was called "Hate Leslie" mail and it was never read to Leslie or her parents. "There was just no constructive reason for mentioning it," says one of the show's former producers.

"I mean how do you say to a 17-year-old kid, 'By the way, we got some ugly mail for you this week?'"

Miller would not let her sing about love because he felt she was too young. When she reached 18, she thought it was time to project a sophisticated new image, to look 27 and worldly.

Miller refused. He wanted to prove that a Negro girl could look like a wholesome, well-educated American college-girl type. This is what Leslie was, so why not be herself?

She finally did break out of the teenage mould at the Copacabana, where she sang "all the sexy songs Mitch wouldn't let me do," while a huge animated portrait of Miller blushed bright red in the background.

Leslie went to Australia in July, 1963 — still breaking in her new sophisticated image—to sing in a nightclub.

To page 37

Page 35

THE past year has seen America saturated with the starry-eyed doings of a dazzling young lady named Leslie Uggams. She beams out at you from magazine covers with teeth whiter and wider than the Dover cliffs and a smile that threatens to run right off the page. Newspaper columnists record her every sigh. As the star of "Hallelujah, Baby!" her name has become a Broadway byword.

It is always heartwarming to watch a favorite child grow into a happy, feet-on-the-ground success.

Thousands of admirers watched her grow on Mitch Miller's old "Singalong" TV show and they've been rewarded for it. The girl has got it.

She lives in an elegant, high-ceilinged, eight-room apartment in a primarily white neighborhood on Manhattan's Central Park West, which her friend Diahann Carroll helped her find.

She lives there with her husband, a handsome young Australian named Grahame Pratt, a seventeenth-century harpsichord, some tomato-soup-colored carpets, and practically no furniture.

"Lucky girl"

When I saw her, we sat at the end of a long, empty room while she rustled through a cookbook for a salad recipe for dinner, and then, a great dane the size of a small automobile, occasionally took large bites of our knees and shoes as we talked about her life.

"The first words I used to say in 'Hallelujah, Baby!' were 'I'm a lucky girl!' That's what I've always been—even when I didn't know it. I'm only 24 now and look where I am!"

"But I don't know where I'd be or what my life would have been like if I had not had my parents."

"They weren't bitter about being Negroes. My father was part Negro, part Florida

Seminole Indian, but that doesn't make me half Indian. By the time it got to me, it sorta got splashed around." She laughed a creamy laugh.

"Anyway, my parents have been married almost 30 years and they are very happy."

"My father was once a porter on a train and a member of a choir, but he gave that up to become an elevator operator and professional floor waxer. Now he has given up the waxing, but he still runs an elevator on Park Avenue."

"He's a big celebrity in the building he works in now that I'm on Broadway. He could retire, but he has always been very active and he has a strong sense of pride."

"My mother was a waitress and she took care of white people's children; then later she became a dancer at the

Cotton Club in Harlem when Lena Horne was a chorus girl in the line. She stopped because she couldn't get into the union."

"When I came along she sensed something that smelled like talent."

Pro aged nine

"When I was three I used to sit by the radio and sing along with Frank Sinatra. Pretty soon I started winning prizes on talent shows and people started calling my mother and giving me jobs. See what I mean about luck?"

At six, she landed a role with Ethel Waters on "Beulah." They wanted to tie her hair into a hundred little braids like a picaninny, but Ethel Waters wouldn't hear of it and combed her hair long with two tiny bows.

A ripe old pro at nine, she became a regular on Arthur

Godfrey's morning radio show. A producer suggested that the name "Leslie Uggams" sounded awful. Godfrey balked: "I love that name. Don't fool around with it."

At 12, she became "gawky and skinny," her voice changed, and she retired. "It looked like the end," she told me. But at 14 she sent in a list of songs to a TV contest show and wound up on camera winning \$25,000.

"It was like a scene from a bad Hollywood movie, with all the neighbors opening their windows and shouting, 'We saw you on TV.'"

Mitch Miller also saw her on TV, got her a record contract, and put her on his own TV show, "Singalong With Mitch."

There she became a star, singing schmaltzy songs and developing an image as a kind of sepia-toned Shirley Temple. People loved her,

and she made \$3000 a week, but the image bugged her.

"I was dying to bust out and do something wild and sexy. I went to the Juilliard School of Music to learn how to do bigger, more exciting things with my voice. Not that I wanted to sing opera, but I wanted to show people there was more to Leslie Uggams than they'd seen as a singalong."

Protected

"I couldn't wait to get out of those pigtails. I was on that show for four years, but all I ever got to do was songs like 'Singin' in the Rain.'"

Leslie had been so protected against racial bigotry by her family and by the people on the show that she was unaware of the problems behind the scenes.

In 1962, when the House Labor Committee held hearings to investigate racial dis-

Is your washer modern enough for your family's clothes?

More man-made fabrics. More family-made dirty clothes. That's the washing story for 1968. And as fabrics get newer, your machine gets older. It's time to take a good look at your washer . . . and at the modern washers of 1968. Because it's fantastic what the maker of your machine has done. Today's

washers look better . . . and they wash better. And they care for the finest fabrics. See for yourself. Ask your washing machine retailer to show you just how modern washers have improved. In a drip-dry world, every family needs a modern washer.



Every woman deserves a washing machine...
every family needs a modern washer



HL66146C



All washer manufacturers recommend Power Rinso for the whitest wash in your machine.

Now is the time to buy...

IT'S NATIONAL WASHER MONTH



WASHDAY HINTS

ALL-WHITE nylons and some other white synthetics should be washed by themselves or with another all-white load. Do not wash with any colored articles, because many white synthetics tend to attract color even from colorfast objects and will become dull and discolored.

If your child has a favorite soft, stuffed toy which is becoming soiled, you can wash it very easily in your washing-machine. Place in warm water in the machine, with a few towels added for a balanced load. Wash for about three minutes, rinse thoroughly, dry at room temperature. Brush well.

Permanently pleated garments in nylon or similar synthetics should be allowed to drip dry to retain the shape of the pleats.

Always rinse baby's clothes in cold water immediately after use. Nappies should be washed at least daily. Keep them in a covered pail containing clean, cold water with borax added until ready to wash.

To remove stains from collars and cuffs of shirts, rub well with the same soap or detergent you are using in the machine and leave the soap on. Machine-wash the garment and stain will go.

Do not let your curtains get too soiled before washing them, because this will shorten, not prolong, their life. Shake loose dust from the curtains before washing. Inspect curtains for weak spots; if they have worn, wash in a pillowcase or mesh bag. This rule applies also if they are made from a loosely woven fabric. Wash for three minutes, then rinse carefully so as to cut down on ironing problems. The less wringing or spin-drying action you use, the less creased the curtains will become.

To clean badly soiled overalls such as the ones worn by mechanics or painters, soak, then wash in very hot water to which ammonia has been added.

To achieve the best results when washing blankets, use lukewarm water, a short washing action, and add a water softener. Use enough soap powder to make about twice the usual amount of lather, put in one blanket only and wash for two or three minutes. Rinse twice in water the same temperature, then spin dry very lightly or wring with rollers very loosely set.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

One night a young man came backstage and asked her and her parents to have a drink with him. "No," said Leslie, while her parents nodded "Yes, we'd love to" in the background.

The young man drove too fast, made a U-turn in the middle of the street, scared them all to death.

"Well, I'm glad we'll never see that nut again," she said back in the safety of their hotel.

The next afternoon the young man staged his own one-man sit-in and she began changing her mind.

There had already been many boyfriends and many marriage rumors. Only a few days before her Australian trip the papers had practically announced her engagement to singer Billy Eckstine's son.

Leslie returned to America and found herself spending nearly \$500 a month telephoning Australia.

Finally — a year and another trip to Australia later — she announced her engagement.

Her father didn't yell "But he's a white man!" He merely shook his head like most fathers and said, "Oh, no, not again."

When Leslie married Grahame in October, 1965, even the Negro Press was kind. The headlines in America read: "Leslie Uggams Marries Australian Man."

Now, with the peter pan collars behind her and a Broadway hit under her belt, Leslie, at 24, talks about her marriage and her life like an old pro.

"I've always been a very determined girl," she said to me, closing her cook book and picking up a bright piece of material with brown daisies on it.

"Like this. I couldn't sew on a button when I got married. When I needed a skirt hemmed I had to pay somebody. I tried to sew the buttons on Grahame's shirts, but they kept falling off."

"So I read about this place called the French Fashion Academy of Sewing and I enrolled. Now I can make my own patterns or copy any Cardin or Dior I see."

"I am not a good loser and I don't accept defeat — not as an entertainer, and not in my personal life."

"I am a Negro and I like being a Negro. But I don't intend to make a career out of playing Negro women. If you are a Negro you get labelled."

"I may not be out in the streets leading marches, but I'm conscious of everything that goes on."

"Some people never learn anything. Even with all the riots there are still people who don't know what's going on."

"I still get mail from young people who think 'Hallelujah' — even though it chronicled the Negro's climb up out of the hole — still didn't protest enough."

"Young people are the fighters now."

"The only racial hatred I have received, though, was from a Negro. He said interracial marriage is wrong, and why is it that every time a Negro girl gets famous she marries a white man?"



● Leslie and her husband, Grahame Pratt, with their great dane, Thor.

"Well, I'm not the only Negro girl who has married a white man. It's just that entertainers are the ones who get the publicity."

"I can't help it because the man I fell in love with is a white Australian. Marry the man you love, that's what I think girls should do."

A key turned in the lock, and Leslie's husband, Grahame Pratt, bounced into the room, followed by her two miniature Australian silkies, Sydney and Tigie (short for Tiger, which he does not resemble).

They kissed, and Grahame sat next to her, holding her hand.

Grahame had been a publisher in Australia. He didn't have a job when he arrived in America, but all he cared about was marrying Leslie.

"I figured we could work out the details of a job later. I wanted to be with her so badly that I quit my job. The only thing I could find after I arrived was a stockbroker job on Wall Street."

He has now worked himself up to an investment executive. His best customer is Leslie.

Leslie grinned. "I have a phenomenal husband — he can do anything." She winked.

So can she, apparently. Months before "Hallelujah, Baby!" completed its New York run, she had signed for her next big-budget Broadway musical — playing Cleopatra opposite Richard Kiley in "The First Roman."

Meanwhile, she has got an hour-long TV special coming up, and some free time to finish her apartment and concentrate on her husband.

Home life

"We don't have much time together when I'm working all day and she's working at night," Pratt told me. "So we just work harder than most people to make every moment count."

When she's in a play, their day begins about 9.30 a.m., with Grahame going to work and Leslie opening her eyes to say good morning. Then she goes back to sleep until the dog-walker arrives at ten.

She seldom eats breakfast

or lunch unless her mother, who lives only three blocks away, drops by.

But she cooks dinner every night for Grahame, except on matinee days, when she leaves it in the oven and he warms it up when he gets home from work.

Every night after the show, he picks her up at the theatre and they go straight home, avoiding parties.

On weekends they pack the dogs into a rented car and head for the country.

While Grahame read the newspaper, Leslie showed me the apartment.

There are maid's rooms, guest-rooms, a nursery (when and if the time arrives), and then — the showcase: the master bedroom, like a setting for a Jean Harlow movie.

Leslie giggled when she was showing it off, but she is really quite happy with it. A sheepskin rug lazes casually in front of a great king-size bed with oriental headboard, and a Spanish bedspread covered with gold-and-black burlap swirls against a backdrop of turquoise draperies and gold walls.

A stereo, given to them as a wedding present by Mitch Miller, plays music from speakers in every room.

"The apartment was our biggest point of disagreement," said Leslie. "I wanted to do everything right away, but Grahame wanted to wait because he said my tastes would change. He always turns out to be right."

She went into the kitchen to prepare the steaks for dinner, still talking.

"Our folks get along just fine. Grahame's mother is a widow, but when we got married she came to America for three months and stayed with my parents. They showed her all over New York and had a ball."

"My mother approves of our marriage. She didn't give me any corny formulas for working things out, but lets me do it myself. She used to be on the road with me so much — now she's home with my father more and it's better for everybody."

"I've changed a lot since I married Grahame. I used to get tension headaches from holding back my temper. The doctor told me, 'Don't be so nice.'"

"I used to drive Grahame crazy because I refused to fight with him. 'Scream at me!' he'd yell."

"So now I do sometimes. I'm learning to let off steam."

I asked her about being a Negro in show business.

"Well, I've never been to the South and I will not go. But I think things are getting better for Negroes. I honestly do. The only thing that sometimes worries me is children."

Childhood hurts

"I found cruelty as a child and I didn't even come from a mixed marriage. But my children will be taught they are part white and part Negro and they'll have two heritages to be proud of. They will also be growing up in a better time."

But won't it be hard on them, anyway? I asked.

"Well, how much can you protect them? They're going to be hurt many times, but they'll be able to pick themselves up, dust themselves off, and start over again — because they'll have parents who love them. That makes up for a lot."

We walked toward the door. Suddenly she remembered an incident from her own childhood.

"I was on a kiddie talent show, one of those things with the 'audience applause meters,' and if you won you got a car. A little Negro boy had won the week before, so they weren't about to give it to two Negroes in a row."

"I sang and the audience cheered so loud that the applause meter almost broke. My mother was backstage and she saw them tie the clock back."

"Afterward I cried and cried. My mother looked me straight in the eye and said, 'We never cry.'"

"People say I'm lucky. Well, I am. But I like to think it's not all luck."

"Tying that clock didn't stop what I was going to do with my life. I've never cried again."

Keep Your Home Free of Insect Pests This Winter

After a period of intensive scientific research into the most powerful insect killing substance, a powerful new insecticide has been developed that is lethal to insects yet perfectly harmless to humans and pets. This insecticide can be sprayed anywhere in the home, in the presence of children and pets and where food is stored.



To effectively eliminate all insect pests such as cockroaches, silverfish, and moths, spray with safe Pea-Beu insecticide. The penetrating fume action of Pea-Beu quickly eliminates all insect pests, removing the danger of disease and ensuring healthy carefree living.



Since fleas are never particular about the victim they choose, humans as well as dogs and cats all suffer the bite of this noxious little insect. Eradicate fleas by spraying carpets, floors, and skirting boards with fine mist Pea-Beu insecticide then spray dog baskets and kennels.

To prevent damage to furs, woollens, or clothes by moths or other insect pests, spray into cupboards where clothes are stored with powerful safe Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide. After a few short bursts close doors and seal in the powerful fine mist. This powerful fume action of Pea-Beu ensures total penetration, eliminating both pests and larvae, and seeks out and destroys even unsuspected insects. Pleasantly perfumed Pea-Beu aerosol insecticide is now available from chemists and stores and is the safe effective way of destroying all insect pests in your home.

AMY JOHNSON

● When a Yorkshire girl flew alone in a flimsy single-engined plane from England to Australia in 1930, the world acclaimed it as the greatest flight ever made by a woman. For the next 11 years, until her death in a plane crash, she was constantly front-page news in Britain and Australia for her further daring flights and a famous marriage and divorce. Yet the real Amy Johnson remained little known. For this account of her life, access was given to all her private papers.

First of three parts, by
CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH



● Amy Johnson in her early twenties.

AMY JOHNSON was born on July 1, 1903, in St. George's Road, Hull, Yorkshire, in one of a long row of two-storeyed bay-windowed terrace houses.

On one side lived a minister, on the other a marine engineer, and all along St. George's Road lived the families of men connected with the sea and ships: master mariners, a skipper, a shipping clerk, a Humber pilot, a fish merchant. Will Johnson himself—then a young man of 26—also worked in the fish business, in the thriving family company which his Danish father had founded in 1881.

Amy's father, who succeeded him as head of the firm, had the same forceful, stubborn personality, the same head for business, the same urge for travel—for adventure, too.

At 21 he had joined in the Klondike goldrush, but made no fortune.

In World War I Amy was sent to a co-educational secondary day school, the Boulevard.

During her first term, when by chance she was put with younger girls, she jumped to the top of the class and there threw her weight about and led "rebellions" with gusto, like the heroines of the currently popular schoolgirl dramas of Angela Brazil.

Amy was soon priding herself on her popularity with the boys and trying to compete with them. She preferred cricket and hockey to tennis because they were boys' games, and enjoyed being the only girl in the school to bowl overarm.

In 1917 a cricket ball

smashed her front teeth, which had to be replaced by false ones.

These new teeth were a disfigurement that caused Amy agonies of self-consciousness. "There was no doubt that my looks were seriously impaired," she was to write in her book "Myself When Young." "The boys made fun of me . . . I became introspective and withdrew further and further into a protective shell of my own making."

As though to exacerbate her misery, her younger sister Irene was blossoming into a most attractive young girl.

The strictness of the school regulations exasperated Amy. She loved swimming, and initiated an attempt to start a girls' swimming club at the Boulevard. But the idea was crushed by the principal, who maintained that swimming was an unladylike sport.

This incited Amy to take matters into her own hands. There was a baths where she and Irene often practised, and she persuaded her father to hire it so that she could stage a girls' swimming contest.

The swimming contest is not the best-known example of Amy's defiance of school authority. In the so-called Revolt of the Straw Hat Brigade she tried to lead a rebellion against the hated straw hats, known as "bangs."

"Somehow or other," Amy wrote in "Myself When Young," "I persuaded my mother to buy me a Panama hat, and to put around it my Boulevard ribbon and badge, and one fine morning I turned up wearing this hat, expecting to be supported by the whole class, who had promised faithfully to do the same. I was the only one to turn up in a Panama!"

Some years later she wrote to her sister Molly, then 13:

"Try a few Angela Brazil stunts. Get your form to refuse to work unless they'll give you at least two hours' games per week. It would be great fun, but you'd never get them to do it. The majority of schoolgirls have no gumption at all."

Amy's parents decided that she should not leave school when she was 18, in the summer of 1921. Instead she stayed on for a second year in the Sixth Form, and when she eventually left was almost 19.

Pupils who stayed on in the Sixth Form normally became prefects as a matter of course, but since Amy was

only a few professions were then open to women.

Now she had fallen in love for the first time. The young man was not one of her Hull neighbors, but a newcomer from abroad, and his foreign accent and sophisticated ways gave him, in Amy's eyes, the glamor of a Rudolph Valentino.

Franz was a Swiss, eight years her senior, and accustomed to success with the ladies.

Although at first he evaded Amy's pursuit by gently making fun of her, soon after her arrival at Sheffield a regular correspondence

What was she like?" "She was Winifred Irving's shadow," replied the lecturer, and that answer neatly sums up not only the impression Amy left on the Sheffield staff but also the character of a friendship which proved the most enduring of her university years.

The example of Winifred dominated her outlook. Winifred had already travelled as far afield as Poland. Amy was more than ever set on "seeing the world."

Winifred, reading for Economics Honors, was determined not to become a schoolteacher: Amy, now adamant that she would not teach, had persuaded her father to refund the Board of Education's grant (totalling nearly £100) and had decided, with wildly unrealistic optimism, to try for the Civil Service.

Winifred was engaged to be married to a young Irishman. Amy, again with wildly unrealistic optimism, seems to have believed that she and Franz were on the way to an engagement and wedding bells.

LETTERS she wrote to him some time later indicate that at this stage, more than two years after their first meeting, Franz began at last to take the initiative. Around the time that Amy came of age her letters to him show a marked change of tone. No longer coyly coquettish, she now became demanding and at the same time jealous and unsure of him, while emotionally ever more dependent.

To her Sheffield friends Amy had previously boasted about "my Swiss," but now, even to Winifred, she spoke of him with reserve. In the letters to her mother the occasional mentions of him were also made with caution

but without any embarrassment.

It is virtually certain that her mother never realised that Amy and Franz were lovers.

Amy wrote to him almost every day, or rather every night. In the early hours, when she could no longer force herself to study, she wrote page after page, unburdening all her anxieties. But in a moment of candor she admitted that this was a mistake.

"I'm realising that it's very bad for me to rely so much on you, because I find I'm not so independent as I think I am. Whenever anything goes wrong I always want to dash to you at once or else tell you . . . I think I shall have a rough time of it if I go somewhere right away for a job, don't you? It takes me a long time to make friends."

The outcome of Amy's academic career was a second division B.A. in Economics, Latin, and French.

"The typist who flew solo to Australia": this is what most people would say if asked to describe Amy Johnson in a word or two. But the label "typist" is only partly accurate, for it ignores the variety of posts she held before she took to flying.

To her surprise she found there was little interest in her degree.

Her first job was as a shorthand typist at an accountant's office, and she probably started at £1 a week.

"I hated the job," she wrote. "I was terribly unhappy. My shorthand was not up to standard and I did not dare to own up to this."

"After about three months of this life I had a nervous breakdown, and no wonder."

Amy's mother was convinced that she had been starving herself for the sake of her figure and that plenty

"Wonderful Amy"

AMY, wonderful Amy,
How can you blame me for loving you?
Since you've won the praise of ev'ry nation
You have filled my heart with
admiration,
Amy, wonderful Amy—
I'm proud of the way you flew.
Believe me, Amy, you cannot blame me,
Amy,
For falling in love with you.

— Song hit of 1930

so often unpunctual she forfeited this privilege.

A close friend remembers her as aloof and bored and solitary.

When the time came for her to leave school, the principal advised her to go to Sheffield University, as a step toward a teaching career, the fees to be paid by the Board of Education.

She found the prospect exciting. No matter if she were nominally committed to teaching; she could evade that later on. Perhaps she did not realise that

began. Franz was fairly communicative about his doings, but did not disguise the fact that his main object in writing to her was to improve his English.

She did not have a distinguished career at the university.

Years later, when the name Amy Johnson filled the headlines, one of the Sheffield lecturers asked Professor Knoop whether he realised that the heroine of the day was a former student of his. "Amy Johnson!" he exclaimed. "Was she ever here?"

The "flying typist" whom the world hero-worshipped



● At right: An early picture of the determined flier, who, according to an affectionate critic, usually didn't land so much as "arrive." Above: At Darwin, tired but smiling, 19½ days out from London, aged 26.

of food and rest would put everything right. She was sent for a few weeks' holiday with relations.

By the beginning of 1926 he had started on a new job — with a Hull advertising agency for a mere 30/- a week.

Amy and Franz had already been lovers for two years when they shared a holiday together and slipped away to Scotland for a week-end. For Amy it was a blissful "honeymoon." She also viewed it as a step toward marriage, the aim in life that had now become an obsession.

After Scotland she began preparing for another much more ambitious trip; she had at last coaxed Franz into agreeing to a definite plan for taking her to Switzerland. But was the plan definite?

"Please excuse my speaking plainly, but I must," she wrote. "It seems to me, that you want to have me, and yet you don't want to marry me. . . . Whilst you're waiting to see, as you are doing, you are utterly cutting out my opportunities and chances in any other directions. . . ."

"For two whole years we have been almost constantly together, and yet you have never once of your own will mentioned the subject of marriage. It has always been a deep hurt to my pride." By means of this sort of bludgeoning she secured a promise that on her next birthday the future would be seriously discussed. In the meantime, in company with Franz, she crossed the Channel for the first time.

Franz's family lived in a comfortable apartment, and from its geranium-decked balcony there was a magnificent view over dormered roofs toward the surrounding peaks.

Franz's mother assumed that he had brought Amy home because he was hoping

to marry her, and she welcomed the English girl with gentle courtesy, though at first with some reserve. Amy on her side was much attracted and impressed.

Three of Franz's sisters were at home, one of them on holiday from her job as a governess in Paris, and they, too, accepted Amy without question as their brother's future bride.

The mother and sisters were pious Catholics, and on Sunday morning Amy accompanied the family to church.

Just before the end of her stay, there was to be a party to celebrate her twenty-third birthday. She was looking forward to the day but also dreading it, for she had a premonition that Franz would ignore his promise to discuss their future.

When the party was over and the guests had dispersed, Franz, too, slipped away. Alone and once more tormented by fears, Amy made her way through the town to the church where she had attended Mass with the family. And there, as she herself later put it, she "prayed to God that he would make Franz remember."

"Even right up to the moment when I asked you about it, I made myself believe that you had merely forgotten," she wrote to him later, after she was back in Hull. "But at that moment I knew you had forgotten on purpose."

The solacing friendship of his family still encouraged her hopes of marriage. Franz's mother, in writing to her, had come straight to the point as regards her Protestantism; if she was going to marry Franz she would have to become a Catholic. "Two people can't be really happy together unless they are of the same faith," she explained. Amy hastened to reassure her.

Almost certainly at the suggestion of Franz's mother, she and Franz attended High Mass together and afterward discussed the sermon. This experiment was a failure, and to Amy, eager for reassurance from Franz — who she had imagined was at heart as ardent a Catholic as his mother — it brought painful disillusionment.

Nevertheless, she still clung to the hope that he might be able to guide her. "Don't you feel strong enough in your religion, darling, to help me solve my doubts and difficulties?" she pleaded.

"I have become so critical that I find flaws in everything, and it is no use expecting faith to make strong a religion which my reason prevents me from accepting. . . . An infallible 'something' must be found before the mind, or soul, can be satisfied once more."

Poor Amy! Her "mind or soul" remained dissatisfied. The drive toward finding the stronger faith she yearned for dwindled away, and the above letter, written some months after she finally left home, marks the end — so far as we know — of these spiritual gropings.

At the beginning of 1927, her parents' disapproval of Romanism precipitated a resounding family row and speeded her departure from Yorkshire. She moved to London.

Every evening by the glimmer of a nightlight Amy wrote page after page to Franz from her drab little room in a Bloomsbury hostel (the lights were turned off at 10.30 p.m.). She was surrounded by souvenirs — his photograph and a motto "Don't Forget," a manicure set he had given her, and a black cat for luck on the mantelpiece over the gas fire.

HER paramount need, of course, was a job. She approached various advertising agencies and put her name down with a Swiss employment bureau. She also wrote to a store in Oxford Street emphasising her Sheffield degree, for she understood that they had launched a training scheme to attract graduates to retail selling.

She was given an interview and then told that subject to satisfactory references she would be taken on at £3 a week. Delighted at the chance, she accepted the engagement without bothering to study the conditions it entailed, as set out in a prospectus headed "Learnerships."

She was put to work in the silks department.

Toward the end of the second week her zeal brought some exciting results. "I've been extraordinarily honored," she told Franz. "Next week I'll be stockkeeper and

first sales of the Jap Silks and Shantung.

"I've been trying to find out what I shall be worth then," but haven't succeeded yet. Do you know what they valued my services at last week? Ten shillings! So I already owe the firm £2/10/0.

By now she had studied the conditions of her learnership and was gravely alarmed at the prospect of sinking ever more deeply into debt to her employers. A learner was free to leave at the end of four weeks, but if she stayed on after that she was "honor bound" to continue with the firm until her debt was paid off.

She begged Franz for advice and also wrote to her father (the recent row had not estranged them) and was gratified when they both urged her to leave.

Soon afterward a cousin got her a job in a firm of city solicitors, Messrs. William Charles Crocker, starting on the typing staff at £3 a week, and with the prospect of something better when she had acquired legal experience.

It was a turning-point in her life. At Crocker's she was soon to find herself in a job where she felt she was really valued, where she could at last settle down and give of her best.

On the day when Lindbergh set off over the Atlantic, May 20, 1927, Amy was in high excitement. But writ-

ing to Franz she made no mention of the flight; she was far too much absorbed by a happy turn of events in her own life.

"I've got a 10/- rise today," she announced, and added the thrilling news that she was to be promoted to the post of personal secretary to Vernon Wood, one of the partners.

When Wood asked what her off-duty interests were she told him she was fond of study, "and I had a brain-wave to ask him if there was anything I could study in the solicitor's profession which could make me more useful to the firm."

He suggested company law (his own specialty) and said she might borrow from his bookcase. After this he asked her an occasional test question and her confidence grew as she found herself able to produce the right answer.

Amy was still seeing Franz. As far as men-friends were concerned, he insisted that she should have none but himself. This was flattering ("Whilst you want me I want nobody else," she assured him). Among his own friends there were some who tacitly accepted the relationship, who — as Amy euphemistically put it — accepted their "refusal to bow down to English customs and be engaged." There were others who ignored her

Continued overleaf



REVLON REPORT:

**The deep-down action of Moon Drops Balm
renews skin vitality all night long.**

Once you discover 'Moon Drops', your skin will never suffer a moment's thirst. After you cleanse away your makeup—simply replenish your skin's moisture reservoir with this cool, greaseless lotion. Because it absorbs so completely, 'Moon Drops' Moisture Balm deep-moisturizes your skin all through the night. Makes your face wake up softer, smoother, prettier.

From the Renaissance Treatment Collection.



RE 3103

THE STORY OF AMY JOHNSON

From page 39

and treated Franz as unattached.

Now her old friend Winifred came into her life again.

Winifred had been devoting herself to an arduous job which gave scope to her idealism and at the same time absorbed all her energies. She wrote to Amy to tell her she would be coming to live in London. How would she like to join forces?

This began a new stage of their friendship which was to prove exceptionally happy for them both.

By the time Amy had been in London for six months her life was attaining some degree of stability. At work she received another increase in salary when she started as Vernon Wood's secretary; relations with her family were easier. Moreover, the companionship of Winifred was little by little weaning her away from writing unreasonably to Franz. She was still writing to him frequently, but the tone of her letters was changing:

"When I first knew you I was a stupid ordinary girl who regarded every presentable man as a potential husband, and anyone interested in her as a probable one. That's how I regarded you and you knew it . . . But the went of it is, you still think that's my view . . ."

Some of her letters to Franz at this time contain fascinating insights into her thinking about herself. For example, in one of them she expatiated upon her black moods — those fits of uncontrollable anger that afflicted her from time to time.

She held the view that when her "black" impulses came it was wiser to give vent to them than to repress them. But there was one exception to this, which in the context of her later life is an important one: she deliberately refused to let herself despair.

"I don't and won't give way to circumstances," she once stated categorically to Franz, "and if I don't like a thing I do my best to alter it. Instead of 'grinning and bearing it,' as I suppose you think I ought to."

"I've found I generally get my own way in the end if I'm sufficiently keen on getting it and I don't think there's anything that one can't change for the better if one wants to sufficiently."

SOON afterward Amy learned from Franz that he was now taking out a new friend. In a talk they came to an understanding that each was to feel free to embark on friendships elsewhere, but they would continue a running exchange of confidences by letter.

For three months Amy lived in a whirl of films, plays, and dances. She and Winifred bought a gramophone, and two new records each Friday. In letters Amy

detailed to Franz the conquests she was making. He, on his side, told her not only about his new friend, but also about other girls.

One summer evening in 1928 Franz turned up at the flat. He and Amy had not met for several months and they were now "just friends." They went out together for dinner while Winifred stayed at home. She was surprised when Amy returned alone as early as ten o'clock, with looks that showed she had suffered a very severe shock.

Briefly she told the news: Franz had just been married. Then she threw herself on to her bed and sobbed as though the storm of tears would never end. It was just after Amy's 25th birthday.

Soon she was thinking seriously about flying.

In the later part of the 1920s flying as a sport was in the news, with its races and "pageants" and aerobatic contests, while private flying (for those who could afford it) was a fashion that seemed to promise an exciting future — some said that the light aeroplane would soon come to supersede the car as a rapid means of getting about.

Aviation offered other attractions, too: for the more poetically minded it opened the way to a new kind of exaltation, to something of the sense of freedom associated with the flight of birds, as well as to the aesthetic joy of viewing crystalline cloudscapes.

This was also a time when few doubted the beneficence of the aeroplane, for military aviation was in eclipse (except to those immediately concerned). The role of the pilot seemed essentially pacific, as well as heroic in the extreme. One after another the pioneers were risking their lives to span the continents and the oceans, and each successful flight was a triumph of endurance as well as a victory over the forces of nature.

The dew was still on the whole idea of flight.

Amy's first move was to write to de Havilland to ask for details of their training courses. This first feeler led to nothing, entirely for financial reasons.

The reply stated that the cost of instruction was £5 an hour. Amy's salary was £5 a week, so for the time being she accepted defeat.

Only later did she discover that the London Aeroplane Club, one of the clubs that benefited from the Government's current scheme to promote air-mindedness, gave flying instructions at a very much lower figure.

Seeing the film "Wings" revived the allure of flying for Amy, but as a thrilling spectacle rather than as a possible hobby for herself.

Two days later, a Saturday, she happened to be alone with nothing to do. It was a lovely spring day and she set off on an open-top bus for Hendon and Edgware, hoping to see some flying.

She eventually found herself at the entrance to the de Havilland aerodrome. Next day she related the whole story to Franz.

"There were lots of people about, but no one questioned my right to be there; finally I sat down and watched . . . (and) I plucked up courage to speak to one of the pilots — he, of course, took me for a member of the (London Aeroplane) Club, because otherwise I'd no right to be there — but he was awfully nice and told me, to my intense surprise, that I could join the club at an entrance fee of £3/3/- (and a) subscription of £3/3/- and then learn to fly at the rate of 30/- per hour.

"After about seven or eight hours' tuition, one can enter for a pilot's certificate (having previously passed tests for nerves) and then one can always use the club's machines at the rate of £1 per hour and enter for races, competitions, displays, stunts, etc.

"It is too good to be true and I can hardly credit such good fortune. I'm going up one evening next week to sign the papers and I'll probably have my first lesson next weekend."

There, however, her hopes of getting quickly into the air were dashed, for the club had a long waiting list. With a handful of aeroplanes and only two instructors no attempt could be made to

know" — the question was asked in bold capitals — "That the Secretariat of the Air League is finding it increasingly difficult to cope with the ever-growing volume of work and that funds are not available to engage additional staff . . . If you are willing to help, please DO IT NOW."

Amy did it then. She wrote to the impecunious Air League and offered to donate her secretarial services in the evenings after her work at Crocker's.

By means of this voluntary work, Amy became familiar with the names and reputations of the outstanding pilots of the day. These included several remarkable women. There was nothing stereotyped about the leading women pilots of the 'twenties and their only common denominator was affluence — almost all of them possessed aeroplanes of their own.

Amy's first flying lesson, so eagerly awaited for so long, was not a success, and when it was over Captain Matthews, the junior flying instructor at the London Aeroplane Club and a young man noted for his brusqueness, did not hesitate to tell her she was no good.

If she had been any less stubborn in temperament, and if Matthews had been her only instructor, the dis-

my own helmet to fit properly, but I was scared stiff of my instructor, who never seemed to lose his first idea that I was a born idiot."

Fortunately for Amy, the club's chief flying instructor at the time, who also took a share in her earliest tuition, was a man of gentler temperament, and, furthermore, an exceptionally gifted teacher who later became recognised as one of the great British flying instructors of his day — Captain Valentine Henry Baker, MC, AFC (who was killed test-flying in 1942).

Of Amy's first ten lessons five were with Baker and five with Matthews.

Some pupils are scared at the prospect of going solo for the first time and cling to the dual stage, but Amy was pining to reach her first solo, not only for the satisfaction of proving herself but because after it flying would cost her less.

Experts differ as to how many hours of dual should be necessary from first flying lesson to first solo. Some pupils have been known to go solo after three hours, others have been known to take 30 or even more. Cautious official estimates give ten to 12 hours as an average.

Amy took over 15 hours. The delays in her progress have sometimes been blamed upon her difficulty in finding money for the lessons.

For Amy, landings were always difficult, and not only when she was a pupil. Fellow pilots who had occasion, later in her career, to watch her coming in have commented with a friendly laugh that Amy Johnson was an "arriver" not a "lander."

The truth is that she was not gifted with the natural co-ordination and sensitivity of touch that distinguish the born pilot — a pilot such as Baker, for example — whose flying was a harmony of movement.

Her determination, her pride, her tenacity, her thoroughness were the qualities that led to her achievements, not any excellence of flying skill. It is all the more remarkable that she achieved what she did.

What keeps an aeroplane in the air? Why does the engine sometimes falter? How do the compass and instruments work? Such questions arise in the minds of most flying pupils, but not all follow them up with as much initiative and persistence as Amy did, when in the spring of 1929 the technical aspects of aviation first drew her interest.

If she had been taking her training at the expensive de Havilland School of Flying she could easily have slaked her thirst for knowledge; there, lectures on aerodynamics, mechanics, and so on were thrown in free between flying lessons. The London Aeroplane Club could afford no such trimmings, and she had to fall back on her own resources.

When she tried putting "sensible and intelligent questions" to the hard-pressed flying instructors, they tended to fob her off. So she edged her way into the club hangar and seized any chance that offered to put her problems to one of the ground engineers. It was not usual for a lady member to insinuate herself into the rough, cheerfully blasphemous world of "the shops."

Although at first Amy probably made herself something of a nuisance, her irrepressible enthusiasm and spirit won over the chief ground engineer, Jack Humphreys, a good-natured and tolerant man, and he did not take steps to banish her. On the contrary, he liked her for her cheek, and they soon became friends.

If Amy had ever had a brother, he might have played the part in her life which Humphreys was soon to play.

One day in the club hangar, when Baker, Humphreys, and Amy were chatting and chaffing in their usual bantering manner, the talk turned toward the subject of women in aviation, and Amy lamented that anti-feminist prejudice seemed an almost insuperable obstacle for a woman who wanted to become a professional flier.

Baker said that to be accepted a woman would have to find some way to "winning her spurs." "How?" asked Amy. With a laugh, Baker replied, "Oh, by flying to Australia for instance."

He could have made his point as well if he had said "by flying round the world," and there is little doubt that the remark was a casual one. But Amy, like all Baker's pupils, knew that his flippancies were often worth pondering.

Certainly, pioneer flights between England and Australia were in the news; Bert Hinkler's of the previous year was still being talked about. It had attracted special attention because he was the first pilot to accomplish the 11,000-mile flight alone in a light aeroplane. No woman had so far attempted such a feat.

Amy decided that to save money for more flying lessons she must economise on her living expenses, and this led to the major decision that she must part company with Winifred and move to lodgings that were cheaper and nearer to the aerodrome.

SHE found an opportunity that appealed to her: a young couple named Percival, living near Hendon, offered free board and lodging to a young lady who would occasionally keep an eye on their two small children.

Her desire to possess a car had been growing since she joined the London Aeroplane Club, for most of the members drove to the aerodrome,



● Amy (standing, right) with her parents and sisters Irene and Betty at their Yorkshire home.

keep pace with the queue of applicants.

"There are no vacancies until June at earliest," she lamented, "so I've joined as an associate member and can go down to the grounds, etc., and must wait in patience."

Her patience gave way often during the next few months. She wrote more than once to Lieut-Commander Harold Perrin, the secretary, trying to persuade him to let her jump the queue. But all in vain. Amy's turn did not arrive until mid-September.

A paragraph in "Air" caught Amy's eye. "Do you

couragement he gave her might well have extinguished her hopes of becoming a pilot.

Amy, like many another novice, had not realised the importance of a well-fitting helmet. She had got hold of one that was far too large for her, so the earphones were in the wrong place and Matthews' remarks incomprehensible.

"When I was up in the air I could only hear a confused sound in my neck instead of what should have been lucid instructions," she later recalled. "For my next lesson, I took care to have

THE STORY OF

AMY JOHNSON

From page 41

while Amy arrived on foot, after a bus-ride and a walk of nearly half a mile. Then, one day in mid-April, when she had been with the Percivals only a few weeks, she learnt that they had decided to get a larger car, and wanted to sell their two-seater, a 1926 Morris Cowley.

She wrote straight off to her father, asking for a loan, and after some hurried correspondence Will Johnson sent her a cheque for £70 (to be repaid by Amy in small weekly instalments).

About a fortnight later she wrote to him in high spirits: "The car is running very well indeed . . . It uses rather a lot of petrol at present, but I'm going to fit an air-trap to make it more economical, I want to do this myself."

"I already understand quite a lot about the engine and can tune up a magneto and carburettor, and clean jets and plugs, etc. Shall soon be an experienced mechanic!"

These last remarks reflect the influence of Jack Humphreys, for already he was imparting to her some of his professional knowledge.

Soon she was dreaming of qualifying as an engineer as well as a pilot.

At what stage did Amy's parents become aware that their daughter's new hobby was liable to develop into something more serious for her? Probably in the early summer of 1929 — just before Amy's 26th birthday.

For it was then that she wrote to them: "It is just possible that I shall leave Crocker's in the autumn." This is the first hint in her letters that she had thoughts of making aviation a career. She also told them that she was shortly going to have a quiet summer holiday, but refrained from mentioning that it was to be spent largely at the aero club.

The idea had come to her that instead of going away she would fly as much as possible and between-whiles devote herself to an "engineering course" — an unofficial apprenticeship in the club hangars.

Major Travers, who by now had succeeded Baker, said he had no objection to the plan if she could get round the chief engineer. As Amy and Humphreys were by now good friends, this condition did not present any difficulty, although Humphreys' chief assistant at first jibbed at the prospect of a woman "on the floor."

When Amy turned up on her first Monday morning she was ignored. "At last I asked outright for a job of work," she later wrote. "You can sweep the hangar," I was laconically informed. "All right, where's the brush? Look for it!"

Nevertheless, by the end of her fortnight she had been accepted. She had sur-

vived the long hours of standing on concrete, the aches in her arms from scraping carbon off pistons and cylinders, the blisters and bruises and cuts, the humiliation and curses.

And in spite of it all, so she wrote later, "I had never been so happy in my life."

The joy of her "apprenticeship" was complemented by the encouraging progress of her flying; during her holiday she went up more and more often alone, and also took the tests for her A Licence. Her total flying time was just over 19 hours (only about three hours of this was since she first flew solo) when she took the Altitude Test and the "Figure of Eights" Test.

Her performance must presumably have satisfied the Royal Aero Club's observer, and her oral replies to the questions (on the rules and regulations of the air) must have been 80 per cent correct, for on July 6 an A Licence (number 1979) was issued to her by the Air Ministry, and she was thereby authorised to pilot "all types of flying machine."

A WEEK later came the exciting moment for her first cross-country solo, but it proved a nerve-racking occasion; she got lost and had to make a forced landing. After this her log book shows that she practised compass courses repeatedly, and Jack Humphreys is of the opinion that the incident was a very good thing, for it frightened her and made her take her navigation seriously.

After her holiday, when Amy went back to work at Crocker's she knew it would not be long. Her mind was made up: a career in aviation was to be the aim of her life.

In this decision a compelling factor was Jack Humphreys' faith in her; he had even gone so far as to offer — quite casually, as was his way — to give her all the help he could to qualify as a ground engineer, while she accumulated the hundred hours' flying she would need for her Pilot's B Licence.

The program he envisaged would take all her time and energy for months or even years and would cost a lot of money.

She took to rising at about five o'clock so as to be able to spend an hour or two working in the hangar with the engineers before going on to work.

In the meantime, however, Amy received news from Hull — bad news — that sent her rushing north in shocked distress. Her sister Irene had committed suicide.

It is hardly surprising that her father, stunned by the death of his second daughter, should have felt disinclined to encourage his eldest in her passion for such a dangerous pursuit as

flying. Nevertheless, only a month after Irene's suicide Will Johnson had reversed his decision.

He gave his approval to Amy's wish to become a professional pilot, and made it possible for her to leave Crocker's immediately by promising to give her a small weekly allowance for the next six months as well as a sum to cover the expenses of her aeronautical training.

This change of heart must be attributed to the intervention of Jack Humphreys, who now met her father for the first time.

A man who looked you as straight in the eye as Humphreys did, a man whose interest in Amy was respectful as well as admiring, a man so confident of her prospects did not fail to have his effect on the father.

Amy intensified her swotting for a ground engineer's C Licence, and in the week-ends continued working in the hangars.

Although Humphreys considered her a "born engineer," there was some opposition to her activities.

The chief flying instructor, who himself had been refused engineering training, tried to put a stop to Amy's, on the pretext that club rules did not allow members to frequent the hangars.

Humphreys offered his resignation and went on to point out that Amy, who was so keen and so apt that she worked hard and well without wages, was "good labor on the cheap."

After this her strange dual role of lady member and unofficial apprentice was accepted.

Aircraft Company, world famous for the ejection seats that have saved the lives of so many jet pilots.

A ground engineer's licence was issued to Amy at the end of 1929, and soon afterward she had her first experience of being taken up by the popular Press.

A reporter visiting the club happened to hear about the "lady engineer" who was helping in the hangar. On the spur of the moment he asked for an interview.

Next day the newspaper gave a prominent place to his story under the headlines:

GIRL TO FLY ALONE TO AUSTRALIA
THE FIRST WOMAN
AIR ENGINEER AND
HER PLANS
A SECRET PLANE

Amy's plans to fly to Australia had only just come into being. Why did she decide, at the end of 1929, to stake her future upon a long-distance flight, with Australia as her objective?

Once she had made up her mind to "win her spurs" — in other words to concentrate upon a newsworthy solo flight (it had to be newsworthy if she were to win the necessary backing) — Australia became an obvious, an almost unavoidable choice.

What alternatives were there? Africa? Women had already flown there solo. The Atlantic? Only a navigator of long experience could tackle it with any hope of success.

No one had yet improved upon Hinkler's record time to Australia, set in 1928, though there had been several attempts to do so by

In a letter to her mother, she wrote, "This morning there were ten photographers waiting for me, including the cinema news people . . . I'm trying to take advantage of this publicity to get some financial backing and on Monday shall visit some oil companies."

At this crucial new stage of her career, Amy was seriously in need of a practical adviser. Jack Humphreys, though indispensable as tutor and confidant, was not a businessman. Amy was fortunate in being able to turn to her father, and, until she left for Australia in May, she was in touch with him almost daily.

THROUGH the weeks and months she drove herself cruelly hard, but she seemed able to draw upon phenomenal reserves of energy. Not only was she now enmeshed in a campaign to secure backing but she was cramming for her second engineering examination, attending a formidable course of lectures on navigation and kindred subjects, putting in as many flying hours as she could toward her pilot's B Licence, and continuing her unofficial work in the hangars.

The recent publicity given to her "plan" for flying to Australia had forced the idea out of the realm of day-dreams: she no longer vaguely hoped to attempt the flight some day, but took for granted that she would make it soon — as soon as Martin's aeroplane was ready and she could secure some backing. Meanwhile, however, she was painfully short of money for

year. Instead, she embarked on an intensive campaign of personal appeals for help, in the form of letters to public figures and members of the peerage.

"I often post as many as 12 or 15 at a time," she told her mother. "So far everyone has turned me down. I haven't many resources left."

Amy was now a member of the Royal Aeronautical Society, and in March she attended a lecture on air transport by a German expert. In the course of a speech Sir Sefton Brancaster, the Director of Civil Aviation, said, "It has been very interesting to see the amounts received from the various German States and even from the cities for the development of the air services. I wish England would wake up and try to do likewise . . ."

The words "I wish England would wake up" pierced Amy's consciousness like a sword. Next day she wrote yet another letter pleading her case, and this time she knew she was writing to a fellow enthusiast.

"I heartily echo your words," she began. "I have for months been fighting against the lack of enterprise and faith existing in aviation circles. I have a great ambition to do something to help spread interest in aviation in this country, but — have no money and no influence . . ."

"I want to fly to Australia, one reason being that I am certain a successful flight of this nature, by an English girl, solo, and in a light plane, would do much to engender confidence amongst the public in air travel . . . At last night's lecture you called attention to the leading article in 'Flight.' Did you by any chance look further through the book and see my appeal on page 284?"

This was an editorial paragraph headed "The Right Enterprise," calling for help to enable Amy to acquire a British aircraft for her Australian flight.

By an oversight, Amy failed to sign her name. How providential that she had mentioned her appeal in "Flight" and that Brancaster took the trouble to follow up the clue.

Before she received his answer, another letter brought her a heartening offer of help from her father:

"Mother and myself have decided that we will supply the aeroplane for you for this trip if you can't get it elsewhere. (Limit £800.) Come to Hull so that we can go fully into all details."

In response to this exciting offer Amy decided to fly solo to Hull and she booked one of the club's Moths. Her cross-country flight of 150 miles, which took two hours and ten minutes, was by far the longest of her flying career to date.

To page 44



● Franz and Amy with his mother and a sister at his home in Switzerland.

To her parents she wrote that she was hoping for a "splendid job" if she passed the examination — she would be "demonstrator of an entirely new machine which is being built now."

The "entirely new machine" — a monoplane rival to the Gipsy Moth — was the brainchild of a young Irishman, Jimmy Martin, now Sir James Martin, managing director and chief designer of the Martin Baker

men. No woman had even tried to rival it.

Flights between England and Australia were no longer regarded as pioneering. Even while Amy was being interviewed, Francis Chichester, then an unknown young amateur who had just learnt to fly, was on his way to Australia in a Moth, and his progress was attracting little attention.

Nevertheless, the article about Amy sparked off a flare of interest.

the day-to-day flying for her B Licence.

Her father urged her to press for a formal agreement of some kind with the Martin Aircraft Company.

A shock awaited her; the company was in the same unhappy situation as herself, "a shuffle to get financial backing," and would not be able to give her the new plane.

Amy's father thereupon advised her to postpone her big trip until the following

In favor of the honeymoon

FOR heaven's sake, "Cora"! If we are going to "start" as we mean to go on" and not have a honeymoon, why not scrap wedding-gown, bridesmaids, and reception?

For hundreds, a honeymoon is the only bit of glamor in their lives. I've never regretted mine, though I've been short of money many times since. Only nitwits could think it would last for ever—and there is no hope for them, anyway.

\$2 to "Well-settled" (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

YES, honeymoons can give a false (though not necessarily glamorous) idea of life. If mine had been any indication, our future life would have been quite miserable. We were both very young, completely out of place in the surroundings we chose, and very shy. We have since enjoyed many holidays far more than we did our first one together.

\$2 to "Point of View" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

WE have been married only two years, but in that time have managed to get our full share of upsets and trials. Our honeymoon was at absolute dream, and its many wonderful memories carry us over many a "low" in everyday living. To hear my husband planning a second one—someday—"just in case" and "marvellous," to quote him, convinces me that being "down to earth" doesn't overshadow the little bit of magic every marriage needs.

\$2 to Mrs. Gladys McCauley, East Victoria Park, W.A.

NO holiday later will ever recapture the first, fine, carefree rapture. Even in the best of marriages, romance fades and life becomes somewhat humdrum. My advice to young couples is to start marriage with as much glamor as possible.

\$2 to "Thora" (name supplied), Miva, Qld.

WHAT makes "Cora" think all honeymoons are glamorous? I know a couple who honeymooned in a tent. My husband and I did so in a friend's fishing shack—and got flooded out at high tide. But we would not give up those memories for anything. As for life after the honeymoon, that is what you make it, not what it makes of you. Also, you're only young once, remember.

\$2 to "Long Ago" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

TO do away with a honeymoon, settle in, and have a holiday later, is very romantic. Too many women allow romance and glamor to fade, and end up always in an apron, deep in house chores, complaining that their husbands never take them anywhere.

\$2 to Mrs. D. J. White, Cooke Hill, N.S.W.

THERE is a lifetime for down-to-earth thinking; only one honeymoon.

\$2 to "Don't Miss Out" (name supplied), Lambton, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Human guinea pigs

ARE we becoming a race of human guinea pigs or Frankensteins? The current transplant operations of heart, liver, kidney, etc., open up frightening possibilities. Only a minute percentage of patients are still living although the operations were successfully performed. It is tampering with nature and the individual life given to each of us. The skill, time, and money involved in these operations could be diverted to other medical needs.

\$2 to "Mizpah" (name supplied), Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

Husbands in old clothes

ONE of the chief complaints of Australian women is that their husbands spend the weekends lounging around the house in old clothes. I think men are entitled to this privilege, as it is the only time they have to relax. Certainly they should be expected to do a certain amount of work around the house and keep things in good repair, but some wives constantly nag. If, instead, they made the home a more enjoyable place they would probably have better, more co-operative husbands.

\$2 to "Indignant" (name supplied), Darlington, W.A.

City-type shearer

FROM the time she was six weeks old, until she was three, my daughter travelled round Western Queensland with me and shearer husband. Later, when asked what she was going to be when she grew up, her reply was quick: "A shearer, but in Sydney."

\$2 to Mrs. Philomena Parker, Boremore, N.S.W.

A tie—or a rock to cling to?

"CUT the apron strings!" advise the experts (either trained or self-appointed). I have a revolutionary theory that many youngsters need the tug of these strings, which can be a rock to cling to, an excuse to fall back on. When tempted to do something wrong, a teenager will often do it simply because he can't think of an excuse not to. I believe they WANT to feel a restraining hand on occasions, and that they will gradually find their own feet, and in their own time, each one different.

\$2 to "Mini pinny" (name supplied), Caloundra, Qld.

Neasles or chicken-pops

WHILE I was telling Dad of a neighbor's child having contracted mumps, our daughter, Susan, piped up and added, "Plenty of kids at school have had mumps, neasles, and chicken-pops."

\$2 to Mrs. Joan Jaffe, Barmere, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

PRESSURE GROUP

"CAN Cathie (or Norman or Sarah or Mervyn or Jennifer) come (or stay) to dinner tonight?"

This sort of question is addressed often to mothers. It is not always received with enthusiasm, I have noticed.

Even if the mother concerned likes Cathie (or Norman, Sarah, etc.) very much, she may not have enough sausages for them. Or she may be going out, or tired and in no mood for entertaining.

Unfortunately, the requests are frequently made in an embarrassing way.

Last Sunday, Wendy Jenkins, 7, had her friend Debbie Jones to play. It was a wet afternoon and they

were drawing with crayons at the kitchen table.

Suddenly Wendy said to her mother: "I wish Debbie could stay to dinner."

Mrs. Jenkins, caught off balance, made no reply.

Then Debbie said to Wendy: "Perhaps I can."

There was no doubt Debbie would have been a willing guest.

At that moment, as it happened,



her mother called in to take her home. So the matter was settled.

Still, Mrs. Jenkins had been put well and truly on the spot.

She had hesitated to ask Debbie, not because of any personal antipathy but simply because there were not enough chops to go round.

A couple of days later Wendy Jenkins used a different tactic—the Put-up Job.

She came into the kitchen with

Debbie and said: "Debbie's mother said she can stay to dinner tonight."

Mrs. Jenkins had not asked Debbie to dinner.

However, she did not feel like refusing. It would have meant ringing Debbie's mother to explain. She would have felt a bit mean—and, anyhow, Debbie was a nice little girl.

So Mrs. Jenkins just said: "OK."

The telephone is often used to force a quick decision in these matters.

Susie Brown was talking on the phone to her friend Bronwen Smith.

She turned to Mrs. Brown and said: "Can Bronwen come to lunch, Mum?"

Mrs. Brown had to go to the junction to take the radio to be mended and do some shopping and call to see about the Scouts' barbecue. She made lightning calculations, then said: "No, she can come tomorrow."

The next morning Bronwen was on the phone to Susie again. She wanted to know if it would be all right if she brought her little sister, Margaret, to lunch, too.

Mrs. Brown said desperately: "No, she can't!"

It was not the reply of a gracious hostess. But there are times when graciousness goes by the board.



Today's sad thought

Mutton dressed as lamb displays
A sight which folk tut-tut on,
But more depressing to the gaze
Is mutton dressed as mutton.

—Dorothy Drain

Dream versus reality

THOSE old, solid brick farmhouses the Weekly features make me drool. What really happens when someone buys an old farmhouse is this: We were in our all-wood house two days when it caught fire. We spent the next two months cleaning and painting, and aren't finished yet. Underneath the lino in a house we thought seven years old we found a 1924 paper. The paspalum is 5ft high, the soil like rocks. The last owner left (without telling us) one horse, one chook, and endless cats. The chook laid 17 eggs, then gave up. Samantha Thunderbolt, the one cat we kept, thinks it's playtime all day.

\$2 to "Pioneer" (name supplied), Qld.

Mother's role

THE following lines were penned in an idle moment after a particularly busy day: "Mothers are for picking grass seeds out of woollen socks, for letting down the hems on school and party frocks, for feeding strange wee faces in the hols., for patching pants and dressing plastic dolls, for comforting and bathing countless cuts, for making sure the chocolate frogs have nuts." Although mundane, there is definitely variety in the housewife's day—if one can look at it with humor.

\$2 to Mrs. S. Riches, Mulwala, N.S.W.

On the Go...

Relieved of Periodic Pain

A woman's day is never done. So much to do and see. You're always on the go. Have a tight schedule and meet it. No time to slow down ... and you don't have to. Not even during your period. How? With MIDOL!

Because MIDOL contains:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that helps STOP CRAMPING ...
- Medically approved ingredients that RELIEVE HEADACHE, LOW BACK-ACHE and JUMPY NERVES ...
- Plus a special mood-brightener that gives you a real lift ... gets you through the trying period feeling calm and comfortable.

Be on the go. Any day. With MIDOL!

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"

FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book explains womanhood's most common physical problem. Send 10c in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and handling to Dept. C, Box 3, Ermington, N.S.W. 2115. (Sent in plain wrapper.)



FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Your Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

rats and mice go! raticide

A NEW KIND OF POISON, SIMPLER,
CLEANER, TOTALLY EFFECTIVE

You'll buy it in a roll. Strip off 3 to 6 single conigations as you need it.
Rats and mice cannot resist it, and the way it works there's no smell ever.
CHEMISTS • HARDWARE STORES • DEPARTMENTAL STORES
Trade Enquiries: RATICIDE COMPANY, 126 Castlemagh St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. Phone: 28-2133

BABETTE HAYES *

One of Australia's most vital and exciting
interior decorators — see her attractive
budget-style ideas in the

**AUSTRALIAN
HOME JOURNAL**

Continuing . . .

THE STORY OF

AMY JOHNSON

From page 42

In her diary now was pencilled a note against the date 5th May, 1930. "Best day to set off. Try for it."

Back in London, she was summoned to the offices of the Air Ministry. Afterward she wrote to her mother, "Sir Sefton Brancker said he would find out what my reputation was as a pilot, and if good he would write to Lord Wakefield."

She enclosed a copy of the letter Brancker had written. It was worded in cool, objective terms, calculated to hold the attention of the

philanthropic oil magnate, whose gift for sizing up personal abilities was known to govern his benefactions to British flying.

After an interview, Amy dashed off another note. "I was successful. Lord W will put up the rest of the money I need. I told him Daddy would give me £500 and he will give me the rest."

The flight was to hold plenty of terrors for her, but she was protected from any real apprehension of them by the facetious banter of her friends, the matter-of-factness of her father (with his advice to prepare for the trip as though it were a flight to

Hull), and her own ignorance and romanticism.

She looked forward with relish to "thrills and adventures," but her notions of them, so she later admitted, were those of a schoolgirl nurtured on film dramas such as "The Perils of Pauline," in which the heroine always succeeds in escaping from the cannibals, bandits, and sharks.

There was less than three weeks before the fifth of May, when she hoped to set off, and she did not yet possess a machine. Now she heard that Captain W. L. Hope, who had twice won the King's Cup, was ready to part with one of his Moths, and she jumped at the chance to buy it.

To Lord Wakefield's firm she wrote: "I have now made arrangements to purchase a machine which is already fitted up with special long-distance tanks and has made one journey into the tropics and proved its suitability for long-distance flying."

"It is about two years old, and is costing me £600, which I consider reasonable. I should therefore be much obliged if you would kindly let me have a cheque by return for £300 as promised . . . I shall ask my father for the other £300." What exquisite pleasure to be able to demand fat cheques by return of post!

WEEKS earlier, when her father made his generous offer of financial help, Amy had decided that her aircraft should be given the name of Jason, which was the registered trademark of the family fish business.

The former owner helped to prepare her for emergencies and tropical conditions by urging her to take a revolver, a mosquito net, sun-helmet, portable stove, and medicines.

One of the spares was an extra propeller; this awkward item could not be stowed inside the Moth and would have to be lashed to the centre-section struts.

Captain Hope also advised her about maps, though the only ones available for some stretches were sadly inadequate. She had already decided upon her route, after studying the flight made by Hinkler in 1928. The brilliant little Australian test pilot had established a record for his 11,000-mile trip by making it in fifteen and a half days. In 1930 this still held good.

In one aspect of her planning Amy believed she knew better than Hinkler. He and almost all the other pilots who had tackled the trip had set out over France and Italy and then crossed the Mediterranean, thereby avoiding the Balkan countries, where visiting pilots

were apt to become entangled in red tape. She, however, never having flown abroad before, drew a straight line on a map from London to Basra.

She calculated that by means of this "short cut" she would save nearly 700 miles, and would have a very good chance of improving on Hinkler's record.

She now listed the 22 aerodromes where she planned to refuel, or might need to, and sent it to the Shell-Mex company, who had agreed to lay on the needful petrol supplies (she had failed, however, to inveigle the company into providing them free).

The 12 main stopping places she was aiming for were: Vienna — Constantinople — Bagdad — Bandar Abbas — Karachi — Allahabad — Calcutta — Bangkok — Singapore — Sourabaya — Atamboes — Port Darwin. But the tidiness of this list, resembling as it does a present-day airline schedule, obscures the fact that in 1930 air travel was far from tidy; it also suggests, misleadingly, that the risks and dangers were the same through the trip.

As far as India, in 1930, civil aviation was just beginning to establish itself. Imperial Airways were in course of initiating the air-mail route, and a solo pilot might feel optimistic about the chances of rescue in a forced landing. But beyond India conditions were very different.

Except for the Dutch air services in the East Indies there was virtually no civil aviation in South-East Asia, and she would be flying over vast stretches of alternating ocean and jungle.

That experience-hardened pilot Sir Alan Cobham, when he made his pioneering flight from England to Australia in 1926, had chosen to fly in a seaplane rather than a landplane because, as he wrote afterward, "from Calcutta to Australia it is simply impossible to land anywhere but on a specially prepared aerodrome."

At the Air Ministry the Yorkshire girl gleaned what she could about her route, and also arranged that applications for flying permits should be sent to all the countries she planned to fly over. And when her parents suggested that she should take a parachute she dutifully agreed, although in those days few except military pilots used these and many fliers regarded a parachute as a badge of timidity.

● Condensed from "Amy Johnson," by Constance Robinson Smith; published by Collins. World copyright, 1967; text by author, Amy Johnson's letters by Molly Jones and Betty Falconer-Stewart.



For the young in heart, the zestful and gay these are the jeans that are here to stay. You'll find that on most young people's gear the Keyman Label will appear. The fabric on which such fame rests is Bradmill Denim — it's the best! But whether you are young and gay or (hateful thought!) just turning grey. You're in the prime of life maybe or dangling still from mother's knee. One thing is certain — common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

YAKKA KeyMan jeans.

B
BRADMILL

BRADMILL INDUSTRIES LIMITED AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

BUC.54

NEXT WEEK:

Nineteen days to Australia



1. 20-year-olds have reached the peak of their eyesight.



2. At 30, the pupils are starting to become smaller.



3. At 40, they're smaller still.



4. 60-year-olds may need 6 times more light than 20-year-olds.

If you're over 40 you need more light.

(Philips Lamps point out that older eyes need special care)

Your eyes are changing.

As you grow older, your eyes are constantly changing.

Of course this is gradual and almost imperceptible.

But, even with perfectly normal eyes, the pupils get smaller as they get older.

Unless they receive more light, they simply can't see as well as they used to.

So a person of forty needs far more light than a person of twenty.

Proper home lighting is vital.

Correct amount of light where you need it avoids harsh contrasts and reduces glare.

And good light isn't expensive.

Even if you burn a 100-watt Philips Lamp for 48 hours continuously, it would cost less than 10 cents.*

Many types of lamps.

Philips manufacture more than 50,000 different lamp types.

There is a Philips Lamp for every purpose.

Clear, Pearl, or for a softer, more even light,—Argenta.

For better sight

PHILIPS
for better light



*Average domestic rate.

PL1577



Keep a Firm Chineline

END wrinkle-dryness and sagging muscles caused by a lack of natural protective oils and diminished muscle tone by treating your chineline to a regular massage with vitalizing cream. Before retiring massage Ulan vitalizing night cream well into your chineline moving from the cleft in the chin along the jawline to the ears. This tissue toning and massaging will keep your chineline youthfully firm, smooth, and supple.

Cry baby yesterday...



... then mother remembered Laxettes
Today there are giggles instead of grizzles. Last night Mother gave Sally Laxettes. No fuss, no tears. This gentle laxative tastes like milk chocolate. Soon restores regularity. Laxettes tonight — tomorrow they're right.

Free: send for generous sample to Dept. A99, 121 Cremorne St., Richmond, Vic., 3121

MAKE THE MOST OF WEARING GLASSES

Maybe you're not deliriously happy about wearing glasses, but there is another way of looking at it.

Make your glasses highlight the individual facets of your personality. In other words, have more than one pair.

Martin Wells have a distinctive range of fashion eyewear for every mood... every occasion.

Consult your optometrist or optical dispenser.

SURFERS PARADISE

Holiday accommodation to suit all incomes—Luxury beachfront locations with swimming-pools—Moderately priced B&Bs—All accommodation needs—Brochures, etc., from:

L. J. HOOKER LIMITED
Gold Coast Highway,
SURFERS PARADISE
Phone: 9-1084

Take a hint

• Mrs. R. Moseley, of Penhurst, N.S.W., never throws out old copies of *The Australian Women's Weekly*. They are too useful to her. Recently she wrote to tell us all about a clever idea that other readers may like to copy.

"I am an ardent follower of your weekly gardening hints. I have cut out quite a number, and instead of pasting them in an exercise book have decided to paste them in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

"This makes quite a good gardening book in my opinion. Maybe some other readers would like to do this.

"Incidentally, the copy I am using is the one which contains 'A Last Tribute' to Harold Holt and 'God Bless Australia.' These pages I will leave uncovered, of course."



IF Tom Thumb ever had a bicycle it could scarcely have been smaller than the one owned and ridden by Mr. Alf Tabb (left), of Worcester, England.

Yet Mr. Tabb, sprightly 5ft. 6in., 88-year-old, retired cycle maker, actually rides his micro-cycle through the streets.

"I claim I am riding the smallest bicycle in the world," he said. "There is only one condition I stipulate. The challenger must be able to sit in the saddle."

Mr. Tabb's claim made with confidence, for he has been making bicycles, and making them smaller and smaller, for 44 years.

"I once made one 12in. high and put it in my front window. I was challenged to ride it and, of course, I accepted."

Since then Mr. Tabb's bicycles have been shrinking in size year by year and people are beginning to wonder what sort of micro-machine the "young" octogenarian might produce for his hundredth birthday ride.

The tiny bicycles have pneumatic tyres and weigh only 4lb. They cost Mr. Tabb about \$102 each to make. Coach bolts, steel tubes, and specially made components go into the manufacture.

Mr. Tabb does not market his micro-cycle but it seems as if it might be the perfect answer to a crowded city living—pocket-sized machine occupying almost less road space than a standard three-wheeler.

However, there is one snag! "I have offered it (\$10.50) to anyone who can ride one for 100 yards."

No one has ever ridden for more than two yards—except Alf Tabb! Amazingly, at his advanced age, he can ride the tiny machine for a quarter of a mile.

Perhaps the answer lies in Mr. Tabb's daily exercise; he still does 15 miles a day on an ordinary cycle.

COMPACT OVERSEAS TRIP ON HER PLATE



HAIR TODAY

• Recognise her? It's American film actress Mia Farrow, her boyish blonde locks hidden under a dramatic brunette wig. The 30in. human-hair wig is part of her costume for the film "Secret Ceremony," which went before the camera in March.

ALTHOUGH she remembers neither of them, her grandmother and the country of her birth (the Ukraine) have long held a fascination for Narta Stelmachiw.

At the end of this year, when she has finalised an Arts course at Monash University, in Melbourne, she hopes to visit both of them.

"Thanks to my grandmother, Mrs. Olena Gec, who lives at Lvov, in the Ukraine," says 21-year-old Narta.

During the 19 years Narta and her parents have lived in Australia, Mrs. Gec has been sending tablecloths and napkins she has embroidered in traditional Ukrainian design to the family.

Narta has adapted these designs to decorate wooden plates with enamels, and from the sale of these she hopes to help finance her trip to the Ukraine.

Self-taught (Narta also dabbles in oil-painting on canvas), she has to be very exacting, as the designs are geometrical.

She either uses a compass or works out a pattern by cutting a circular piece of paper and folding it until she has the number of spacings for that particular design.

There is no room for mistakes, as the enamel sets very quickly and cannot be erased. When the enamel is dry, Narta gives the plates a coat of clear varnish.

Although the family is naturalised, Narta has been encouraged by her parents to take an interest in her former country.

She joined PLAST, a Ukrainian youth organisation, at the age of seven and has remained a leader in the group since she was elected at 14.

"I also went to a Ukrainian school for a while when I was small—but please don't misunderstand me, we are very proud to be Australians," said Narta.

"After all, what a marvellous country to grow up in," she added.

And nobody has made more of her opportunities than Narta.

She takes an active interest in several committees at university and plans a mid-year exhibition of her plates there.

Where there's a wheel there's a way



• Narta Stelmachiw with plates she decorated.



THE CADBURY CHOCOLATE CAKE of the YEAR.

It wasn't easy. Picking one chocolate cake from our hundreds of very good recipes. But we've done it! Our chocolate cake of the year is tops! Delicious to eat. Economical. Easy to make. A light, moist cake that keeps fresh for days. Can't wait to try it? Then make sure you've got the essential ingredient... Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa.



Also a warming, nourishing drink for all the family.

Give it the true chocolate flavour of **CADBURY'S Bournville COCOA**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1968



Ingredients: 8 ozs. self raising flour, 1 heaped tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 4 ozs. castor sugar, 4 ozs. butter, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Method: Sift flour, salt, soda and cocoa into a basin. Add the sugar. Make a well in the centre. Add the melted butter, egg, vinegar, vanilla and water. Beat until smooth. Divide into two 7" sandwich tins which have been greased and lined on the bottom with paper, then bake in a moderate oven 325° or Regulo 4 Gas, 375° Electric for approximately 20-25 minutes. Allow to stand in the tins 5 minutes before turning out. Split each cake through the centre and sandwich the layers with Chocolate Frosting. Spread the remaining frosting on the top and sides.

Chocolate Frosting

Sift 12 ozs. icing sugar and 2 tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa into a bowl. Add 4 ozs. butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence and a few drops of boiling water. Beat with a wooden spoon until smooth, adding additional boiling water very gradually until spreading consistency.



● 19th-century plates

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I FIND your Collectors' Corner fascinating and would be pleased if you could tell me something about these two old plates (left) brought to Australia by my parents from Sweden in 1912. They are said to have been in the family for more than 100 years and belonged to my great-grandparents.

As you can see, one plate is a deep, old-fashioned type of soup plate, coloring brown and white, with a circle of flowers and leaves around the rim.

The scene in the centre is of buildings and trees by the water and two young men fishing (I think). On the back is printed "Bosphorus" J. Marshall



● Rosewood tea-poy

& Co. in a scroll and also an anchor is shown; as well as the figure "5" and an imprint "J.M. & CO."

The second plate is also brown and white but much lighter in color and is a more shallow type of plate. This has small groups of flowers and leaves around the rim and in the centre there are two pheasants amid a scene of flowers and leaves. On the back there is a printed scroll with a small group of flowers and the words "Asiatic Pheasants," Gutterbury.

Would you know the origin and history of these plates?—Mrs. L. Noss, Parkdale, Vic.

The soup plate, made by J. Marshall & Co., was made at the Bo'ness Pottery, Bo'ness, Scotland. It was made after 1866 and probably before 1875. The pottery was founded in 1854 and ceased production in 1899.

The second plate is probably Staffordshire and was made about 1860 to 1870.

ENCLOSED is a picture (above) of a piece of furniture which we recently acquired and renovated. I think the wood is rosewood and understand that it could be a tea-poy as it has none of the usual "innards" of a strong stand. There is no maker's name on it. Could you please identify it and tell its approximate age?—Mrs. B. Rutherford, Chesham Creek, N.S.W.

The photograph depicts a Victorian Brazilian rosewood tea-poy circa 1845 to 1855.

Usually the interior comprises two separate box compartments with hinged covers used to contain two different varieties of tea and a central circular section which holds a glass mixing or blending bowl.

HAVING no photograph, I enclose a sketch of a silver case which belonged to my grandmother. The letters are worn with constant polishing and the numbers (as far as I can see) are No. 58046, followed by a shield with something inside which I cannot decipher; this is followed by a tree or a flower, a lion, and then the letter "n." Hoping you can help me. — Mrs. S. Della Bosca, Walkamin, Qld.

I suspect that the silver case bears the Birmingham town mark represented by an anchor. The small English "n" represents the year 1912.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

You can't buy this kind of
barbecue dressing
but you can make it
in just two minutes



Adds a fabulous spicy taste to barbecued steak, chops, sausages, frankfurts, chicken or fish!

Nestlé's new 2 minute barbecue dressing

made with Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk and Keens Mustard.



RECIPE:

½ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 tsps. Keen's Dry Mustard
1 tsp. salt ¼ cup vinegar
3 tbsp. tomato sauce
2 tsps. worcestershire sauce

METHOD: Combine all ingredients, blending thoroughly. Serve over steak, chops, etc.

Variation: Add 1 clove crushed garlic and chopped shallots just before use.

(All spoon measurements are level unless otherwise stated. 8 fl. oz. measuring cup used.)



**FREE
10-day
examination**

Take an awesome journey through a crowded and powerful "new" nation, **CHINA**

your first volume in the **LIFE** WORLD LIBRARY



Visit the home of 800,000,000 people... learn their history, culture, institutions, folkways... marvel at the beauty of their country, the harshness of their lives... understand what their present turmoil means for the world's future.

To help you understand the Chinese of today, CHINA takes you back in time to the beginnings of their civilization. You learn about China's contribution to civilization - from silk to gunpowder.

Most of all, you will meet the Chinese, a proud and violent people whose art is serene and tranquil, who honour their elders and worship their ancestors - yet whose young people today, the Red Guards, desecrate ancient art, mock scholars and berate government officials. You visit the people in their homes and where they work, from bustling Shanghai and templed

Peking, to quiet, immemorial country villages, to the arid plateaus of the mountainous west.

The LIFE WORLD LIBRARY is intended for use by the entire family. Each book contains all the necessary reference material to make it a permanent part of your home library. The completed LIFE WORLD LIBRARY will be a valuable and authoritative guide to understanding the entire contemporary world. Each book contains nearly 200 pages of authoritative text, colour- and black-and-white photographs, charts, maps, and diagrams. A new volume is issued every two months.

**Forthcoming Books
You Will Receive:**



SCANDINAVIA



THE UNITED STATES



RUSSIA



FREE Large Wall Map of China. With your first volume in the LIFE WORLD LIBRARY you will receive a 33 by 33 inch wall map of China in colour. It shows the topography, political divisions, chief cities, the agricultural products, raw materials and manufactured goods of the country. It's an invaluable reference aid for the whole family and especially for students.

Actual size: 8 1/2 by 11 inches - 176 pages with nearly 100 photographs and paintings, many of them in full colour, plus helpful maps, graphs, charts and tables of important facts about the country.

No need to send money - use this coupon today.

Yes, I would like to examine CHINA. Please send it to me for 10 days' free examination and enter my trial subscription to LIFE WORLD LIBRARY - direct by post. I NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW. If I decide to keep the book, I will pay the invoice accompanying it. You may then reserve future volumes in the series and send them to me every two months, on approval. I may return any volume and invoice within 10 days after receipt and may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If, after examining CHINA, I do not choose to keep it or to continue my subscription to LIFE WORLD LIBRARY, I may return the book and the invoice within 10 days; you will cancel my reservation for future volumes, and I am under no further obligation.

To: Time-Life International (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 3814, G. P. O., Sydney

Regular Edition: A\$ 3.50
(plus 25¢ postage and handling)

(please print)

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ Postcode _____

7178-25-1

The Face Diet

Helena Rubinstein say make-up can be more than just a pretty face. So, The Face Diet: a way to play down the bad, play up the good things about your face to make you lovelier than ever before.

Step 1: Silk Fashion Liquid Make-up. The only foundation that moisturises your skin while it covers naturally, flawlessly. Finishes with a dewy translucence.



Step 2: Silk Fashion Face Powder. Dust over make-up if you prefer a more matte finish.

Step 3: Silk Fashion Blush. Brush on beautiful colour over or under powder.

Use it to thin down or round out and subtly play down bad, play up good. Contour your face for exciting new beauty.



Step 4: Silk Fashion Compact. Silk powder and foundation in one for day time touch-ups. Like Liquid Make-up it moisturises and covers beautifully.

There's an Helena Rubinstein face diet that's right for you in the prettiest collection of make-up colours you've ever looked beautiful in. Ask about them at department stores and special pharmacies everywhere.



Your
new face:

Silk Fashion by Helena Rubinstein

SUGAR-COATED BISCUITS WIN PRIZE

● An unusual recipe for delightful biscuits coated with icing sugar wins \$10 in our contest.

CONSOLATION prizes of \$2 each are awarded for a dessert soufflé, a fruit slice, and an easy method of cooking a chicken dish.

Level spoon measures and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

SUGAR CRESCENTS

4oz. butter or substitute
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups plain flour
sifted icing sugar

Cream butter and vanilla until soft, gradually beat in sifted flour until smooth. With floured hands, mould teaspoons of mixture into crescent shapes. Bake on greased baking tray in very slow oven 45 minutes. While biscuits are still hot, sift a little icing sugar on to a sheet of greaseproof paper, place biscuits on icing sugar, and cover with more sifted icing sugar; allow to cool.

Biscuits can be stored in icing sugar. Serve with coffee.

Makes approximately 2 dozen.
First prize of \$10 to Mrs. V. Biggell, 41 Grigg Ave., North Epping, N.S.W. 2121.

BAKED CRUMBED CHICKEN

2 cups soft breadcrumbs
2 teaspoons mixed herbs
15oz. can mushroom soup
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2½ lb. chicken

2oz. butter or substitute
Mix together breadcrumbs and mixed herbs. In separate bowl combine 1-3rd cup of the undiluted mushroom soup, ½ cup of the milk, onion, and parsley. Cut chicken into serving-size pieces, dip into soup mixture, then roll in breadcrumbs. Place in greased shallow baking dish, dot with butter. Bake, uncovered, in moderately hot oven 1 hour. Heat together remaining soup and milk. Serve with chicken.

Serves 4.
Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. J. Redman, 12 Harcourt Crescent, Southport, Qld. 4215.

SPICY FRUIT SLICE

PASTRY

4oz. butter or substitute
½ cup sugar
½ cup self-raising flour
1½ cups plain flour
pinch salt
1 egg-yolk
approx. 2 tablespoons milk

TOPPING

1½ cups cake crumbs
3 dessertspoons sweet sherry
2oz. butter or substitute
½ cup brown sugar
1 egg
½ cup raspberry jam
1½ cups mixed fruit
½ cup coconut
lemon icing
walnuts

1 teaspoon mixed spice
Pastry: Cream together butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolk, beat well. Work in sifted flours and salt, mix to a firm dough, adding a little milk if necessary. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll out to ¼ in. thickness, line base and sides of greased lamington tin.

Topping: Place cake crumbs in bowl, sprinkle with sherry, mix well. Cream butter and sugar together, add egg, beat well. Fold in cake crumbs, mixed fruit, spice, and coconut. Spread top of

pastry with raspberry jam. Add fruit mixture, spread evenly. Bake in moderate oven approximately 40 minutes. Cool in tin, ice with lemon icing, and decorate with chopped walnuts.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. M. Maystone, Box 593, Griffith, N.S.W. 2680.

BAKED APRICOT SOUFFLE

¼ tablespoon butter
1½ tablespoons plain flour
15oz. can apricot halves
1 tablespoon castor sugar
3 eggs

Drain apricots, reserve ¼ pint syrup. Push apricots through

sieve. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, and cook gently, stirring, 1 minute. Add apricot syrup gradually, stirring until thick. Remove from heat, stir in sieved apricots; cool. Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks and castor sugar together. Fold into cooled mixture, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Place mixture into greased souffle dish. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve immediately.

Serves 4.
Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss M. Chock Man, 9 Soule St., Hermit Park, Townsville, Qld. 4812.



CRESCENT BISCUITS win our \$10 recipe prize this week.



“What a nice thought!”



Every leading washing machine manufacturer feels the same: they've all test-proven Power Rinso best for whitest machine washes, and they all pack Power Rinso in every new machine leaving their factories! Power Rinso is a controlled-suds detergent — the first washing powder tailor-made to give the whitest wash in all washing machines. Shouldn't you be using Power Rinso?

Every new Wilkins Servis washer is packed with Power Rinso — proven best for the whitest machine wash!

Australia's top-selling wringer washer

— the Galaxy by Wilkins Servis — has now more features and is more modern than ever. And new in colour, too! Choose from Copper-tone, Spanish Avocado, Blue Mist, Primrose and White. All with white accentuating body.

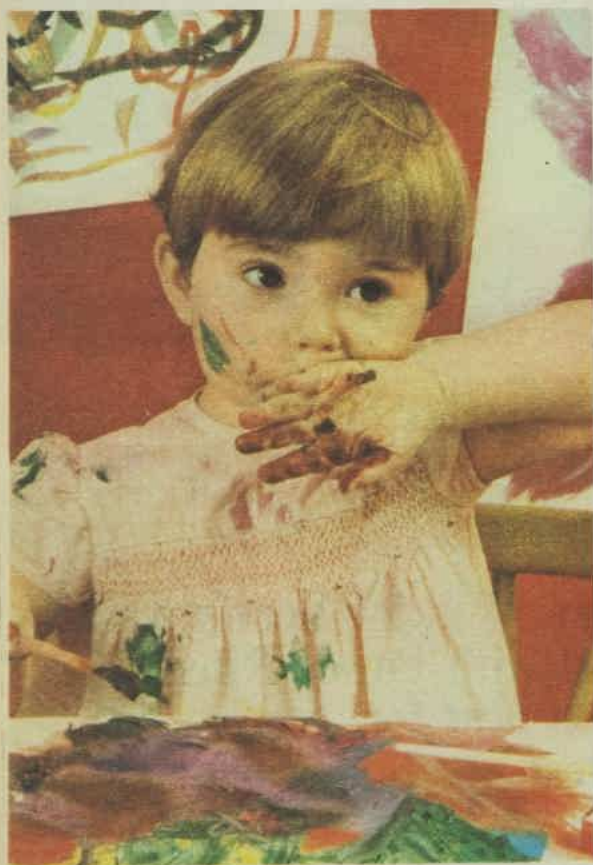


New Simpson Automatics for modern fabrics, modern families!

No range of washers is as modern as the new range of eight Simpson washers. They're years ahead of their time in every way. And they give you more free time for yourself and the family, plus a better warranty than any other range. Every family needs a modern Simpson washer. As man-made fabrics get newer and newer, your present machine gets older and older. There's a Simpson for any budget — from the Fully Programmed Automatic Model (with special cycles for all fabrics, including Permanent -Press and a new Soak Cycle) to the Semi-Automatic Non-Heat Unit. You never knew a

Semi-Automatic could be so inexpensive. In this drip-dry, wonder-wool, permanent-press world, your family needs a new Simpson washer. They're years ahead of their time. And the exclusive Simpson 1.1.5 Warranty offers you protection that's years ahead of its time. Check Simpson's 1.1.5 Warranty for yourself. Nobody can match it. The 1.1.5 Warranty gives you 1 year's free service, 1 year's warranty on all parts, and 5 years' warranty on motor, gearbox transmission and on the cabinet panels against rust. Now is the time to see your retailer about a years-ahead Simpson Washer.

every family needs a Modern Simpson Washer



now is the time to buy a new Simpson Auto Washer

you and your family deserve a

SIMPSON

Product of Simpson Page



**BUILT TO
PERFORM
BETTER-
LONGER**

JUNE in the GARDEN

● A little care now will give you a better spring display.

GROWTH slows down as the month becomes colder, and in all but the coastal northern half of the country, seedlings may stand still, without appreciable growth, for the next month or two.

When this happens in cold districts there is little to do but wait. The plants are making good root growth, and will surge ahead at the first hint of spring.

However, in the more temperate coastal districts growth can often be coaxed along by mulching and the right feeding. For example, sulphate of ammonia or blood and bone may not function while soils are cold, the plants

they finish. Primulas, polyanthus, and cinerarias respond to surface mulching, but except for an occasional hurry along don't feed regularly until buds appear.

Stocks usually do better where the surface is slightly dry and kept lightly broken and crumbly rather than mulched. Rake in a sprinkling of lime between the plants, especially if the soil is inclined to be naturally acid and lime hasn't been used for some time.

Feed as suggested for primulas, except for the column type. This variety needs no more than a little complete fertiliser when planting out. Second growths break from the centres of the flowers if they are too well fed, causing the blooms to lose quality, spikes to become ragged.

Watch for the whitish, scribble-like tracery which indicates leaf miner in cineraria foliage. This pest can be kept in check by watering the plants over with meta-systox about once a month, spraying fortnightly with pyrethrum sprays or malathion. DDT and similar preparations will also control leaf miner, but are more hazardous to birds and other predators.

Meta-systox will also control red spider on polyanthus, and aphids, which cluster below the foliage of stocks, violas, and cinerarias. Avoid skin contact with this poison, and, because of this, watering-can application is preferable to spraying.

An advantage of meta-systox is that toxic residue doesn't remain on the plant for long, but is absorbed into the foliage, poisoning sap-sucking insects for weeks.

If violets aren't making flower buds, clip off at least half the foliage so more light can penetrate. Feeding with liquids (as for poppies) improves flower size and stem length. Keep heaps of snail bait among the plants.

By ALLAN SEALE

thus losing the benefit of the nitrogen they would pass on under warmer conditions; but modern, water-soluble, complete plant foods or liquid manures continue to supply nitrogen in the form of urea and nitrates not affected by cold.

Iceland poppies will make growth during cold while they have plenty of food and water. Encourage them to make large clumps capable of good performance by pinching out premature buds and mulching around them with an inch or so of good, fibrous compost. Carefully lift the leaves without loosening the crowns and pack the compost under them. Then water with complete liquid manure such as Thrive, Aquasol, or Zest fortnightly.

Pansies and violas also revel in the treatment suggested for poppies. In this case, enjoy the spot of color from early blooms, but pinch them off as soon as

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 268

Don't be impatient if bulbs planted in March/April are not showing through. Foliage of some daffodil varieties is well developed, but King Alfred may not show through until early July, even though they may flower earlier than others. Unless tulips have been pre-chilled for a few weeks before planting, their foliage may not be evident until early August. Resist temptation to look and see, however carefully, as this causes losses.

Leave bowls planted with hyacinths and tulips in complete darkness, kept as cool as possible, until thick, white shoots are showing at least an inch above the fibre. The bowls should be well filled with roots, unless storage has been too warm.

Take care to keep the fibre moist. Where containers are without drainage holes, stand on side until surplus water has drained off.

When well-developed shoots and roots suggest the bulbs can be moved to ordinary room temperature, avoid direct sunlight at least for the first few days, until shoots change from white to deep green.

Flowering cyclamen need to be kept moist and in plenty of light. Avoid cold draughts — but this doesn't mean they need a great deal of heat. The ideal is a light, airy room. Wilting foliage usually means an atmosphere too hot and dry.

Give them complete liquid plant foods fortnightly at a little less than the strength recommended for ordinary garden use. Soaking the pots thoroughly, preferably a day before feeding, removes excessive build-up of plant foods.

Most indoor foliage plants need to be kept with the soil fairly dry, and feeding stopped, while they are in low temperatures. This applies more to temperate areas than colder climates such as Canberra, where the house is evenly heated day and night, and there is no need to cut down on food and water.

Whatever the circumstances, house plants need a relatively high humidity. Cold air is rather dry, and when this is heated artificially the relative humidity drops to well below the plants' liking. To compensate, place a container

of water above the radiator or heating unit or put water in the plants' saucers — standing the pots on pebbles to keep them just above this water.

Then, as the heat increases so does the rate of evaporation, keeping humidity at a healthy level.

Cymbidium orchids are now prominently showing bud if they are to flower this year. Remember, the amount of light on unopened buds influences the depth of their color. Pinks and rosy-reds are darker where buds have had plenty of light; golds are also strengthened by sunlight. Soft lime-greens need shade or they tend toward yellow rather than green.

In the vegetable garden it is a good time to sow broad beans and peas, except in cold, frosty districts. Delay here until later July or August. Peas especially need a well-limed soil. Peas and broad beans are improved by the addition of a good, complete plant food, using about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scattered in a strip about a foot wide along each 2yd. of row.

Space broad beans 3 to 4in. apart in rows about 18in. apart, and the peas an inch or two apart in a 4in.-wide row.

Sow or plant out onions now, in similar conditions to peas.

Potatoes can be planted in frost-free, warm, coastal districts. Use no lime, but scatter about 1-3rd cup of complete plant food to the sq. yd., plus any available rotted compost. Turn all this in loosely to spade depth, leave for a week or so, then give a second turning.

Scrape out furrows 4 to 6in. deep, 2 to 3ft. apart, and space the seed potatoes 12 to 15in. apart along the base of the furrows. Then rake in enough soil to cover them by an inch or so. Fill back the rest of the soil as growth progresses.

Plant the seed potatoes whole if they are no more than 2in. across. Cut larger ones into two or four pieces so there is a fairly even distribution of eyes.

Performance is improved if the potatoes are greened before planting — that is, spread in a light position, preferably not in direct sun. When one side is green, turn the other side to the light.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 269

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



Happiness can be bought

Think for a moment how many of your plans for the future depend on financial security. A home of your own; education for your children; protection for your family — these cost money.

T.&G. can tell you right now, however, that the cost doesn't have to loom large and sudden — beyond your means. Put into effect now, a T.&G. life assurance programme will make it possible for you to buy the happiness that comes from being able to provide over-all security.

Take a step on your own behalf today.

Ask the T.&G. Representative in your community to help you plan — with certainty — for the things you want in life. His friendly, confidential counsel will help you turn your dreams for the future into reality.

T.&G.
MUTUAL LIFE SOCIETY

See your **RETRAVISION** retailer for the modern **SIMPSON** that suits your family's needs

you get the personal service of an independent retailer,
plus the savings that only Australia's largest
bulk-buying group can give

Nowhere else can you get such advantages as you do when you buy your modern Simpson washer from your local Retravision retailer. All Retravision stores are locally-owned and operated, so you get real service from people who personally value your business, and who want your custom again in the future. But that's not all.

You save money at Retravision stores, because over 300 are grouped together to obtain the best possible bulk-buying discounts which are passed onto you. Go see your Retravision retailer now for the modern Simpson washer best-suited to your family's needs. People with vision buy from Retravision.



IT'S
NATIONAL
WASHER
MONTH!



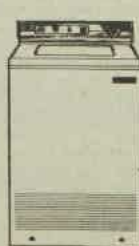
13-060 FULLY PROGRAMMED WASHER—4-speed model with heater. Pushbutton full laundry cycles—wash, rinse, spin-dry, also variable wash and spin speeds, water fill and temperature. Programmes—Permanent Press, Wash, Drip-Dry, Colour and Non-Colour Fast, Synthetics (Delicates), Soak and Heavy Soil Cycles. Auto Suds Save. One button control of every stage of wash. Available without heater. Model 13-060.



13-067 FOUR SPEED PROGRAMMED WASHER—with thermostatically controlled heater. Programme Push-buttons and Cycle Selector are colour-coded. Provides Heavy Soil, Colour and Non-Colour Fast, Wash, Delicates, Soak, Permanent Press and Drip-Dry fabric programmes. Four Cycle Timer, Normal, Short, Permanent Press and Soak. Water fill, water level and temperature also automatic. Non-heat Model 13-066.



13-065 FOUR SPEED AUTOMATIC WASHER—Self Heat. This thermostatically controlled heater model automatic washer connects to cold and hot water or cold only. Push-buttons give four wash and spin-dry combinations—control water temperature, water level and suds save. Two-cycle automatic Timer controls wash, rinse, spin-dry operations, suds save return and gives complete flexibility of the wash programme.



13-063 AUTOMATIC WASHER—Self Heat. This single speed model has a thermostatically controlled heater and is for connection to hot and cold or cold water only. Pushbuttons control water temperature, water level and suds save. You do up to 5 half loads in one tub of subby water. Two-cycle automatic Timer controls wash, rinse, spin-dry, the suds save return and a fully flexible wash programme.



12-061 SEMI-AUTOMATIC WASHER. Single Speed heater model. Water fill manually controlled. Push-buttons for heater and selection of wash and spin. Heater, wash, rinse and spin-dry times controlled by Timer. Push-button controlled pump also operates suds save and suds return saving on washing powder, and saving on water and heating costs. Also available as Non-Heat Model 12-060.

SHOP WHERE YOU SEE THE BLUE AND WHITE STRIPES

A trip to sunny AUSTRALIA —and ROMANCE

There seemed to be nothing but obstacles when this middle-aged English mother set out to migrate to Australia with her two children. But she stuck to her guns even when the going was rough, and, as it turned out, the effort was well worth it.

I WAS a 46-year-old deserted wife, with a teenage son and six-year-old daughter, living in England. After feeling sorry for myself for a while, I came to the conclusion that being miserable got me nowhere, so I got myself a job and, later, a divorce.

Then in the "Titbits" weekly I read an advert: "Come to sunny Australia." I posted the printed coupon, and, in due course, received colorful brochures. I decided there and then that Australia was for me.

There followed streams of forms to fill, references to be got, breath held every time I received a letter marked "Australia House."

Then came one to say we couldn't qualify without a sponsor. Not knowing anyone in Australia, we were terribly disappointed, and just about gave up the whole idea. But I decided to inquire a bit more, as I'd heard that one's church could sometimes sponsor families.

After another wait we had a letter to say they would do just that, but there was a waiting list.

Friends started saying we were fools to give everything up. There "wasn't any work Down Under." Hundreds were "homeless," and, besides, Australians "hated Pommies." I didn't take any notice.

Then came the papers instructing us to go for our medicals. Hearts in our mouths, we went at the appointed time. I handed in our forms, and the receptionist asked me for the fee. In my excitement I hadn't read the back of the form, telling the amount that had to be paid. So I made another appointment for the week after. We'd already had our chest X-rays.

**"We sold our furniture, said
goodbye to our friends—and waited"**

More weeks of waiting followed, then a letter came asking us to send £20 for the fare. Later we got a sailing date and the name of the ship (Italian). We'd been hoping and waiting for 18 months. We were to catch the train to London on the Thursday, at midnight.

I sold the bit of furniture we had and said goodbye to our friends. Thursday morning at about 9.30 came a telegram to say we'd be delayed two days.

We borrowed blankets and slept on the floor, said goodbye to our friends again on Saturday morning. Then came another telegram delaying us another day.

So we didn't say goodbye to our friends again until teatime Sunday. We boarded the train at midnight, and arrived in London in the early hours of Monday morning.

There was a wait of a few hours for the boat-train to Southampton, so we went and had our first-ever view of Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament.

Eventually, we were on the train to the docks. I had quite a few butterflies in my stomach when I saw the ship. I was met by a church official, who assured me all was in order. I was beginning to have my doubts.

I handed various papers to various officials, and we found ourselves going up the gangway to the ship. I was introduced to the captain, relieved of my hand luggage by a steward, and escorted to our cabins. I felt just like a queen.

All the money I had then was £30, which was all my son and I had been able to save.

My daughter and I were in a four-berth cabin, my son in a similar one next door. After finding out our meal times, we tried to find our way to the top deck.

The ship seemed massive and full of passages and staircases. I admit that as time went on it seemed smaller, or we got used to it.

As we pulled away from Southampton it was raining, cold, and miserable, and I thought, never mind, we'll soon be in sunny Australia.

The next few weeks will always have a special place in my memory. To me it was the journey of a lifetime. We met wonderful friends, were treated like royalty, were seaisick . . . in fact, the lot.

At the end of the journey, I had "butterflies" again. Here we were, 12,000 miles away, and didn't know a soul. And, do you know what, when we landed in Melbourne it was raining, cold, and miserable.

Again we were met by a church official, who took us in his car to our lodgings. That was really the only time I felt like running away. The lady of the house seemed

so officious and unfriendly, and the house reflected the gloom outside.

Out of my £30 I paid two weeks' rent, which left me £17 to live on. After a few days, we realised it wasn't so bad after all, and found our landlady quite willing to be helpful and friendly.

We lived in a beautiful suburb, and became friendly with neighbors in our road (all Australians). The sun was shining, and we felt we were actually in sunny Australia.

My son and I registered at the employment office and found them most obliging. He had to go for an interview next morning, and got the job. I was a week before I got mine. It wasn't the kind of thing I'd been used to, but we needed the money.

That marks another special place in my memories. At work I met some of the roughest characters in Australia. I couldn't understand their way of talking for quite a while. Come to think of it, they couldn't understand my Yorkshire accent, either.

Most of them had hearts of gold, and even though some admitted they didn't like Pommies they admitted I was a good one. I worked with them for nearly two years, all the time keeping a lookout for a better job.

Four months after landing in Australia, I found a house to rent in the same road, and I did eventually find another job — in a big furniture store (in the office).

I was the only English person on the staff of about 50. I enjoyed my work and workmates, and made special friends with one of them. She had a relative in New South Wales, a divorced man with a grown family. She must have told him about me, because he asked her if I would write to him.

After contemplating for about three weeks, I decided another gamble wouldn't hurt. We corresponded for about six months, then decided to meet. My young daughter was to come, too, and accommodation was booked.

It would be my first plane trip, and once again I had those stupid butterflies. What would I say to him? What if he preferred somebody more glamorous?

I debated on what I would wear to step off the plane, and decided on a light-colored dress. I didn't wear high-heeled shoes, because I felt sure I'd trip and make a fool of myself. The stewardess tripped, instead, and emptied a glass of coke down my dress. I wondered if my handbag would cover it.

It was dark when we landed, and I stepped out as bravely as my knocking knees would allow. Once more we were in a strange place, and after a few minutes, to add to our loneliness, we realised nobody was there to meet us.

The plane took off again, and we were the only ones left. My daughter was getting tearful, and so was I. I asked a taxi driver if he would take us to our motel.

He was very helpful, and got our key from the office and carried our luggage in. After he'd gone, we just sat down and wondered, "What next?"

**"One of the cards said: 'To
the best Pommie we've ever known'"**

Ten minutes later a knock came at the door, and there was my friend, full of apologies. He'd been given the wrong flight. I was so pleased to see him, I forgot to be nervous. I also forgot my stained dress (he told me afterward he had noticed it).

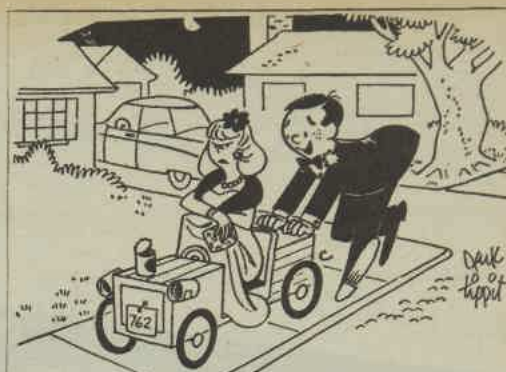
After only an hour we felt as if we'd known each other a lifetime. After two weeks, we decided we'd get married as soon as possible.

I went back to Melbourne and gave in my notice. On the day I left I was called into the dining-room and given so many presents I had to have a taxi to take them and me home.

I'll never forget them, and I'll keep their cards for ever. On one was "To the best Pommie we've ever known."

We moved upstate, and for two years I have been married to one of the finest men ever born. My daughter is delighted with her new dad, and my son feels free to travel, which he is now doing.

My husband is a well-known businessman. I have my own car, no financial worries, and when I look back I thank God I found the courage to come the 12,000 miles to sunny Australia. Where else could I have met and married my Australian husband?



"Wasn't that generous of my little brother when Dad wouldn't let me have the car?"

When a girl
wants to feel well
on those unwell days—
only **cyclopane**
will do



Today's women are right to demand a genuinely feminine answer to a very personal feminine difficulty. As a modern woman, then, you should know about Cyclopane Tablets!

First, during those trying pre-menstrual days, Cyclopane Tablets working gently and effectively, will bring you calm and comfort.

But they go further. Cyclopane's balanced formula continues to work right through your period, too—relieving pain, cramps, backache . . . Cyclopane Tablets leave you relaxed and cheerful, free to accept and enjoy every social engagement.

cyclopane
TABLETS

to feel well on those unwell days

Now — from your chemist only. A product of S.E.R.A.

1572CYC

agony. ecstasy.



DENCORUB
Eases pain where it hurts.

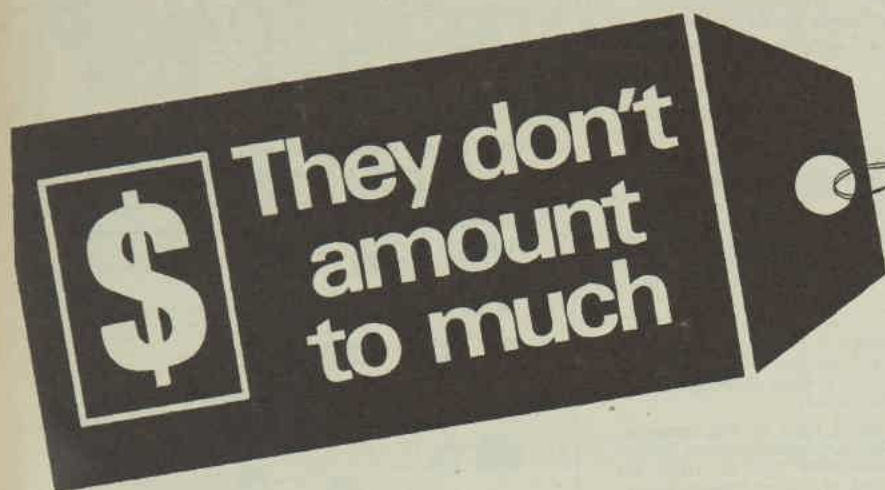
For fast relief from those everyday rheumatic, arthritic and muscular aches and pains, simply rub on new, improved DENCORUB. Immediately, you'll feel the warm, soothing, pain-relieving medications going to work where it hurts. Always keep DENCORUB handy. It's such a relief!

Large Tube, \$1.15
Small Tube, 70 cents

Dencorub

IT'S SUCH A RELIEF!

Manufactured for
Denver Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd.



BOAC

WORLD-WIDE HOLIDAYS

BOAC have arranged it that way. So the best and most exciting overseas holidays are priced to suit you. Look at the Fijian Tour. For \$214 you can spend 11 days exploring Fiji. And that includes all your accommodation in first class hotels.

Look at the biggest Round-the-World Tour. For \$1963 the whole world's your stamping ground for 61 days. And that's not a lot more per day than Surfer's Paradise! Also included in the price. More places to go, more sightseeing. More time "there"—instead of

"going there." And more comfort. Because you travel in the BOAC armchair . . . the most comfortable economy class seat in the world. BOAC World-Wide Holidays don't amount to much. They cost less—offer more. So make the most of them.

HOLIDAYS GALORE!

Here are just a few from the huge range of fabulous BOAC World-Wide Holidays.

NORTH AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

by Greyhound Coach

TOUR A

30 DAYS ROUND THE AMAZING U.S.A.

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Disneyland, Las Vegas, Grand Canyon, Oklahoma City, Dallas, Memphis, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Reno, Hawaii, Honolulu.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$999

TOUR C

44 DAYS IN THE U.S.A. AND EXCITING MEXICO

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Disneyland, Hollywood, Las Vegas, Grand Canyon, Phoenix, El Paso, New Mexico, Mexico City, New Orleans, Florida, Atlanta, Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cheyenne, Honolulu.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1111

BRITAIN AND THE CONTINENT

TOUR C

50 DAYS TOURING BRITAIN AND EUROPE

BRITAIN: London, Stratford, Lake District, Glasgow, Scottish Highlands, York, Windsor, Eton . . . EUROPE: Paris, Brussels, Waterloo, Cologne, Frankfurt, Lucerne, Innsbruck, Venice, Florence, Rome.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1549

TOUR E

41 DAYS TO EXPLORE ENGLAND, EUROPE, HONG KONG

ENGLAND: London, Ascot, Bath, Cornwall, New Forest, Winchester . . . EUROPE: Brussels, Luxembourg, Zurich, Innsbruck, Venice, Milan, Lausanne, Burgundy, Paris, Rome . . . HONG KONG.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1359

GRAND ORIENT HOLIDAYS

TOUR A

24 DAYS IN SINGAPORE, THAILAND, JAPAN, TAIWAN, HONG KONG

Singapore, Bangkok, Tokyo, Nikko, Kamakura, Hakone, Toba, Kyoto, Taipei, Hong Kong. TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1080

TOUR B

17 DAYS IN SINGAPORE, MALAYSIA, THAILAND, HONG KONG Singapore, Johore, Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok, Hong Kong . . . with launch and hydrofoil cruises for extra sightseeing.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$725

FAR EAST HOLIDAYS

TOUR D

18 DAYS IN JAPAN AND HONG KONG

Tokyo, Nikko, Hakone, Nagoya, Kyoto, Mikimoto Pearl Island, Osaka, Hong Kong, Kowloon.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$943

TOUR F

15 DAYS IN SINGAPORE, MALAYSIA, BANGKOK, HONG KONG, MACAU

Singapore, Johore Bahru, Bangkok, Kowloon, Macau . . . a chance to explore and shop in leisurely comfort.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$736

BRITAIN AND EUROPE HOLIDAYS

All tours begin with Route A or Route B . . .

ROUTE A: Beirut, Baalbeck, Lebanon Mts., Tyre, Sidon in the Holy Land.

ROUTE B: Tel Aviv, Jaffa, Ramla, Sha'ar, Hagai, Jerusalem, Mt. Zion. Then continue with your selected tour . . . perhaps one of these examples.

TOUR A

96 DAYS HOLIDAY

After arrival in London: Maidenhead, Windsor, Stratford, Paris, Versailles, Zurich, Lucerne, Rome, Hong Kong.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1360

TOUR B

46 DAYS HOLIDAY

After arrival in London: Maidenhead, Windsor, Stratford, Paris, Versailles, Frankfurt, Prague, Vienna, Athens, Teheran, Hong Kong.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1460

FIJI AND NEW ZEALAND HOLIDAYS

TOUR D

11 DAYS RELAXATION IN FIJI

Shop and explore in Nandi, then spend seven wonderful days on the Coral Coast.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$214

TOUR E 17 DAYS IN NEW ZEALAND AND FIJI

Auckland, Rotorua, Waitomo, Nandi, Beachcomber Cruise, Lautoka, Suva, Coral Reef Cruise, Nandi.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$360

ROUND-THE-WORLD HOLIDAYS

These have been arranged on the fabulous Flexiplan, so you can choose your own route . . . see all the places you really want to see . . . right round the world. Altogether there are 128 magnificent holidays to choose from! These two are the shortest and the longest tours.

TOUR 1

47 DAYS . . . HAWAII, U.S.A., LONDON, EUROPE, INDIA, FAR EAST

Honolulu, San Francisco, New York, London, Paris, Barcelona, Zurich, Venice, Rome, Istanbul, Beirut, New Delhi, Taj Mahal, Singapore.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1497

TOUR 2

61 DAYS . . . HAWAII, U.S.A., MEXICO, CARIBBEAN, LONDON, EUROPE, RUSSIA, JAPAN, HONG KONG

Honolulu, San Francisco, Mexico City, Kingston, New York, London, Paris, Copenhagen, Frankfurt, Geneva, Rome, Naples, Belgrade, Budapest, Moscow, Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Hong Kong.

TOTAL TOUR PRICE FROM SYDNEY: \$1963

Want to know more about BOAC World-Wide Holidays? See your BOAC Travel Agent—or phone BOAC:

SYDNEY 28 1773
ADELAIDE 51 3053

MELBOURNE 67 7272
PERTH 21 6666

BRISBANE 2 1591
CANNBERRA 49 6565

Or clip the coupon and send it to
BOAC, 64 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY 2000.

Please send me information about

☐ Round-the-World holidays

☐ Britain and Continental Europe holidays

☐ Orient/Far East holidays

☐ (School Project Material)

☐ North American holidays

☐ Fiji & New Zealand holidays

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

My travel agent is

A.W.W. 5/6

ALL OVER THE WORLD
BOAC
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU.
BOAC with Air India, Air New Zealand and Qantas.



AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Do you remember, back in your schooldays, those gigantic, long, and baffling general-knowledge tests that were used to keep you quiet at the end of term while your teacher added up the term's marks?

ALWAYS, at the end, when you'd ploughed through Henry VIII's wives and managed to remember who first circumnavigated Australia and who had won last year's Davis Cup, you came to a totally baffling smart-Alec question like "How many beans makes five?"

How can 12-year-olds answer that, especially if they're the sort who are going to go through life without ever finding out?

But before you came to the deliberately unanswerable questions, there were usually a few questions of assembly—you know, a large collection of this and that has to be called a pride of lions, a den of foxes, a coven of witches.

I've just discovered a new one that gives me particular pleasure—let's print it and see whether it turns up in some unfortunate child's general knowledge test at the end of the year. It's an unkindness of ravens.

We owe its survival to Edward, Duke of York, first cousin of England's King Henry IV, who was Master of Game at his cousin's court in the early 1400s. Just as you won't get far now in sporting circles if you talk about a tennis bat or a huntsman's red jacket, you were beneath contempt in those days if you lumped all the birds together and called them flocks.

The Duke set down all the ancient and proper terms sportsmen used, and so preserved for us an unkindness of ravens, a drintling of turkeys, a siege of bitterns, a pitying of doves, and a frintling of peacocks.

If, by any chance, you happen to know anyone who has a raft of turkeys, chestnuts are back on the market, and they make the classic stuffing for a roast turkey.

To make it, you shell the chestnuts, boil them till they're soft, press through a ricer, add a quarter cup of cream, half a cup of butter, a cup of fresh breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and stuff the bird with that.

Don't try that on your one-turkey-of-the-year unless you're sure you like chestnuts, because many people don't.

Both outer and inner shell should come off easily

ANOTHER way to try them is with bacon. Put the chestnuts in an oven (about 350deg.) for a quarter of an hour—some people score them across with a knife first to make shelling easier—and at the end of that time both the outer and the inner shell should come off quite easily.

You need to wait a while—or find someone else to pull your chestnuts out of the fire—because the shells will be hot.

When they're shelled, put them in a casserole with some bacon cut in pieces (say, ½lb. bacon for 1lb. chestnuts), cover them with water, put them back in the oven for half an hour or so. You can eat this with turkey without spoiling the meat for the non-chestnut-lovers, or you can eat it as a separate dish.

I always fall for chestnuts when they first appear in the shops in early winter, but I really like them best in sweet dishes. One I like (if it's got a name, I don't know it) is made like this:

Shell about 30 chestnuts and stew them in water with two tablespoons of sugar, five cloves, and a pinch of salt. When they're soft, take out the cloves, and put the chestnuts through a ricer.

In a double-boiler, or in a saucepan on an asbestos mat, mix together one beaten egg, a dessertspoon of sugar, three teaspoons of instant coffee dissolved in half a cup of hot water, one tablespoon of cream or top milk, one tablespoon of rum.

Simmer over a low flame until it thickens, add the riced chestnuts, pile it into dishes, let it cool, then put it in the refrigerator for a couple of hours before you serve it with cream. This doesn't make much (enough for two), but it's very rich.

Another rather lush way of doing chestnuts is to boil ½lb. in water with a little salt and put them through the ricer.

Melt ½lb. chocolate in a couple of tablespoons of strong black coffee, stir in ½lb. butter and ½lb. sugar, and add the

chestnuts. Pack the mixture into an oiled cake tin, and leave it in the refrigerator for 24 hours before turning it out on your serving dish.

Another recipe I always come back to when the cold weather comes—utterly down to earth this time—is Irish soda bread. It's delicious warm or cold, with savory things or with jam, and it's very easy to make and a great standby on holiday weekends and other times of crisis when the bread runs out.

Heat the oven to 350deg. In a bowl, mix together three cups wholemeal flour and one cup plain white flour, a good teaspoon salt, and a large teaspoon dry bicarbonate of soda. Rub in ½lb. butter, then mix it to a soft dough with sour milk (about half a pint).

Flour your hands and shape the dough into an oval loaf, put it on a greased and floured tray. Before you put it in the oven for about 50 minutes, mark a cross on the top.

My recipe was given to me by an Irishwoman, a genuine 18-carat Irishwoman who lived in and baked her bread in, southern Ireland. She insisted that the cross on top was ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL. Maybe it is—I've never risked a failure by leaving it off.

But I do bake mine on a coated scone tray instead of a greased and floured tin, and that doesn't seem to let the evil spirits in.



Cut nappy washing time in half with Chix Nappy Liners

Gentle Chix* prevents nappy rash.

- Costs about 1 cent a change
- Only the liner gets soiled—not the nappy
- Medicated to help prevent nappy rash
- They're made of soft fabric—not paper
- Blue lines contain Hexachlorophene
- The liner goes between baby and nappy



Johnson & Johnson

*Trade Mark

© J&J—Jan., 1968

Page 57

“It really works!”



Mrs. A. Collis, Northcote, Vic., said:

“It’s really been proven to me . . .

. . . when I tried Bio-Ad on the kiddies clothes and now on all the stained washing. A grass stain came out of young Peter’s cricket clothes without any extra washing. It does save time. I never did like to use bleach and Bio-Ad smells nice, and is safe.”



Mrs. C. Fry of Wavell Heights, Qld., said:

“I’ll use it for anything now!

I was very pleased how Bio-Ad soaks out marks from Terylene* curtains. I also used it on a good petticoat which had a perspiration stain. It worked and didn’t harm the material . . . and my three boys give me lots of reasons to use Bio-Ad!”



Mrs. O. Spencer, Floreat Park, W.A., said:

“I’m very pleased with Bio-Ad,

it’s surprising how well it gets white nylon walk socks clean. All the scuff and dirt marks come out. And it doesn’t hurt nylon drip-dry shirts and seems to stop them from yellowing. The best test was the way it cleaned my little girl’s bathers. She had got them marked and mud stained badly but Bio-Ad got them new again. It was amazing . . . you could just see the mud lifting away in the water! You just soak things overnight . . . I’m certainly taking Bio-Ad away on our holidays, it should save a lot of washing time.”

**BIO-AD SOAKS
STAINS AWAY
SAFELY** WITHOUT BLEACHING
...WITHOUT RUBBING



**BIO-AD IS SAFE FOR
ALL FABRICS.**

*Read trademark.



COSY CARDIGAN FOR THE SMART MATRON

Materials: 18 (19, 20, 21, 22, 24) balls Emu 8-ply Bri-Nylon or Emu 8-ply English Knit, one pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles; 7 buttons.
Measurements: To fit 40 (42, 44, 46, 48, 50) in. bust; length, 22 (22½, 23, 23½, 24, 24½) in.; sleeve, 17 in.
Tension: 5½ sts. and 8 rows to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 116 (122, 128, 132, 138, 144) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ in. Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. Cont. until work is 12 (12, 12½, 13, 13) in., ending p row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Cast off 1 (3, 4, 5, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: P to end. Rep. these 2 rows until 36 (36, 38, 40, 42) sts. rem., ending p row. Leave aside.

LEFT FRONT

** Using No. 10 needles, cast on 58 (60, 64, 66, 68, 72) sts. Work rib as back, inc. 1 st. at end of last row on 2nd and 5th sizes only. **

Change to No. 8 needles and patt. (22 rows).

1st Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 7, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 6, p 2, k 4.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 5, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, p 2, k 4.

4th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 4, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 4, p 2, k 4.

5th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, p 2, k 4.

6th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, p 2, k 4.

7th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 1, k 2 tog.,

w.fwd., k 9, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, p 2, k 4.

13th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 2, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 7, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2, p 2, k 4.

15th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, p 2, k 4.

17th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 4, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 3, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 4, p 2, k 4.

19th Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 5, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 5, p 2, k 4.

21st Row: K 35 (38, 41, 43, 46, 49), p 2, k 6, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 6, p 2, k 4.

22nd Row: Purl.

Cont. until same length as back to armhole, ending p row.

To Shape Raglan—Next Row: Cast off 1 (3, 4, 5, 6, 7) sts., patt. to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 27 (27, 29, 29, 31, 32) sts., ending p row.

Next Row: K 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., patt. to last 9 (9, 9, 9, 9, 10) sts., sl. these on to safety-pin, turn, p to end.

Dec. at armhole edge as before, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and foll. alt. rows until 3 sts. rem., ending p row. K 3 tog. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front from ** to **. Change to No. 8 needles and patt.

1st Row: K 4, p 2, k 7, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 6, p 2, k to end.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 4, p 2, k 5, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 5, p 2, k to end.

5th Row: K 4, p 2, k 4, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 4, p 2, k to end. These 5 rows set

patt. Complete as left front, reversing all shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 54 (56, 58, 60, 62, 64) sts. Work in rib for 2½ in.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 9th and following 10th rows until inc. to 72 (74, 74, 78, 78, 80) sts. Cont. straight until work measures 17 in., ending p row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Cast off 1 (3, 4, 5, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3. Work 3 rows.

Rep. last 4 rows until 56 (50, 44, 46, 40, 38) sts. rem., ending 4th row. **Next Row:** K 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 6 sts. rem., ending p row. Leave aside.

NECKBAND

Using flat-st., join raglan seams. Right side facing, using No. 10 needles, k the 9 (9, 9, 9, 10) sts. at front, pick up and k 14 (14, 16, 16, 18, 18) sts. up each side of neck, k the 6 sts. on each sleeve, 36 (36, 38, 38, 40, 42) sts. on back, k the 9 (9, 9, 9, 10) sts. at front. Work in rib for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

BUTTONHOLE BAND

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 11 sts.

Next Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Next Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for ½ (½, ½, ½, 1, 1) in.

1st Buttonhole Row: Rib 4, cast off 3, rib to end.

2nd Buttonhole Row: Rib, casting on over cast-off sts. Work 6 more buttonholes at intervals of 3 (3, 3½, 3½, 3½, 3½) in. Work ½ in. Cast off in rib.

BUTTON BAND
Work as buttonhole band, omitting buttonhole.

TO MAKE UP
Press with warm iron over damp cloth, omitting rib. Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams. Sew on front bands. Sew on buttons.

KNITTED DRESS FOR THE NOT-SO-SLIM

Materials: Three-quarter-length Sleeves, 26 (27, 28, 29, 30) balls Emu Bri-Nylon 4-ply. Short Sleeves, 2 balls less each size. One pair each Nos. 10, 11, and 12 knitting needles; 1 pair long No. 12 knitting needles; elastic to fit waist.

Measurements: To fit 40 (42, 44, 46, 48) in. bust; length, 40 (40½, 41, 41½, 42) in.; three-quarter sleeve, 13 in.; short sleeve, 3 in.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 1 in. over patt. on No. 10 needles.

BACK

** Using No. 12 needles, cast on 158 (167, 173, 182, 188) sts. Work 8 rows g-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and patt. (4 rows.)

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 3 tog. and leave sts. on left-hand needle, k first of these 3 sts. again, then k tog. 2nd and 3rd sts., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Purl.

Cont. until work meas. 16 (16½, 16½, 16½, 17) in., ending wrong-side row.

Change to No. 11 needles, cont. in patt. until work meas. 23 (23½, 23½, 23½, 24) in., ending wrong-side row. Mark ends of last row.

Change to No. 12 needles, cont. in patt., work 1 in. from markings.

Change to No. 11 needles, cont. in patt. until work meas. 2 in. from markings.

Change to No. 10 needles, cont. until work meas. 7½ in. from markings.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Keeping cont. of patt., cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows ** until 88 (103, 105, 124,

132) sts. rem., ending wrong-side row.

Next Row: K 3 tog., patt. to last 3 sts., k 3 tog.

Next Row: Pattern.

Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Pattern.

Rep. these 4 rows until 46 (49, 51, 52, 54) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back from ** to ** until 126 (133, 135, 142, 146) sts. rem., ending wrong-side row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. 39 (41, 41, 44, 45) sts., turn, patt. to end.

Keeping neck edge straight, cont. to dec. at armhole edge as before until 22 (28, 28, 37, 40) sts. rem., ending wrong-side row.

Next Row: K 3 tog., patt. to end.

Next Row: Pattern.

Next Row: K 2 tog., patt. to end.

Next Row: Pattern.

Rep. these 4 rows until 1 st. rem. Fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge to rem. sts., cast off 44 (47, 49, 50, 52) sts., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Complete to match 1st side.

THREE-QUARTER-LENGTH SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 89 (92, 92, 95, 98) sts. Work 8 rows in g-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and patt. as back, inc. and work into patt., 1 st. each end of 3rd and every foll. 7th row until inc. to 113 (116, 122, 125, 128) sts. Cont. straight until work meas. 13 in. from beg., ending wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglan Top: ** Keeping cont. of patt., cast off 3 (4, 5, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1

st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 23 (22, 22, 27, 26) sts. rem., ending wrong-side row. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 17 (16, 16, 17, 16) sts. rem., ending wrong-side row. Cast off. ***

SHORT SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 107 (110, 116, 119, 122) sts. Work 8 rows in g-st.

Change to No. 10 needles and patt. as back, inc. and work into patt., 1 st. each end of 3rd and foll. alt. rows until inc. to 113 (116, 122, 125, 128) sts.

Cont. straight until work measures 3 in., ending wrong-side row.

To Shape Raglan Top: Work as three-quarter-sleeve dress from *** to ***.

NECKBAND

Using bk-st., join raglan seams, leaving left back raglan open. Using long No. 12 needles, with right side facing, pick up and k 17 (16, 16, 17, 16) sts. across each sleeve, 44 sts. down sides of neck, 44 (47, 49, 50, 52) sts. across centre (mark first and last of these sts.), and 46 (49, 51, 52, 54) sts. across back. 212 (216, 220, 224, 226) sts.

1st Row: K to within 2 sts. of marked st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k to within 2 sts. of marked st., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., p 1, k 2 tog., k to end.

2nd Row: Knit.

Rep. these 2 rows 3 times more. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron over dry cloth. Using bk-st., join left back raglan, side and sleeve seams. Make a heringbone casing for elastic at waist.





There is only one washer
with a difference that
really makes all the difference

Sweeter Cleaner, Softer Washing- because only **JET-ACTION!** Frigidaire has

Only Frigidaire washers have the exclusive Jet-Cone Agitator, with its unique **up-and-down** action that moves clothes down into the deep wash zone.

This is Jet-Action washing... the only significant advance in washing action since the washer was invented. It's a constant surging

action that drenches every fibre, forcing suds through every fold. And *this* is what really makes all the difference. Clothes cannot tangle, dirt cannot hide, lint and scum cannot build up. It's all jetted out and away... leaving your wash sweet and clean, luxuriously soft. With Frigidaire Jet-Action washing, you also

get the exclusive RAPIDRY Spin Cycle. Rapidry spins clothes so dry they're hardly even damp. Frigidaire gives you so much value in a washer. Your clothes are washed better than ever before... sparkling clean! Available in semi-automatic, single-speed automatic and two-speed automatic models.

EXCLUSIVE FRIGIDAIRE
5 YEAR
WARRANTY
AND PROTECTION PLAN
ON ALL CLOTHES WASHERS

EXCLUSIVE 5 YEAR WARRANTY
AND PROTECTION PLAN ON
ALL FRIGIDAIRE WASHERS.

For the first 12 months, the entire washer is covered by warranty on parts and free service. After this, for a further 4 years Frigidaire will replace or repair without cost for the part, any component of the mechanism, motor, pump or drive assembly. In addition, the enamelled front and side panel assembly is warranted against rust for the same period.

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE APPLIANCES
ARE BACKED BY GMH RELIABILITY.



FRIGIDAIRE
Product of General Motors-Holden's Pty. Limited



LETTERS

Sound of success

Nowadays not enough stress is placed on correct speech. Parents are too concerned about the way their children look to be worried about their speech. The money spent on equipping children and teenagers with transistors and tape-recorders could well be spent on elocution lessons. People who can't speak properly generally have few opportunities open to them in highly paid careers. Many a pretty girl ruins a good impression the first time she opens her mouth. You are judged very often by the way you speak.

— "SPEAK OUT," Milton, N.S.W.

Feeling of respect . . .

RECENTLY I heard adults criticising teenagers for their lack of interest in Anzac Day. This is not true. The average teenager is aware that Anzac Day commemorates those who were prepared to lay down their lives for their country and for future Australians, the teenagers. We have a feeling of deep respect and admiration for what Anzac Day stands for, and, though this may not always be obvious, it is always there.—C. Willing, Hobart.

. . . and gratitude

ON Anzac Day we remember those who do not stand with us to enjoy the freedom we have, and we give sincere thanks for a job well done. I was really disappointed the other night while watching an interview on television to hear young teenagers' opinions on Anzac Day and what it means to them. I was shocked when remarks such as "Doesn't mean a thing to me" were made. How can some young people be so ignorant? These men gave the most precious thing they had—their lives—and fought with courage to secure the freedom of our land. — "Remembrance and Thanks," Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Test of time

I HAVE entered fourth form this year, and to my delight have discovered that, instead of mid-of-term exams, we will do periodic tests during the term. I think this is a far better way to work than to have to learn eight or nine subjects for the end of term. These period tests should also cure loafers.—Therese Caine, Ballarat East, Vic.

Penny-wise

WHEN I started work for the first time I thought how wonderful it would be to receive my first pay and spend it on

clothes and novelties. I received my pay and it went in no time. This continued for some time till I had a really good talk with my parents about saving money and my future life. They advised me to separate my money into sections—banking, rent, bills, and spare money. Now, my bank account is growing. I can see where my money is going, and I always have enough to spend on myself. — "Spender," Labethal, S.A.

Under discussion

ONCE students reach a certain level, English periods should be informal discussions about things that are going to affect us.

INNOXA MAKES YOU FEEL BEAUTIFUL. PART II. SKIN CARE.



We were looking for youth and found the secret of life.

You know how a peach glows? How the most flattering compliment a woman can receive is to be told she has a peaches and cream complexion?

It's not just a phrase any more. It has definite, truthful meaning.

Because Innoxa has finally and miraculously captured the secret of what makes a peach glow.

We've managed to isolate the living force of a peach and preserve it in what we accurately call Living Peach.

So that the very life that makes a peach a peach can perform the same wonders for your skin.

Living Peach skin care will plump out wrinkles. Sagging skin will lift. And your skin will soften and soften until it glows.

Just as the peach does.

Only Innoxa knows the miraculous secret of the peach and we intend to keep it. But we will share the benefits of the miracle with every woman who knows in her heart that a youthful skin is the secret of true, lasting beauty.

The time for waiting is over.

INNOXA



LIVING PEACH

INN-P246

For teenagers

sport, politicians, teenagers, and many of the books the teacher mentions I have read and found very stimulating.—John Stoker, Black Rock, Vic.

Equal chance

I AM tired of hearing students complain about their school-teachers. Don't they realise that teachers are there to help and not to fight them? Admittedly some teachers (a small minority) care nothing for their responsibilities

as teachers or for the students they teach. But most teachers have a genuine desire to help students in their studies and in their personal problems. Usually if a teacher treats a student with seeming unfairness, it is because he himself has received similar treatment from the students beforehand. All teachers are human and, if treated as such, will respond and treat students with equal respect.—P. Wright, Salisbury, S.A.

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.



Modess *because*

Luxurious softness
 full length safety shield
 . . . and a unique channel of
 tiny perforations centered along the
 napkin for instant absorbency



Choose from Regular, Super,
 slim Vee Form,* and
 new Blue Shield* Modess.*

Johnson & Johnson

For teenagers

WINNING FASHION "TAIL"!

● If "a dog is a man's best friend," and "if you can't beat them, join them," then why not acquire the dog likely to appeal to your type of man? Pick the right clothes, too, of course.

All fashions by Osti.

● The country boy. He loves picnic races, cattle shows, country walks, and log fires. The dress of patterned pure wool has a hidden bonus — a bonded lining of smooth, soft nylon.

His dogs, a brace of bull mastiffs. Here we have Bisonte Gay Cavallero, owned by Mr. Kemp, of Bayswater, Vic., and Notingmorn on Targe, owned by Mr. and Mrs. P. Jay, of Mount Kuringai, N.S.W. (Bruno and Domino to their friends.)

Dress, \$10, Style No. 6319, from David Jones' Budget Frock Dept. and Farmer's Jean Day Dept., Sydney; Buckley and Nunn, Melbourne; Rockmans, Brisbane; FitzGerald's, Myer's, Tasmania.



● The intellectual boy. He likes clear-cut thinking, "message" theatre, squash, and a good debate. The dress has a fashionably cut skirt, with wrist and neck banded in striped grosgrain. Fabric is "Glamour Wool," a new, creaseless mixture of wool and nylon.

His dog is an alert, intelligent doberman owned by Mr. and Mrs. Ventura, of Eastlakes, N.S.W., and called Kurtaveys Black Emir (better known as Nero). Dress, \$11, Style No. 6059, from Horderns, Sydney; Myer's and David Jones', Adelaide; FitzGerald's, Ambrose, Tasmania.

● The sophisticated boy. He likes nightclubs, sports cars, good wine, and jet travel. The dress is a simple streak, cut high at the neckline and intricately seamed to give a fluid line. The fabric is "Glamour Wool."

His dog is an aristocratic borzoi. Shown is Yadasar Nickolai, or "Nicki," owned by Mr. and Mrs. P. Bristol, of Girraween, N.S.W.

Dress, \$10, Style No. 6049, from Horderns and Farmer's Jean Day Dept., Sydney; Darrods, Melbourne; Allan & Stark and McWhirters, Brisbane; David Jones', John Martin, Adelaide; Ambrose, Myer's, Tasmania.

● The sportsman. He likes football, skiing, barbecues, and slapstick comedy. The dress is of daisy-patterned wool jacquard, bonded for warmth and wearability.

His dog is the fun-loving bulldog, originally bred for bullbaiting. Our bulldog — champion Rahme Sigmund Rolf, nicknamed "Siege" — is owned by Mrs. J. Prien, of Blacktown, N.S.W.

Dress, \$10, Style No. 6119, from Charles Moore, Adelaide; David Jones' Budget Frock Dept. and Farmer's Jean Day Dept., Sydney; A. R. Bailey, Brisbane; Ambrose, FitzGerald's, Tasmania.

SCIENTISTS HAVE LOVE ON 'BRAIN'

ROUND
ROBIN



Adair

I SEE that a former South African diplomat and his Yorkshire bride are honeymooning in Britain after a marriage arranged by a computer.

The diplomat, Triquet

Dory, met Elizabeth Firth in New York about a year ago, after both had taken part in a computer experiment.

From data about hundreds of "guinea pigs," the electronic brain decided that Tri-

quiet and Elizabeth were ideally matched.

Meeting after the computer had linked them, romance blossomed.

Now, I know that computers are here to stay —

For teenagers

but I do think that using machines rather takes the color out of love and marriage.

And I suppose that the mad scientists will go the whole hog.

We will probably end up even with machine-controlled child deliveries.

Imagine the scenes when

all these things happen...

I can see a bride of ten years pointing to a junk yard and saying to her husband one day: "Oh, look over there!"

Husband: "Who — or what — are you talking about?"

Wife: "Oh, John — you don't remember. It's No. 123456, the machine that introduced us."

Of course, as often happens to humans who introduce couples that later marry, John might walk over and give No. 123456 a swift kick.

I can also picture the touching scene when the little woman breaks the news that there will be a patter of tiny feet.

"Darling," she says, "I was data-processed by a computer today."

Husband (behind paper): "Uh-huh. Which one?"

Wife (coily): "No. 1+1=3."

Husband: "Good heavens! Isn't it an obstetrics machine? You mean...?"

To sum up, some husbands and wives might think the weakness of computerised marriages could be human mothers-in-law.

They are often accused of throwing spanners in works.



Fresh new way to wash dishes : Sunlight Lemon Liquid

Leaves your hands feeling cooler, looking whiter

New Sunlight Lemon Liquid has the hand-care of lemon right in it. The pure, mild suds soothe your hands. And dishes and sink come shining clean! Start using this fresh new wash-up liquid tonight. Your hands will feel cooler, look whiter. **NEW SUNLIGHT LEMON LIQUID**

at a sensible Sunlight price.



GO-MANGO



Can You?

- roast a chicken without drying it out?
- store cut up fresh fruit salad ingredients without them discolouring?
- deep-freeze six chops-so that all six don't freeze into one large lump?
- cook cabbage and peas in the same saucepan?
- buy a 3½ lb. roast-and know that you can keep the left overs fresh for days?
- bake a Baked Alaska that doesn't dribble?
- keep butter and fish in the same refrigerator from spoiling each other?
- find a cake tin lining that doesn't wrinkle?
- pack everything cleanly for a family picnic?
- keep a lettuce crisp from Tuesday's shopping 'till Saturday's salad?

NOW

BAKE a chicken with Sorbent's foil wrap. It's the "oven supervisor"—browns perfectly, stops flavour escaping, makes meals tastier. Sorbent foil has flexible strength — won't tear when you don't want it to!



SEAL in the flavour and natural moisture of salad ingredients with "The Saver" — Sorbent's brand new plastic wrap. Ideal for freezer compartment use. It saves moisture and freshness through its unique 'clingability'.



YOU CAN!

do at least 47 jobs faster, easier with Sorbent's new 'Total Range' of Kitchen wraps.

Sorbent's new 'Total Range' solves all your kitchen wrapping problems — and then some!



PROTECT delicate hot souffles during cooking, line cake tins with greaseproof paper, the liner that doesn't wrinkle. It's ideal for butter cakes or fruit cakes and, positively, the easiest way to roll out pastry!



STORE pre-prepared recipe ingredients (fish fillets, fresh cut pineapple; any ingredient with a distinctive flavour!) with "The Fresh One" — Sorbent's waxed lunchwraps. It's the low-cost wrap for clean short-term storage of all kinds of food items and, of course, a natural choice for wrapping cut lunches.





Front of the house. High long white brick wall (left) conceals a clothesline. Long front doors are made of blackbean timber. Courtyard is behind the open-work white fence. The sloping roof is that of the guest wing.



Spacious sitting-room. Richly colored Indian rug shows off some precious old European furniture. The large painting above the beaten copper fireplace depicts Javanese paddy fields.

Peaceful home

FIVE acres of old lemon trees surround the modern three-level house in East Doncaster, Victoria, designed for Mr. and Mrs. Arie Deelen by architect Hank Romyn.

The "open air" look of the house gives a feeling of great spaciousness, and many of the rooms continue this with their superb views of the old orchard and the hills beyond the valley. In order to cut down on noise, the house was designed without any windows facing the road.

The Deelen family first came to Australia in 1960 for three years, after which Mr. Deelen, who worked for a large oil company, was transferred to Curacao. Their son and daughter, however, decided to remain here. When Mr. Deelen retired, he and his wife returned to Australia to be near their family. "This is the twenty-third house we have lived in," Mrs. Deelen said, "and the second we have owned."

Much of the furniture and furnishings in the house has been collected in different countries in which the Deelens have lived. A lot of the old European furniture was brought

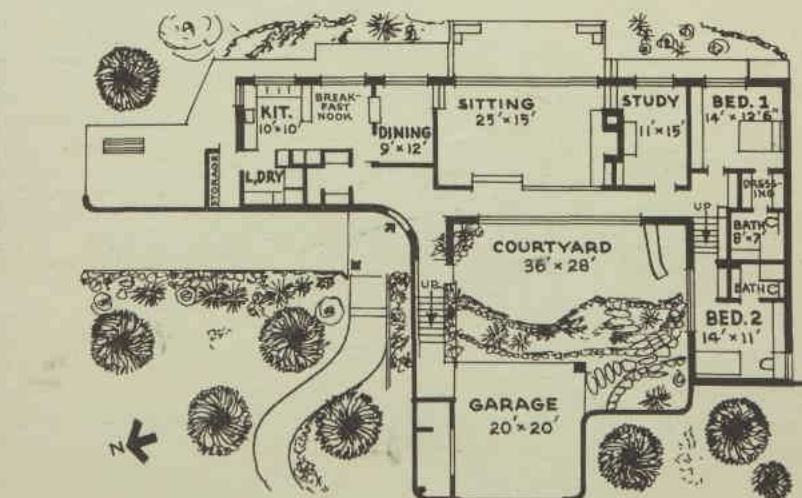
out here from Holland, their own country. Central heating has been installed throughout the house and hardwood parquet floors laid in all rooms except in the kitchen and breakfast nook, which have grey slate floors.

Exterior walls of the house are white-painted concrete bricks; the full-length front door is of blackbean timber. Interior walls are also brick. A low wall, four and a half feet high, separates the sitting-room from windows looking into the courtyard to let as much light as possible into the room—windows the other side of this room overlook the terrace. Full-length windows and sliding doors open on to the terrace from all the adjacent rooms.

A white Indian rug, grey curtains and bedspreads give a cool, peaceful note to the master bedroom.

The guestroom is fitted out like a motel bedroom and has a small sink and bench with power-points installed in it so that guests can make themselves an early morning cup of tea if they wish. "We don't have to disturb them then," Mrs. Deelen said. A sunken shower recess is a feature of the guest bathroom.

—Barbara Curnow



The courtyard taken from the windows of the guest bedroom wing. Tucked away in a corner is an outdoor bar with a mosaic tiled top.

Terrace at the back of the house with its splendid view of the surrounding countryside. Floor is of grey slate and the dark beams are made of wood.





The study overlooking the orchard. The large bookcase at the side is Indonesian, made from djati wood. Mrs. Deelen made the attractive gold-and-white-printed silk lampshade.

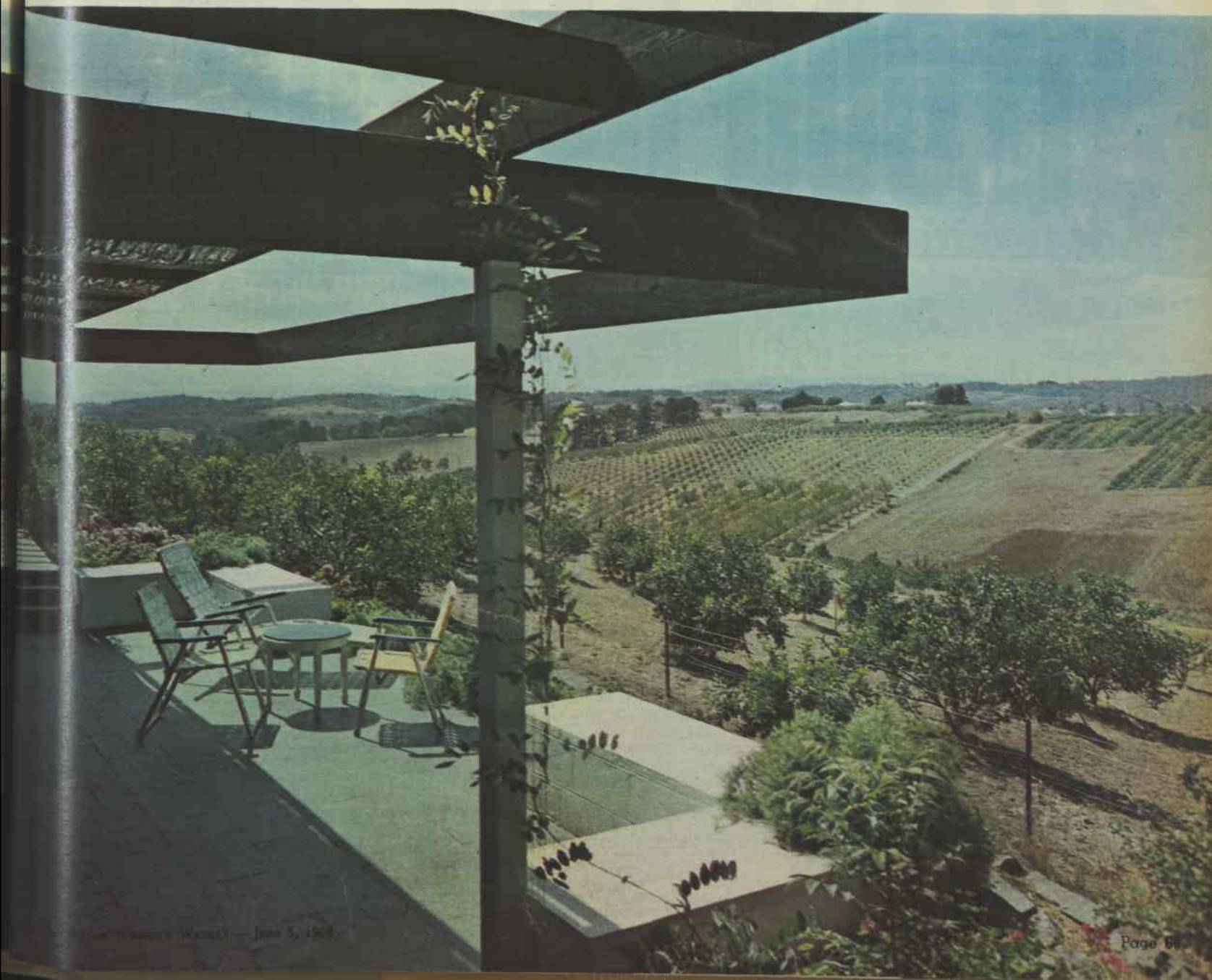


Colorful blue mosaic dining-room table with a gold motif inlay was made by Mr. and Mrs. Deelen. The oriental rug and old crystal chandelier add more color to the dining-room.

set in an old orchard

House of the Week

photographs by Les Gorrie





fresh Dairy Butter & the goodness of White Wings



The natural goodness of fresh Dairy Butter and wholesome ingredients of White Wings cake mixes, Poppin' Fresh refrigerated dough products, and silk-sifted SR and Plain Flour add up to the very best for your family.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

Make up 1 packet White Wings Chocolate Buttercake mix according to directions.

- 1 tablespoon raspberry jam
- 2 oz chopped chocolate
- 2 oz walnuts, chopped

Add jam, chocolate and walnuts to chocolate batter. Grease a loaf tin 8" x 5" x 2 1/2" and pour in batter. Bake in a moderate oven—350° F. for 45 to 55 minutes. Remove and cool.

Icing

- 8 oz sifted icing sugar
- 2 tablespoons cocoa
- 2 tablespoons raspberry jam
- 2 tablespoons hot water

Sift icing sugar and cocoa. Dissolve jam in warm water and stir into icing sugar. Stir until smooth and pour over cake—smoothing with a knife. Best eaten next day.



The Great new Butter/White Wings \$11,000 BAKE-OFF

more exciting than ever—more prizes...more sections!



GRAND CHAMPION \$5,050 \$4,750 cash plus a Metters range!	METTERS METTERS electric gas ranges!	25 Special Merit Awards each win \$50. \$1,250 \$10 Best recipe entered each week wins a cash prize of \$10.	THE BEST JUNIOR ENTRY The best junior entry wins \$250 cash plus a Metters gas or electric range!	5 SECTION WINNERS! \$750 cash and a Metters range for each of five section winners!	NOW WITH 5 SECTIONS SECTION 1 CAKES. Cake recipe using Butter and White Wings Self-Raising or Plain Flour. SECTION 2 DESSERTS. Hot or Cold. You must use Butter, White Wings Flour, and state number of serves. SECTION 3 BISCUITS AND PIES. Use Butter and White Wings Self-Raising or Plain Flour. SECTION 4 MAIN COURSE DISH. For recipes using Butter, White Wings Flour, and featuring other typical Australian ingredients. SECTION 5 BUSY LADY RECIPES. Quick recipes for busy ladies using White Wings Yellow Buttercake or Chocolate Buttercake mixes—plus your favourite Butter. Alternatively, enter recipes using Butter and White Wings Poppin' Fresh refrigerated dough products.
---	--	---	--	---	--

INTERNATIONAL JUDGES:



Dublin's Monica Sheridan and a leading Italian Chef will be Bake-Off judges. Graham Kerr will Chair the judging panel.



Judges will jet to Australia by Australia's Overseas Airline.

Just send recipes—we bake them!

More money to win—more exciting to be in! That's your new Butter/White Wings BAKE-OFF. And you don't have to lift a finger. Just send us your favourite recipe/s and our home economists and chefs will bake them for you. Have a go and win yourself a slice of that \$11,150!

More sections to be in—more prizes to win! See the five sections listed—and the big cash awards and Metters gas or electric ranges to be won. Enter as many sections recipes as you like—you could wind up the '68 BAKE-OFF Grand Champion at the October Grand Finals—with all that lovely money!

International Judges and Finalists will stay at Melbourne's



ENTER NOW!

Simply write out your favourite recipe/s and send to:

'68 BUTTER/WHITE WINGS BAKE-OFF
P.O. Box 63, Chippendale, N.S.W. 2008

Note: Recipes must include name of recipe, ingredients, quantities, method of making up, baking time and temperature (gas or electric). Professional Chefs and Home Economists ineligible.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

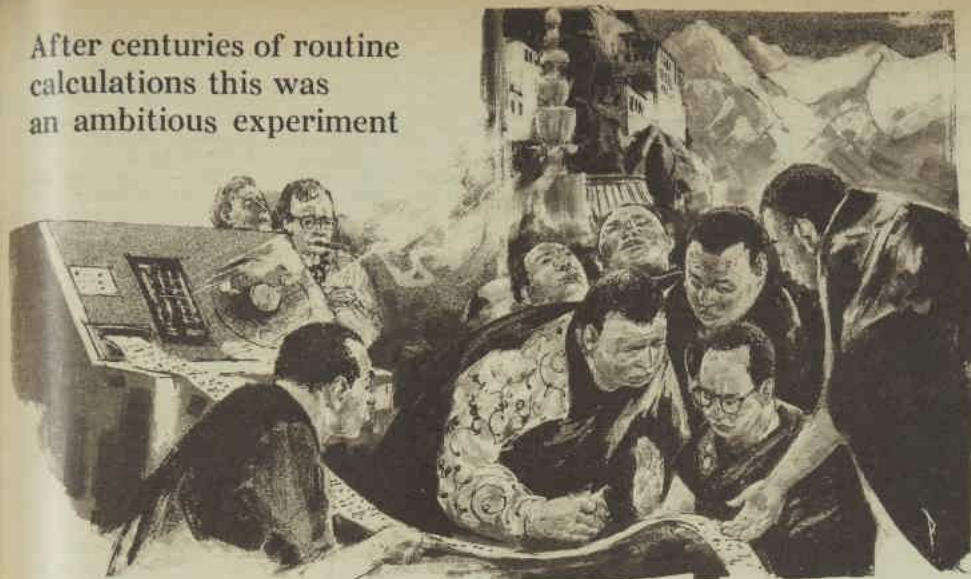
STATE _____ POSTCODE _____

Tick sections in which your recipes are entered:

1	2	3	4	5
---	---	---	---	---

If not yet 18 on August 9 place tick in box ☐

After centuries of routine calculations this was an ambitious experiment



THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF GOD

DR. WAGNER said, with what he hoped was commendable restraint. "This is a slightly unusual request, as far as I know, it's the first time anyone's been asked to supply a Tibetan monastery with an Automatic Sequence Computer. I don't wish to be inquisitive, but I should hardly have thought that your — ah — establishment had much use for such a machine. Could you explain just what you intend to do with it?"

"Gladly," replied the lama, readjusting his silk robes and carefully putting away the slide rule he had been using for currency conversions. "Your Mark V Computer can carry out any routine mathematical operation involving up to ten digits. However, for our work we are interested in letters, not numbers. As we wish you to modify the output circuits, the machine will be printing words, not columns of figures."

"I don't quite understand . . ."

"This is a project on which we have been working for the past three centuries—since the lamasery was founded, in fact. It is somewhat alien to your way of thought, so I hope you will listen with an open mind while I explain it."

"Naturally."

"It is really quite simple. We have been compiling a list which shall contain all the possible names of God."

"I beg your pardon?"

"We have reason to believe," continued the lama unperturbably, "that all such names can be written with not more than nine letters in an alphabet we have devised."

"And you have been doing this for three centuries?"

"Yes: we expected it would take us about fifteen thousand years to complete the task."

"Oh," Dr. Wagner looked a little dazed. "Now I see why you wanted to hire one of our machines. But exactly what is the purpose of this project?"

The lama hesitated for a fraction of a second, and Wagner wondered if he had offended him. If so, there was no trace of annoyance in the reply.

"Call it ritual, if you like, but it's a fundamental part of our belief. All the names of the Supreme Being—God, Jehovah, Allah, and so on—they are only man-made labels. There is a philosophical problem of some difficulty here, which I do not propose to discuss, but somewhere among all the possible combinations of letters that can occur are what one may call the real names of God. By systematic permutation of letters, we have been trying to list them all."

"I see. You've been starting at AAAAAAA . . . and working up to ZZZZZZZ . . ."

"Exactly—though we use a special alphabet of our own. Modifying the electromatic typewriters to deal with this is, of course, trivial. A rather more interesting problem is that of devising suitable circuits to eliminate ridiculous combinations. For example, no letter must occur more than three times in succession."

"Three? Surely you mean two."

"Three is correct: I am afraid it would take too long to explain why, even if you understood our language."

"I'm sure it would," said Wagner hastily. "Go on."

"Luckily, it will be a simple matter to adapt your Automatic Sequence Computer for this work, since once

it has been programmed properly it will permute each letter in turn and print the result. What would have taken us fifteen thousand years it will be able to do in a hundred days."

Dr. Wagner was scarcely conscious of the faint sounds from the Manhattan streets far below. He was in a different world, a world of natural, not man-made, mountains. High up in their remote eyries these monks had been patiently at work, generation after generation, compiling their lists of meaningless words. Was there any limit to the follies of mankind? Still, he must give no hint of his inner thoughts. The customer was always right . . .

"There's no doubt," replied the doctor, "that we can modify the Mark V to print lists of this nature. I'm much more worried about the problem of installation and maintenance. Getting out to Tibet, in these days, is not going to be easy."

"We can arrange that. The components are small enough to travel by air—that is one reason why we chose your machine. If you can get them to India, we will provide transport from there."

"And you want to hire two of our engineers?"

"Yes, for the three months that the project should occupy."

"I've no doubt that Personnel can manage that." Dr. Wagner scribbled a note on his desk pad. "There are just two other points—"

Before he could finish the sentence the lama had produced a small slip of paper.

"This is my certified credit balance at the Asiatic Bank."

"Thank you. It appears to be—ah—adequate. The second matter is so trivial that I hesitate to mention it—but it's surprising how often the obvious gets overlooked. What source of electrical energy have you?"

"A diesel generator providing fifty kilowatts at a hundred and ten volts. It was installed about five years ago and is quite reliable. It's made life at the lamasery much more comfortable, but of course it was really installed to provide power for the motors driving the prayer wheels."

"Of course," echoed Dr. Wagner. "I should have thought of that."

The view from the parapet was vertiginous, but in time one gets used to anything. After three months, Tom Hanley was not impressed by the two-thousand-foot swoop into the abyss or the remote checkerboard of fields in the valley below. He was leaning against the smooth stones and staring morosely at the distant mountains whose names he had never bothered to discover.

This, thought Tom, was the craziest thing that had ever happened to him. "Project Shangri-La," some wit back at the labs had christened it. For weeks now the Mark V had been churning out acres of sheets covered with gibberish. Patiently, inexorably, the computer had been rearranging letters in all their possible combinations, exhausting each class before going on to the next.

As the sheets had emerged from the electromatic typewriters, the monks had carefully cut them up

To page 72

BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Slide clips are for papers.

"Buds" are for ears.



These flexible JOHNSON'S Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely — because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 26 cents for 50 and 47 cents for 100, they also do it economically.) So use a bud.

Johnson & Johnson

(C) J. B. J. - NOV. 67 81399

Exclusive Knitwear from Scotland



KIRKLEA \$7.50



SEVERN \$9.50



DELLA \$11.50



SAMOA \$11.00

From the heart of the Scottish Border country — the home of the highest-quality knitwear — the specialists of W. S. Robertson have selected these garments to delight you. They are available in supersoft lambswool in a wonderful range of colours. The DELLA and SAMOA styles are also available in luxurious cashmere at \$18.00 each. With the exception of Kirklea, there is also a matching skirt: the stylishly cut SNOWDON at \$13.00.

Write to Mr. W. D. Fairgrieve, Director, Mail Order Department, W. S. Robertson Ltd., Hawick, Scotland, and you will receive his personal attention. Free brochure on request. Post/Packing/Insurance (Second Class Airmail) \$1.50 per garment. Your money will be refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

W. S. ROBERTSON
(Outfitters) Limited HAWICK SCOTLAND

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Yesterday we had MEATballs with SPAGHETTI, today we have SPAGHETTI with MEATballs."

THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF GOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

and pasted them into enormous books. In another week, heaven be praised, they would have finished. Just what obscure calculations had convinced the monks that they needn't bother to go on to words of ten, twenty, or a hundred letters, Tom didn't know.

One of his recurring nightmares was that there would be some change of plan, and that the high lama, whom they'd jokingly called Sam, would suddenly announce that the project would be extended to approximately A.D. 2060. They were quite capable of it.

Tom heard the heavy wooden door slam in the wind as Chuck came out on to the parapet beside him. As usual, Chuck was smoking one of the cigars that made him so popular with the monks — who, it seemed, were quite willing to embrace all the minor and most of the major pleasures of life. That was one thing in their favor: they might be crazy, but they weren't blue-noses.

"Listen, Tom," said Chuck urgently. "I've learned something that means trouble."

"What's wrong? Isn't the

machine behaving?" That was the worst contingency Tom could imagine. It might delay his return, and nothing could be more horrible. The way he felt now, even the sight of a TV commercial would seem like manna from heaven. At least it would be some link with home.

"No — it's nothing like that." Chuck settled himself on the parapet, which was unusual because normally, he was scared of the drop. "I've just found what all this is about."

"What d'ya mean? I thought we knew."

"Sure — we know what the monks are trying to do. But we didn't know why. It's the craziest thing."

"Tell me something new," growled Tom.

"— but old Sam's just come clean with me. You know the way he drops in every afternoon to watch the sheets roll out. Well, this time he seemed rather excited, or at least as near as he'll ever get to it. When I told him that we were on the last cycle, he asked me, in that cute English accent of his, if I'd ever wondered what they were trying to do. I said, 'Sure' — and he told me."

"Go on: I'll buy it."

"Well, they believe that when they have listed all His names — and they reckon that there are about nine billion of them — God's purpose will be achieved. The human race will have finished what it was created to do, and there won't be any point in carrying on. Indeed, the very idea is something like blasphemous."

"Then what do they expect us to do? Commit suicide?"

"There's no need for that. When the list's completed, God steps in and simply winds things up... bingo!"

"Oh, I get it. When we finish our job, it will be the end of the world."

CHUCK gave a nervous little laugh.

"That's just what I said to Sam. And do you know what happened? He looked at me in a very queer way, like I'd been stupid in class, and said, 'It's nothing as trivial as that.'"

Tom thought this over for a moment.

"That's what I call taking the wide view," he said presently. "But what d'you suppose we should do about it? I don't see that it makes the slightest difference to us. After all, we already knew that they were crazy."

"Yes — but don't you see what may happen? When the list's complete and the Last Trump doesn't blow — or whatever it is they expect — we may get the blame. It's our machine they've been using. I don't like the situation one little bit."

"I see," said Tom slowly. "You've got a point there. But this sort of thing's happened before, you know. When I was a kid down in Louisiana we had a crackpot preacher who once said the world was going to end next Sunday. Hundreds of people believed him — even sold their homes. Yet when nothing happened, they didn't turn nasty, as you'd expect. They just decided that he'd made a mistake in his calculations and went right on believing. I guess some of them still do."

"Well, this isn't Louisiana, in case you hadn't noticed. There are just two of us and hundreds of these monks. I like them, and I'll be sorry for old Sam when his life-work backfires on him. But all the same, I wish I was somewhere else."

"I've been wishing that for weeks. But there's nothing we can do until the contract's finished and the transport arrives to fly us out."

"Of course," said Chuck thoughtfully, "we could always try a bit of sabotage."

"Like hell we could! That would make things worse."

"Not the way I meant. Look at it like this. The machine will finish its run four days from now, on the present twenty-hour-a-day basis. The transport calls in a week. OK — then all we need to



COULDN'T BE TASTIER!
(subtle with herbs and tangy cheese)
COULDN'T BE SIMPLER
(everything you need is in the pack!)



KRAFT SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE

Other quick cooked dinners from Kraft include: Spaghetti Italian Style; Macaroni and Cheese De Luxe; Tuna Noodle; Macaroni Cheese.

Another good food idea from **KRAFT**

*Read Trade Mark

To page 73

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1968

RIVETS



THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF GOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

is to find something that needs replacing during one of the over-laid periods — something that will hold up the works for a couple of days.

"We'll fix it, of course, but not so quickly. If we time matters properly, we can be down at the airfield when the last name pops out of the register. They won't be able to catch us then."

"I don't like it," said Tom. "It will be the first time I ever walked out on a job. Besides, it would make them suspicious. No, I'll sit tight and take what comes."

"I still don't like it," he said, seven days later, as the tough little mountain ponies carried them down the winding road. "And don't you think I'm running away because I'm afraid. I'm just sorry for those poor old guys up there, and I don't want to be around when they find what suckers they've been. Wonder how Sam will take it?"

"It's funny," replied Chuck, "but when I said goodbye I got the idea he knew we were walking out on him — and that he didn't care because he knew the machine was running smoothly and that the job would soon be finished. After that — well, of course, for him there just isn't any After That."

TOM turned in his saddle and stared back up the mountain road. This was the last place from which one could get a clear view of the lamastery. The squat, angular buildings were silhouetted against the afterglow of the sunset; here and there, lights gleamed like portholes in the side of an ocean liner. Electric lights, of course, sharing the same circuit as the Mark V. How much longer would they share it? wondered Tom. Would the monks smash up the computer in their rage and disappointment? Or would they just sit down quietly and begin their calculations all over again?

He knew exactly what was happening up on the mountain at this very moment. The high lama and his assistants would be sitting in their silk robes, inspecting the sheets as the junior monks carried them away from the typewriters and pasted them into the great volumes. No one would be saying anything. The only sound would be the incessant patter, the never-ending rainstorm of the keys hitting the paper, for the Mark V itself was utterly silent as it flashed through its thousands of calculations a second. Three months of this, thought Tom, was enough to start anyone climbing up the wall.

"There she is!" called Chuck, pointing down into the valley. "Ain't she beautiful!"

She certainly was, thought Tom. The battered old DC3 lay at the end of the runway like a tiny silver crook. In two hours she would be beating them away to freedom and



Rediscover the natural beauty of your hair with the essence of eleven herbs in new Polyherb shampoo

Only new Polyherb shampoo with eleven beneficial herbs can make your hair so beautiful. Three to stimulate, five to nourish, and three to beautify. Eleven herbs fill this new conditioning shampoo with natural goodness. Precious essences put gloss, gleam and glow into tired hair, fill it with fragrance and freshness. Herbs and beauty have always gone together. Try new Polyherb and you'll soon see.



Arnica, Nettle and Cinchona stimulate, strengthen and tone up the scalp. Make hair look vitally alive and young.



Birch, Speedwell, Mare's Tail, Yarrow and Coltsfoot feed and nourish. Leave hair soft and manageable.



Women have used Camomile for centuries to brighten their hair. Sweet-smelling Rosemary and Clover to make it fragrantly beautiful.



At pharmacies and Department Stores. Ask the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor about the fine range of Poly Hair Cosmetics.

POLY
Internationally
Renowned

sanity. It was a thought worth savoring, like a fine liqueur. Tom let it roll round his mind as the pony trudged patiently down the slope.

The swift night of the high Himalayas was now almost upon them. Fortunately, the road was very good, as roads went in that region, and they were both carrying torches. There was not the slightest danger, only a certain discomfort from the bitter cold. The sky overhead was perfectly clear, and ablaze with the familiar, friendly stars.

At least there would be no risk, thought Tom, of the pilot being unable to take off because of weather conditions. That had been his only remaining worry.

He began to sing, but gave it up after a while. This vast arena of

mountains, gleaming like whitely hooded ghosts on every side, did not encourage such ebullience. Presently Tom glanced at his watch.

"Should be there in an hour," he called back over his shoulder to Chuck. Then he added, in an afterthought: "Wonder if the computer's finished its run. It was due about now."

Chuck didn't reply, so Tom swung round in his saddle. He could just see Chuck's face, a white oval turned toward the sky.

"Look," whispered Chuck, and Tom lifted his eyes to heaven. (There is always a last time for everything.)

Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out.

Copyright (c) Arthur C. Clarke



NESCAFÉ OFFER



Japanese Simulated Pearls for only \$2—you save \$5

Usual Retail Price \$7!

Hurry and take advantage of this rare and wonderful opportunity! The 22" single strand, matinee length, hand-knotted, simulated pearls with a sterling silver clasp, have the lustre and sheen of pearls many, many times their value... and you can save \$5.

Hurry, supplies can't last long. All you need to do is fill in the coupon on this page, and send it, with the label* from a jar of New Nescafé, and a cheque or money order for \$2, to the Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited, Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W., allowing 15 days for delivery.

New Nescafé now tastes even better!



NESCAFÉ PEARL PREMIUM,
BOX 423, P.O.,
DARLINGHURST, N.S.W. 2010.

I send my cheque () money order () for \$2 and the label* from a jar of New Nescafé. Please send me a boxed string of Japanese simulated pearls.

(Cheque/money order to be made payable to the Nestlé Company [Australia] Limited.)

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ Postcode _____

*Does not apply where this contravenes State Laws.
Offer available while stocks last.

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE



"You haven't left me much choice now," the young man said harshly to Bunty.

THE day before her birthday was a dead loss from the start. It dawned reluctantly in murk, balanced irritatingly between rain and mist. There was no letter from Dominic in the post, nothing but a quarterly gas bill. By the time George came home, late in the afternoon, it was raining dismally.

Bunty heard the car, slow to turn in at the gate; and her heart rose so violently that only then did she realise with a shock how low it had sunk. George was home, there would be a letter from Dominic in the morning. She examined with astonishment, and rejected with disdain, her mood of depression.

And George came in, tall and tired, and said, so abruptly that she knew he was hardly with her at all: "Pitch a few things in a case for me, will you? I've got to go to London."

Bunty had been a detective's wife for just over twenty years. Her responses were nearly automatic. You do not send your husband out on a job with a divided mind; least of all do you claim any part of his concentration for yourself when he needs it

all intact for his own purposes. She kissed him with the brevity of old custom.

"Got time for tea? Ready in five minutes."

"You don't mind?" His voice was weary; so were his eyes. The Midshire CID were having no easy time this autumn, and there wasn't much Bunty didn't know, directly or indirectly, about their pre-occupations.

"I mind terribly. But there it is. You get something good out of it, and I'll be satisfied. Anything promising?"

"Hard to say. It might be a break-through, it might just drop dead."

"Is it the wage-snatch? Has something broken there?"

"No, the fur job. They've picked up a small floating operator on another charge. There may be nothing in it. But we've got to try it."

"Of course! How long will you have to be away?"

"I don't know, maybe two or three days."

To page 76

Opening instalment of our two-part suspense serial by ELLIS PETERS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1968

Page 75

"I'd better reckon on three days or so, then? Keep an eye on the kettle, I'll be down in a few minutes."

She had plenty of practice, there had been a great many abrupt departures during those twenty years. She packed the small suitcase with brisk movements, and by the time she brought it down George had the tea made, and was shuffling papers together in his briefcase, all his thoughts obviously with the "fur job."

The van-load of furs bound from the London dealer to Comerbourne's leading dress-shop had been hi-jacked nearly six weeks before. The driver was still in hospital. And nobody had seen hide nor hair of the load of furs since.

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

The wage-snatch occurred three weeks later. The driver who regularly conveyed Armitage Pressings weekly pay-roll to the factory on Thursdays was dead before they got him to hospital. The march of crime had definitely reached once quiet Comerbourne.

"I'd better get off," said George, sighing, and rose to pick up his case.

"I'll come in with you," Bunty got up quickly. "You can drop me off at the Betterbuy, and I'll get a bus back. I want to pick up a few things there."

There was nothing she needed, but she had suddenly felt desolate again at the thought of seeing him

go, and being alone in the house with the autumnal chill and silence.

"I thought you hated the supermarket," said George obtusely.

"I do hate the place," said Bunty warmly, "but what choice have I got? Haven't you noticed that all our four groceries in Comerford have switched over to self-service?"

"I thought it was supposed to make shopping quicker and easier," he said vaguely. What he was thinking was how beautiful she was, his forty-year-old wife, with her few silvery hairs among the thick chestnut waves, and the deep

lines of character and laughter and rueful affection in her face.

As they drove along, raw new bungalows on the other side of their road perforated the darkness with eruptions of pink, featureless brick.

"Change and decay!" said Bunty bitterly.

"I know! You wouldn't think this was just a village when we settled here, would you?"

In the main street, which had once been the road through the village, neon lights peered through the murk.

"Wait till you see what they're doing with old Pearce's place," said George, between resignation and revulsion. "Or didn't I tell you he's sold out? To some chain moving in from the south."

He slowed as he approached

the glittering frontage of what had once been Pearce's Garage, long inhabited by three generations of motor-maniacs without a grain of commercial acumen between them, but able to do anything with an engine.

A long festoon of lights in four colors now stretched all along the frontage, which was being torn back into a great arc to accommodate nine new pumps of the latest type. A large neon sign over a repainted office flaunted the name of the chain in the single word: FLEET.

Two men had emerged from the glass doorway, and were pacing the length of the concreted area, studying the renovations with critical approval, one in white overalls, the other, a long-striding, elegant figure in a pearl-grey suit.

George indicated the man in grey.

"That's the boss . . . that's Fleet himself. Looking his buy over and viewing the development plans."

"Definitely not my type," Bunty sighed.

Across the street the six plate-glass windows of the Betterbuy supermarket glared steamily, plastered with bargain offers in poison-green and electric-orange. She reached over into the back seat for her basket and handbag, as the car hissed to a standstill.

"Bye, darling, take care of yourself," George said briefly.

"Listen who's talking," said Bunty derisively. "I'm not the one who goes hobnobbing with gunmen and such."

SHE was on her feet in a light leap, the door slammed, the car gathered way and was gone, its rear lights dwindling to cigarette-ends just visible in the soiled, wet darkness.

She sat in the empty, silent house, brushing her hair before the glass! What is the matter with you? she asked the image that fronted her. You're a lucky woman, a happy woman. You've always been aware of it. You have a husband you love, and a son you adore, you are equable and outgoing by temperament; you have every possible blessing.

And that's all? wondered the eyes confronting her. And that's enough? For once, she wasn't sure of the answers.

What was she now but George's wife — no, George's grass widow at this moment—and Dominic's mother? Did she exist, except as a reflection of them? What of Bunty Felse herself? Had she no identity of her own?

In the morning, which was her forty-first birthday, there was no letter from Dominic at Oxford and no telephone call from George. Her feeling of depression and uselessness deepened as the day wore on.

She could have called up friends, of course; she had plenty of friends. But she shrank from infecting her mood on them.

That was why she took herself for a long, solitary walk that Saturday evening.

She kept aloof from the roads that carried traffic. Where she came at length to the main road again, she found herself before the broad car-park and polished frontage of a modern roundhouse, the sort of place where none of her acquaintances could possibly be encountered.

The Constellation Orion, a beautifully imaginative name, at least. She remembered the place being opened, though she had never been inside it. Well, why not now?

Warmth and noise met her in the doorway. The saloon bar was aggressively modern in its decor and uncomfortably full. Bunty edged her way to the bar-counter, bought herself a modest half of bitter, and carried it to a remote corner where a young couple had just vacated two chairs at a spinally table.

She had been sitting there for ten minutes or so before she noticed the only other person who

To page 77



There are 101 ways to ruin your hair!

And you've probably tried half of them already! It's all in the beauty game. All day in the elements, having one bleach or tint too many. Whatever the problem, Decore new hair conditioner is the solution! It gently creams through every trace of ruin. Restores hair to its natural self. Keeps it happy, by keeping it healthy. Leaves it lively, lustrous, strong.

There are two ways about it. An after shampoo conditioner for normal or dry hair and a special new formula for tinted, bleached or permed hair. Apply directly from the squeeze bottle with 10 clearly marked applications. Only 95c.

And 2 new ways to revive it!

If you feel you have a special problem send a little clipping of your hair to the Decore Advisory Bureau, 55-63 Elizabeth Street, Sydney 2000. Phone 28-8502. Our experts will be glad to help.

DECORE CREME RINSE HAIR CONDITIONER



seemed to be alone. Quite a young man, not more than twenty-three or four. Tall, a lightweight but well enough made, rather brittle and nervous in his movements, his straight dark hair disordered.

What she noticed first was the greyish pallor of his face, and its stillness, like a clay mask with dark eyes, alert and bright in fever-point, glaring from blue-rimmed sockets. He looked as if he had had no sleep for two or three nights in succession; but she noted that the hand that held his glass was large, capable, and perfectly steady.

He was getting hemmed in by the group at the bar. She saw him leave himself clear of them, edge back into the open, and look round for a more peaceful place. His ranging glance lit upon the single chair still vacant in her corner, and he started toward it. Then he saw her.

He halted for a moment, his eyes studying her intently, then he came on with a quickened step. He had a whisky glass in one hand and a small bottle of ginger ale in the other.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" The voice was low-pitched but abrupt, as though he had to measure it out with care and constraint.

"Of course not; help yourself!" She moved her glass to make room for his on the tiny table.

"You didn't look as if you belonged here." Again his voice was abrupt, constrained. Unexpectedly he added, "Why are you here?"

"Because I was alone," she said, with a directness equal to his own. "Why are you?"

"The same reason, I suppose. And I needed a drink."

IT appeared that this was no more than the truth. The whisky had brought a faint warmth of color into his clay mask.

"You don't mind my talking to you? I'll shut up if you say so."

She did not say so. What she did say, after a moment of deliberation, was: "I came out because it was too silent at home, and I came in here because it was even more silent outside."

"We've got something in common, then," he said, emptying his glass without taking his eyes from Bunty's face. "You weren't expecting to be alone, either."

"No," she agreed, thinking how different a celebration this forty-first birthday might have been.

"Nor was I. I'm heading north," he said jerkily, "for a long weekend. Not much to look forward to now, though. There should have been two of us, if everything hadn't come to pieces."

He stared blackly at his glass. "I suppose I ought to lay off, but I've got to have one more of these. I'm still twenty percent short of human. May I get you the other half? Or would you prefer a short?"

"Thanks, the other half would be fine."

She watched him worm his way to the bar with the empty glasses, and come back to her, balancing full glasses carefully.

"I'm sorry about your spoiled weekend," she said. And with carefully measured detachment, since clearly this was no light matter to him at the moment: "Of course, there are other girls."

He was just setting down his glass on the table, and for the first time his hand shook. He sat down slowly, every line of his body taut.

"Who mentioned a girl?"

"There are only two sorts," she said. "There was at least a fifty-fifty chance of guessing right first time about the companion who let you down."

He relaxed a little. "Yes . . . I suppose it wasn't difficult. We fell out," he said. "It's finished. I can't say I wasn't warned, at least half a dozen of my friends

told me she was playing me for a sucker, but I never believed it."

"You could still be right about her," said Bunty reasonably, "and they could still be wrong."

"Not a chance! It all blew up in my face today. For good."

"There may be more to be said for her than you think now. You may make it up again, given a little goodwill."

"No!" he said with quiet violence, "That's out! She'll never have the chance to let me down again."

"Then—at the risk of repeating myself—there are other girls."

He wasn't listening.

"We only got engaged ten days ago," he said. "Heaven knows why she ever said yes, she had this other fellow on the string all along. Whatever she wanted out of it, it wasn't me."

"It happens," said Bunty. "You're better off without her."

His hands clenched into white-knuckled fists on his knees. She thought for a moment that he was going to faint, and instinctively put out a hand and took him by the arm, and no hesitant touch, but a firm grip. It brought his head up with a jerk, his eyes dazed and dark in that blanched face.

"Look," said Bunty quietly, "you're not fit to drive any distance tonight. Go home, fall into

To page 78

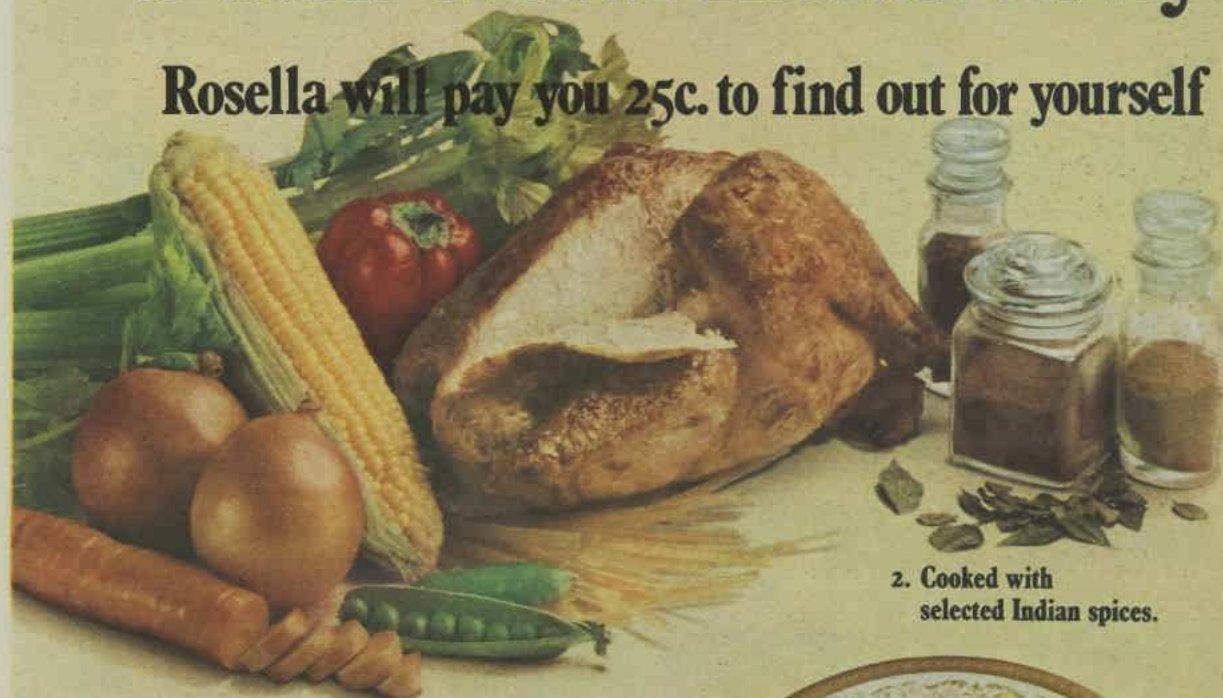
THE BOYFRIEND



"The pas de deux in the second act had an ethereal quality about it that I shall long remember!"

What's so exciting about a new Chicken Curry Soup with a dash of real Indian curry?

Rosella will pay you 25c. to find out for yourself



1. New Rosella Chicken Curry Soup has juicy pieces of tender chicken meat. And noodles. And fresh vegetables.

2. Cooked with selected Indian spices.



3. This is the Rosella label to look for.



4. Serve Chicken Curry Soup to the family. It's different — made with a dash of real Indian curry powder.

5. Here's how to get your first can free.

Rosella Refund Offer, P.O. Box 66, WILLOUGHBY, N.S.W.
Please send me 25c. I enclose a label* for new Rosella Chicken Curry Soup.
*where the washing of labels encourages them to use a hand-drawn
facsimile of the label will be accepted.
Offer closes 13th July, 1968

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ Code _____

bed, sleep her off, drink her off if you have to, get another girl, anything, only give yourself a chance. It isn't the end of the world . . . You've got a life before you, and it isn't owed to her."

"It is the end of the world," said the young man, quite simply. "That's what you don't understand."

The clock behind the bar began to chime.

"Time!" called the barman. "Time, gentlemen, please!"

She spent an unnecessary few minutes in the cloakroom, tidying her hair and repairing her lipstick, not so much to escape from him as to give him every chance to escape from her if he wanted to. But when she stepped out from the lighted doorway, he was there

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

waiting for her. She felt no surprise and no uneasiness.

"Have you got transport? Then may I give you a lift home?"

"It may be out of your way," she said. "I live in Comerford."

"It won't add more than three miles. And there's nobody waiting for me," he said tightly.

"Then if you don't mind going round that way, I should be glad to ride with you." Why not? All he wanted was to warm his hands at this tiny fire for a few minutes longer. She was old enough to be able to offer him the companionship he needed, and not have it mistaken for something else.

The broad space of tarmac was emptying fast, the last few cars peeling off in turn between the white posts of the exit. Soon they would have the night to themselves on the dark country road into Comerford.

"Here we are!"

He leaned to open the door for her, and closed it upon her as soon as she was settled. The car was large but not new, and by no means showy, short on chrome but long on power under the bonnet, and he handled it as though he knew what to do with all the power he could get, and probably considerably more.

"Have you very far to go?" she asked.

"About three hundred miles. It won't take me long. It's a quicker run by night."

"Maybe . . . but all the same I wish you'd go home to bed. I don't feel happy about you setting off on a run like that when you're so exhausted."

"You're very kind. But I've got to go. I can't stay here now. Don't worry about me, I shall be all right."

Abruptly she asked: "When did you last eat?"

He said blankly: "I don't even know! Yes, wait . . . I did have a lunch . . . of sorts, anyhow. Opened a tin."

"Nothing since then?"

"No . . . I suppose not! I haven't wanted anything."

"No wonder you look sick," she said practically. "You'd be wanting something before you got to the end of your journey, believe me. And those two whiskies will settle better with some food inside you. If Lennie hasn't closed up his stall we'll stop there and pick up some sandwiches or hot dog for you, and a coffee."

"I suppose," he admitted, "it might be an idea."

The lights of Comerford winked ahead of them. Old Lennie's coffee-stall always spent Saturday evening on the narrow forecourt before the old market cross, handy for the late crowds emerging from the Bingo hall and the billiard club. The small, lame proprietor, hurt in a pit accident twenty-five years ago, was just clearing his counter.

"Pull in and drop me," ordered Bunty, "and I'll see what he's got left. Then we can turn down by the riverside and find a place for you to eat in peace."

She was back in a minute or two with two paper bags and a waxed carton of coffee.

"It's a good thing Lennie knows me so well, he wouldn't have opened up again for everybody, not after he's cashed up."

THE old man had come limping out from his stall to close the shutter, and stood looking after his customer now with candid curiosity, watching her tuck her long legs into a strange car, beside a strange young man. He stood stolidly gazing as the car took the right-hand turn that would bring it down toward the park and the riverside gardens.

It came to a halt with its hub-caps brushing the overgrown grass under the trees. A narrow path and a box hedge separated them from the park. Suddenly she felt him shaking beside her. It happened as soon as he took his hand from the wheel and let his concentration relax.

Bunty tore open the waxed carton of coffee and put it into his hand, closing her own fingers over his to guide the cup to his lips. He drank submissively, and presently drew a long, breath, and let it out again in a great, relaxing sigh.

"I'm sorry . . . I'm all right, just more tired than I realised."

"At least get some food inside you and rest for a bit." She dumped the paper bags of sausage rolls and ham sandwiches on his knees, and watched him eat, at first with weary obedience, then with sudden astonished greed, as though he had just discovered food.

"You see, you were hungry." She sat nursing the half-empty coffee carton, studying the

To page 79

OUR TRANSFER



MEXICAN design is from Iron-On Transfer No. 1005. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Transfer costs 15c plus 5c extra for postage.



Whenever Virginia Waters feels that first sniffle...

12 hours gentle relief from runny nose watery eyes head congestion.

That's what Contac 500 is for.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

*Regd. T.M. CT/WWIBA

A product of Menley & James Laboratories

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

shadowy form beside her with a groan. "Look, you simply can't get on with this it would be crazy."

"Maybe I am crazy," he said wearily. "Did you think of that? You were right about the food, though. Look, I owe you for all this, you must let me . . ."

"My round," said Bunty. "A return for the other half."

He didn't argue. He stretched himself with a sigh, and lay back in the driving seat, turning his forehead to rest against the glass. A large hand crumpled the empty paper bags and held them loosely in his knee.

Sitting in worried silence beside him Bunty suddenly became aware of the rhythm of his breathing, long and easy and regular. He was asleep. The hand that lay upon his knee still cradled the crumpled paper bags; she lifted them delicately out of his hold and dropped them into the empty car, and he never moved.

So it seemed that she had nothing left to do here. She didn't even consider waking him; sleep was probably the thing he most needed, and perhaps if he had his rest out he would wake up ready to see sense and go home. And you, she told herself, might just as well do the same. It was no distance from here.

The sky had cleared overhead, there were stars, and the moisture in the air would be frost by morning. Not a good night to be sleeping out in a car. Maybe he had a rug tucked away somewhere.

She looked round on the back seat, but there was nothing there but his suitcase. If a rug lived permanently in the car, it might be in the boot; and there were his keys, dangling in the ignition close to her hand.

She hesitated for a few moments then raised her hand to the keys, and carefully drew them out. Her companion slept on peacefully. Quietly she opened the door, and quietly closed it after her.

The black butt-end of the car was as broad as a cab. There was enough light for her to find the lock easily, and the key was the second she tried. The large lid of the boot gave with a faint creak, and lifted readily. Faint starlight spilled over the rim into the dark interior, but called into being only vague shapes under the shadow of the lid.

She felt forward into the darkness, and her hand found something woolly and soft, but with a hard stiffness inside it. She felt her way along it, and her fingers slipped from its edge and grasped something cold and rigid.

For one instant she was still, not recognising what she held; then she snatched back her hand sharply that the chill thing she touched was plucked momentarily toward her.

The marble hand she had grasped hung poised at the end of its sleeve. Something pale and alien and fine swung forward and flowed over Bunty's hand, snatching her fingers in the curled ends of long, straight blonde hair.

The girl coiled up between the boot-box and the spare wheel was dead and stiffening. Her dark coat was unbuttoned over a cream-colored sweater, and in the breast of the sweater, even by this half-light, a small round dot of darkness could be seen, crusted and rough-edged, the only indication of the manner in which she had died.

Bunty crouched, staring, her hands at her mouth, numbed and cold with shock.

So this was why that girl of his was never going to have the chance to let him down again, this was why he had to get out of here tonight at all costs . . .

A strong hand reached past her

To page 80

● Here are some useful household hints to help you save time and money in the home. These handy tips win cash prizes of \$2 each for readers.

Before grating lemons, run the grater under the cold-water tap. The gratings will then slip off easily. — Mrs. Catherine Templeton, 2/11 Castlefield St., Bondi, N.S.W. 2026.

After removing grass from joints in concreting, a quick and easy method of stopping it growing again is to fill an old detergent squeeze bottle with petrol or kerosene and use the squeeze to get the liquid into the joints. This saves any waste and is

quick and easy.—Mrs. R. Holden, 15 Karpaty Ave., Newnham, Tas. 7250.

To keep recipes cut from magazines tidy, paste on to pieces of cardboard shaped like luggage labels. They can be tied together with ribbon and hung in the kitchen.—I. A. Laskey, Box 33, Mirani P.O., via Mackay, Qld. 4740.

Folding double sheets or large towels by yourself can be a struggle. To make this job

easier, stand in front of a long mirror or where you can see your reflection in a window or glass door. The corners of sheets can then be matched and edges lined up by watching the reflection, and your linen will fold neatly and easily. — Mrs. P. Evans, 5 Heatley Ave., Palmerston Nth., N.Z.

To avoid nylons becoming snagged on rough desk edges, run a strip of cellulose tape round the edges. This really pro-

longs the life of the stockings.—V. Walker, 5 Devonshire Rd., Blackwood, S.A. 5051.

Avoid long waits warming baby's bottle with powdered formula: Make several bottles with full quantity of powder but only half quantity of water. The bottles will mix easier and when one is required in a hurry it needs only to be topped up with hot water. — Mrs. Margaret Lane, 28 Timewell St., North Dianella, W.A. 6062.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM READERS

The satisfier:



Rosella Cream Style Sweet Corn

Just made for families that suddenly get hungry any old time of day! Rosella's plump, delicious sweet corn, in its own smooth creamy sauce, pure natural goodness. Serve it sizzling hot on toast. Or as an extra vegetable. Just heat, and eat. Try Rosella Tomato Snack, too, and Rosella Vegetable and Sausage Snack—very satisfying.

Rosella's Hearty Snacks—the satisfiers!



AME 02

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



shoulder and slammed the boot shut. And if there had ever been a moment when she could have turned and run, with a hope of eluding pursuit in the trees, it was already over.

Something had roused him, the cold air as the car door opened, maybe even some subconscious instinct of self-preservation. For there he was at her back, edging silently along the side of the car to show to her, and hide from anyone else who might choose this of all moments to come by, the small black gun levelled at her heart.

His hand was still steady. And the evidence was there between

them, that the gun was loaded and that he knew how to use it.

"Keep quiet," he said, in a voice that had the tension of hysteria. "If you make a sound or a move, I shall kill you." Then in a whisper, to himself rather than to her, "Why did you? . . . why did you?"

She said nothing. As yet she had no voice, she couldn't have screamed for help even if the round black muzzle of the gun hadn't been trained on her.

She looked down at the closed lid of the boot.

"Lock it," he said.

She stooped mechanically to

turn the key. Then slowly she straightened up, the bunch of keys outstretched in her hand.

"Put them on the wing between us," he said.

She laid down the keys where he indicated. And he reached out his free hand without taking his eyes from her, and gathered them up and pocketed them.

"Let's have it clear." His voice was more assured now. "If you make a single false move, even by mistake, I'll kill you. What chance have you left me? You see I've nothing to lose now."

She looked back at him motionless and said nothing.

"Get back in the car. I shall be close behind you."

She turned stiffly, slowly circled the back of the car, and walked to the passenger door. Slowly, in case he suspected her of an attempt at escape. He followed her step for step, she could feel the muzzle of the gun not six inches from her back.

No car came along. No one walked home by this way. No belated lovers dawdled in the dark. She was on her own, and there was nothing she could possibly do except obey him. Except, perhaps, leave some sign here to be found?

Her handbag was on her wrist, and there was no chance of opening it without being detected. But her purse was in her left-hand coat pocket, and it contained a perfect window in the flap, with her name and address in it. Goodbye to seven pounds and some loose change, but what did she need with money now? At least it would show where she had been.

SHE drew it out carefully but quickly, the swinging handbag hiding the movements of her hand, and tossed it slightly aside into the overgrown grass that separated the footpath from the road. It fell with very little sound, but she risked letting her foot slip from the edge of the kerb in a noisy stumble to cover the moment, and spread her right hand against the car to steady herself.

The man behind her drew in his breath with a hiss of warning, alarm, and pain, and the muzzle of the gun prodded her back and sent an icy chill down her spine.

"Be careful!"

But he meant the stumble, not the purse she had thrown away. All his attention was focused on her, he didn't look aside into the grass. And now it was up to fate.

If an honest person found what she had left behind, he would try to return it, and failing to find her at the address given, take it to the police, who would most surely wonder at her absence. If a dishonest person — or even a humanly fallible one — found it . . . well, so much the worse.

He stepped past her at the appropriate moment and held the door open for her. As soon as she was inside he slammed the door upon her and darted round to the driver's door; and as soon as he took his hand from her own door, she wrenched at the handle in a sudden realisation that it was now or never.

But the door held fast. There was a safety catch with which she wasn't familiar, and she hadn't seen him set it before he slammed the door. By the time she had found it and was clawing at it frantically, he was in the driver's seat beside her, and the car was in motion.

The door catch gave, the safety catch held. He reached a long arm across her and slammed the door to again, and she had but her only chance, if it had ever been a chance. The trees hid her on either side at speed. To attempt to jump out now would be suicide.

He took the turn into the main street fast and expertly, and at such an angle that her mind, working with frosty clarity somewhere within the shell of shock, registered the certainty that he knew this town very well. Then she remembered the traffic lights.

Continued next page

NEW FROM



a classic Vienna SPONGE MIX

WITH HEAVENLY BUTTER CREAM FILLING

Light as a Viennese waltz on a summer evening... That's White Wings Vienna Sponge Mix with the heavenly new Butter Cream Filling. Try this wonderful sponge as a dessert, too... topped with strawberries and chilled.



"It's Heavenly"



Thousands of brides . . .

● Orchid breeder tries to add "that final touch of perfection"

"WHEN you supply them with their orchids, brides become more than just customers. Many of mine have turned into firm friends after the wedding day is over. Often they come back a few years later, bringing their children to show me. That's when you really start to feel old."

Memories of delightful brides are many for Mrs. Eunice Kirkwood, of Cairns, one of Australia's leading orchid experts. During the past 20 years she has fashioned her orchids into breathtaking bouquets to add the final touch of perfection to thousands of weddings.

During that time she has, as her husband, Walter, puts it, "reduced many a bride to tears"—of unbelieving happiness. The bouquets come in specially packed boxes, and are not opened until just before dressing for the customer's big day begins.

Thus it is in the grip of mounting apprehension that she opens the box, to find her bouquet more beautiful than ever she imagined it.

Mrs. Kirkwood has never had a formal lesson in flower arrangement. It is an innate gift that enables her to make the perfect blooms she works with even more exquisite.

And every flower is perfect—she sees to that. The bouquets she sends all over Australia and New Zealand to be carried down the aisle are only secondary to her main work as an orchid breeder.

Using only sterilised equipment, she carries out her experiments in a tiny laboratory under her house, and here has bred many new varieties of the exotic plants.

Eunice Kirkwood was only six when she began the hobby which ultimately led to a career. For some time she grew native orchids on her parents' farm near Nerang, today part of Queensland's glittering Gold Coast.

After she married Walter Kirkwood, then a commercial traveller, and moved to Cairns, she began a new collection—this time with tropical orchids.

As it grew, so did a problem. Visitors came in great numbers, often at inconvenient times, all with the same question: "May we see your orchids?"

"There was only one thing for it," said Mrs. Kirkwood. "We had to go commercial. Walter gave up his job to help and I set up my laboratory."

Mrs. Kirkwood begins her breeding of each new variety by selecting her two parent plants and cross-pollinating their flowers with the help of a matchstick.

The bud which forms must then

remain on the plant for a year before it is ready to pick. Consequently, each one has to be tagged and recorded, so that the parents of the new varieties will be known.

The pods each contain several million orchid seeds, every one as small as the finest grain of pepper. This is sucked into a hypodermic syringe and injected into bottles containing a special formula.

The solution sets like a jelly, after first being sterilised to kill any fungus that might spoil the young plants.

In the flask house, the young orchids grow in the formula for several months before being planted out into their individual pots. However, even after this, several years must pass before any of the new flowers appear.

"Usually it takes about five years before we see what we've got for all our work," Mrs. Kirkwood explained. "When you breed orchids, you learn to be patient."

Her main criteria for choosing her parent flowers are the color and shape of their blooms and the strength of the plant. Many of the crosses she tries have never been done before. Many more are still to be tried.

"It's almost like composing music," she said. "The number of parent plants you start with is almost as limited as the notes of a scale, but there are so many different combinations you can try."

She has concentrated mainly on breeding New Guinea hybrids, and is now one of the world's leaders in this field. Many of her parent plants have to be imported, and thus one of the most important buildings in her garden is the quarantine nursery where they must stay until cleared.

In spite of the worldwide recognition she has received as a breeder of some of the world's most prized orchids, it is not the breeding of a new orchid which she remembers as the most thrilling moment of her career.

In 1954, when Queen Elizabeth visited Cairns during an Australian tour, Eunice Kirkwood was chosen to make the bouquet to be presented "on behalf of the people of Cairns."

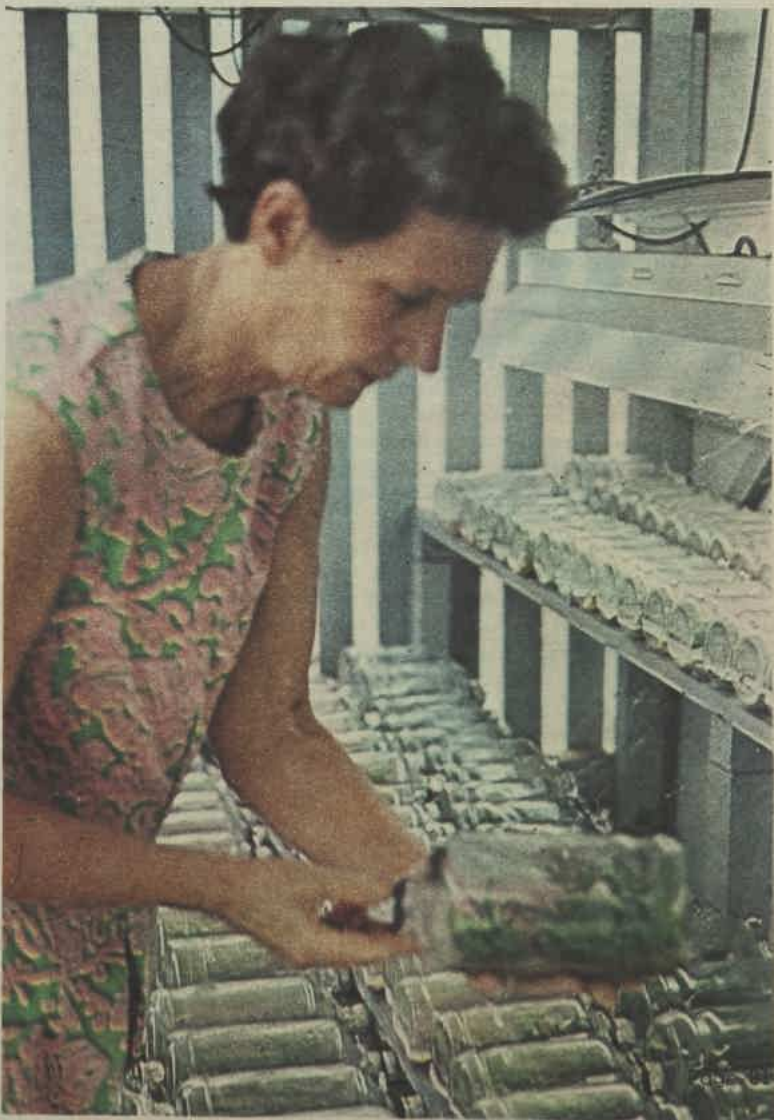
"It was such a thrill," she remembers. "It was exciting enough to be asked to supply florists in other cities with the orchids used in the bouquets that were presented to Her Majesty. I couldn't believe it when I was asked to make the bouquet myself."

Later she was to make the bouquet that was presented to Princess Alexandra when she came to Cairns in 1959. And when, on the birth of Prince Andrew, the Australian Government wanted to send a box of Cooktown orchids to Buckingham Palace on behalf of the Australian people, it was not difficult for them to make their decision.

The orchids came from Cairns, from the nursery that Eunice Kirkwood has built.



MRS. EUNICE KIRKWOOD handles sprays of *Dendrobium* orchids raised from seed in her North Queensland "laboratory." BELOW: Examining flasks of seedlings, where the orchids grow in a formula before being potted out. Pictures by L. E. Tognola.



Varicose veins?

Lots of people share your problem
Scholl understand it

and make Soft Grip stockings to help you!



Scholl know just how your legs ache when you have varicose veins. That's why they make Soft Grip to stretch two ways for the firm control and real relief you need. Soft Grip Stockings support your legs so firmly yet so gently you'll forget you have varicose veins. And Scholl understand that you do care how you look. So Soft Grip Stockings do more than hide those unsightly veins—they are made without a tell-tale seam or hem or ridge. Under ordinary nylons no one will know you have them on. What people will notice is the new lightness Soft Grip have given your step.

Scholl

Soft Grip
ELASTIC YARN STOCKINGS

Now you feel yourself again with lively, shapely legs ... in Scholl Soft Grip the ache is just a memory.

From Chemists, Stores and Scholl shops.

Deal with that cold before you ever have it!

Sounds funny doesn't it? But it's good sense, just the same. Cold remedies aren't the answer to that sniffing misery, the persistent cold. The wise way is to build up your system *before the cold ever happens* with simple, effective ANTI-BI-SAN oral vaccine. All you have to do with ANTI-BI-SAN is to take 7 tablets. Not all at once but over three days (children only require a three-tablet course). By doing this, you build up a shield that germs find hard to penetrate. You develop defences in your body against the common cold by taking Anti-Bi-San.

Keep cold-free this winter and right through the year with Anti-Bi-San. Take a 3-day course of tablets now—before colds get you in their grip. One treatment gives an average of three months' protection.



AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

KEEP COLD-FREE WITH
ANTI-BI-SAN

Send for free leaflet to the Distributors
POTTER & BIRKS (DISTRIBUTORS) PTY. LTD, 6-8 McLACHLAN AVE, ARTARMON, N.S.W.

As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 29

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, navy, pink. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ The only snag in a good week is that Uranus and Pluto are too close together for comfort — and that there could be a marital spat on the 4th. Don't get involved legal-wise, otherwise full steam ahead. Sunday gets tricky at night.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ It's a case of all systems go-go, so you can jet off with every prospect of a happy splashdown — keeping an eye on your love life because there could be a little skulduggery there. Also, 4th, try to keep your temper — and your cents.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Not exactly a thrilling week with the rapid change of pace and sensation so dear to mercurial temperaments. It's a respite which can be fruitfully put to account, because next week is unhappy. Watch the marriage tie and don't blow your stack, 4th.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ A mostly tranquil period until 3rd. The 4th is adverse — be careful what you write or say. Make the most of the green-light signal, since there are big bad stars round the corner. A pair of adverse planets get a little too close together.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.
★ People born right at the sign's end should be enjoying good times, especially 3rd. It's like a calm before a storm — so cash-in with your usual drive and organising expertise. However, you could find the 4th a little edgy.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Some of you could be suffering from unrest and disquiet, especially those born September 12 to 18. These conditions will pass away to plague you no further. Thinking of orbiting? Well, conditions favor a happy blast-off until 3rd. The 4th is a temperamental day.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Conditions are fine, and the current — although not strong — is with you, so swim far and fast until 3rd, because there are breakers ahead. Weekend is fine — except night of 2nd and early a.m., 3rd. The 4th could prove irritating.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.
★ There's danger of a fracas on the 4th, but it's a good week — so put it to good use — as only you thorough Scorpios know how. Just keep an alert eye on the loved ones — there could be a spot of tension.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.
★ One of the quietest weeks of 1968, with only mini trouble spots — noon till 2 p.m., 31st, some muddle on 3rd, and 4th is just ornery. Hence let loose those arrows of achievement right on target, before the planets gang up.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ There are neither good aspects nor adverse ones among the planets until the 4th — a state of happy neutrality that should be exploited to the full. However, noon-2 p.m., 31st, is delaying and a.m., 3rd, deceptive — the alarm clock mightn't go off!

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Cupid is in a prickly mood, 4th, so you could say—and receive wounding words that lovers express their affection by. For the rest, until the 3rd, the Zodiac tranquilly co-operates with you. Act decisively, because next week is adverse.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ This week should have been custom made for you, as it were. It is tranquil, like your easy-going self, but has a sting in its tail, just as the over-driven Piscean has. Expect a spot of emotional brouhaha, 4th.

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

vengeful delight she crowed: "There's a police car pulling up behind us! He's getting out . . . !"

She might have killed herself one way, but she had as nearly risked doing it in another. The driver's foot went down on the accelerator so violently that she was jerked back stunningly in her seat, wrenching her neck and setting fireworks scintillating before her eyes.

Light and darkness flickered wildly past her as the car shot across the intersection at high speed. A large sedan, crossing sedately with the lights in its favor, braked hard, a van's tyres squealed. But they were through, untouched, and boring along the modestly lit Hawkworth Road at an illegal sixty-five.

Bunty clung to the edge of her seat, gasping for the breath that had been knocked out of her.

No more of that sort of thing! If she had stopped to think she would never have taken such a chance. The wonder was that the gun had not gone off in his hand when she sprang the trap; the violence of her reaction showed her how near she had come to that ending.

And if only he'd kept his head and looked in his mirror instead of tramping on the accelerator the instant she had sounded the alarm, he might have got through Comerford and away without question.

"Damn you," moaned the bitter voice beside her, shaky with fury. "Damn you! There wasn't any police car!"

"There soon will be," she said, "now."

If Hillard had missed getting their number, someone in the sedan or the van would

surely have noted it. Was that anything gained? It might be, if Hillard was quick to act on it. If the fugitive was heading for the motorway he could hardly avoid going through Hawkworth, and there would be time to alert the police there by telephone, and even to set up a road-block.

There was a strong campaign on against dangerous driving, and their exit from Comerford had certainly been spectacular.

He still had the gun ready in his left hand, even as he held the wheel. He was obviously ambidextrous, and at the next threat he could use it instantly. She sat tensed and silent, waiting for the first glimmer of the sodium lighting of Hawkworth.

THEY reached the well-lit approach road, and suddenly he was braking, but with a deliberation that promised nothing, and positioning the car well into the centre of the road. He had seen the barrier before she had.

Hillard hadn't failed her, the police had closed half the road here at the approach to the town. But only half! And he was going through, she felt it in her blood.

From behind the white trestle on the left of the road a young police constable stepped out full into their path, with his hand extended to wave them down. Bunty heard the man beside her gulp in air in a huge sob, and felt his foot go down on the accelerator.

The boy in uniform was standing confidently in the centre of the freeway.

She saw his face leap

toward her, saw it dissolve from serenity into incredulous doubt, and then into terror, as the car drove straight at him.

At the last instant the wheel swung dizzily, and was hurled impetuously back again. The constable leaped backward, late but alive, as the car swerved round him and surged away. They missed him by inches, and the lamp standard on the other side by the thickness of the old car's well-maintained paint.

Bunty uttered a cry and clawed her way round to kneel on the seat and look back through the rear window; and the young policeman was just getting up from the ground and the police car that had been standing by, not expecting any trouble, was charging off the mark after them, too late to hold them in sight for long, unless it could better the crazy seventy-five they were exceeding through the sleeping town.

She slid down into her seat weakly and lay limp beside her enemy. She had lost her chance. Unless that pursuing car, just about holding its distance, managed to stop them short of the motorway, she was as good as dead.

But at least she had ensured that the hunt should be up in full cry after them.

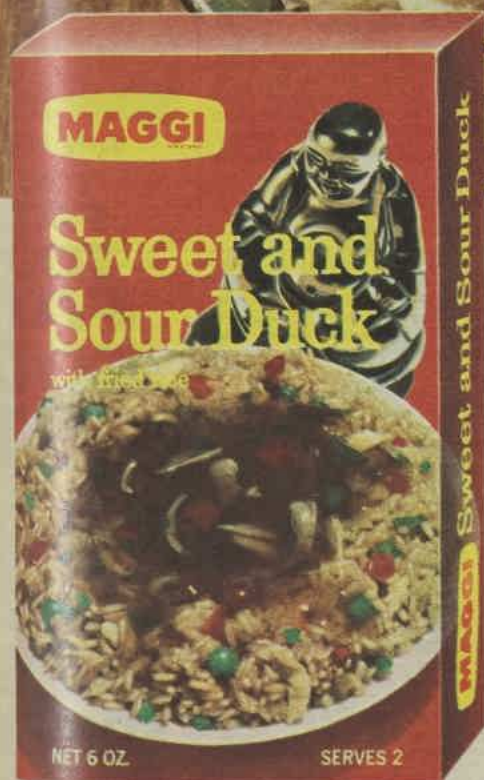
He shook off the police car in the country roads between Hawkworth and the motorway. No doubt of it now, he was a local man, or at least he'd lived here long enough to know these roads like the palm of his hand, better than the police driver knew them.

They hit the motorway at the quietest entrance, well away from the town, and after that he took the fast lane and drove like an inspired devil.

Now the marvellous road

To page 84

new!



MAGGI Sweet and Sour Duck: exciting, authentic

*served in minutes—
complete with fried rice...*

A delicious traditional Chinese dish, complete in every pack. Easy to prepare and serve—and absolutely authentic! Pre-cooked to perfection in the Maggi kitchen by clever Maggi chefs. See Maggi's wonderful introductory offer below!

**30¢ Refund if you buy both
Chinese Dishes**

Buy Maggi Sweet and Sour Duck together with Maggi Chicken Chow Mein and Maggi will refund you 30¢—see voucher for full details.



*At **MAGGI**
we really care*

MAGGI 30¢ Refund Offer

How to claim: Print your name and address clearly on voucher. Attach pack fronts taken from Maggi Chicken Chow Mein and Maggi Sweet and Sour Duck. Mail to address on voucher for 30¢ Refund.

Conditions—read carefully:

1. Limit 30¢ per household.
2. Each voucher must be accompanied by two separate pack fronts.
3. Employees (and their families) of The Nestlé Company, its advertising agents and retailers excluded from offer.
4. **CLOSING DATE:** 31st August, 1968.

To: Maggi Refund Offer, P.O. Box 425, Darlinghurst. N.S.W. 2010

I would like to take advantage of your free offer. Attached are the front panels* from packets of Sweet and Sour Duck and Chicken Chow Mein.

NAME _____ (BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____ POSTCODE _____

Please allow 14 days for postage and handling.

**Pack facsimiles may be sent where this contravenes State law.*

The lonely nail biter



Poor Sue doesn't know what to do. Her ugly, bitten down nails are keeping her friends away—but she just can't stop the nail biting habit. Are you like Sue? Then you need **Stop 'n Grow**—the wonderful new nail biting deterrent. **Stop 'n Grow** is instant willpower at your fingertips. Just paint it on. Doesn't stain, doesn't show—goes on over nail polish. You can grow long, strong nails in just 3 weeks with **Stop 'n Grow**. At all chemists.

(Advertisement)

Smooth Out Winter Wrinkles

Wrinkles are river-beds of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (moisture carriers of the skin) having dried out through cold weather. By using a smooth tropical oil over the face and neck, you will soon smooth away all traces of wrinkle-dryness to give the complexion line free loveliness. Ask your chemist for oil of Ulan and before making-up smooth it over the face, neck, and hands to give the skin a youthful bloom.

... Margaret Merril

DON'T BE MRS. MONOTONY

Do your glasses make you always look the same?

Pity, because you're only showing one facet of your personality. Fortunately, there's a second you. You'll look different ... feel different.

Martin Wells have a distinctive range of fashion eyewear for every mood ... every occasion.

Consult your optometrist or optical dispenser.

NEW ASTHMA FOR

New Improved American Formula MENDACIO works fast to relieve attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Ease wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACIO at chemists.

EVERY DAY IS WOMEN'S WEEKLY DAY

unrolled, broad, generous, splendidly surfaced. Her tired eyes began to dazzle, then to ache intolerably. She lapsed into a long, hallucinatory interlude of half sleep, knowing at least that nothing could happen to her as long as she drove.

They were off the motorway, unchallenged, and striking north still for Kendal, Penrith, and Carlisle. She knew this road, she had travelled it before, and could recognise landmarks, even in the dark.

The last thing she remembered recognising was the smithy at Gretna, journey's end for so many runaway couples pursued north by this road. The irony roused her to a faint spurt of laughter. She was so light-headed with exhaustion by then that nothing was quite real. Even fear could not keep her awake any longer. Uneasily, stiffly, she slept against her enemy's shoulder ...

She awoke with a violent start and with no idea where they were or how long they had now been on the road.

The car had swung sharply to the right, hardly slowing for the turn, and entered a narrow, winding, sunken lane. The air had an unmistakable tang. Somewhere before them lay the sea.

The lane, trees leaning over it on either side, opened in a few minutes into a broad circle of gravel before a small house, pink-washed over walls of stone below and brick above, with a low-pitched, overhanging roof. It had a bright, polished, cared-for look which meant that someone with money and leisure had taken it over.

There was a new garage to the left, tucked under the slope of grass and trees, there were modern windows, and decorative shrubs had been deployed artfully among the grass.

He swept the car round and stopped it right in front of the house in such a way that on her side there was just room to open the door.

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

The moment the engine stopped he had the gun in his hand again, ready, and in one swing he was out of the car.

"Get out. And don't try to run, you wouldn't get far."

She didn't try. Against the ten yards of pale wall on either side she would have been an easy mark. He came round, and taking her by the arm, put her before him into the porch. He reached above him under the low roof, and swung aside a corner of the wooden beading. The key had its regular hiding-place, and he was in the secret.

"Go in, please."

THE growing daylight showed her a tiny hall in pastel colors, a staircase on one side, two white doors on the other, the minimum of holiday-cottage furniture, but of an elegant kind. The outer door closed behind them with a solid, final sound, and they were shut in together.

She heard the key turned again in the lock, and watched him withdraw it and pocket it. And now at last he was no longer occupied with driving; his hands were free.

"Upstairs! You'll find the bathroom on the left. I'm sorry there'll be only cold water until I see to the main switch. Take your time."

It was fantastic. An automatic politeness still clung to him, glaringly odd in this relationship. She looked back from the door of the bathroom, and saw that he had seated himself on the stairs below, the gun ready in his hand still. No chances were going to be offered to her.

She shot the bolt of the bathroom door after her. The cold water was bracing and welcome, and simply to be alone there, with a door and a bolt dividing her from him, was in itself a new lease of life.

Evidently this place was used frequently and always kept ready for occupation, for there was soap on the wash-basin and towels in the small, white cupboard. Neat, small guest tablets of soap that fitted admirably into the palm.

She considered for a moment, and then rolled the one she had used in her handkerchief and slipped it into her handbag. There was nothing else she could see that might be useful to her. The window was small and high.

Still, she carried the stool over to it and climbed up, snapped back the latch and hoisted the sash. Craning over the sill to look down, she saw that on this rear side of the house the ground fell away sharply in almost a cliff. No hope of climbing out from there.

So in the end she would have to open the door again and go back to him. She did it very softly and cautiously, easing back the bolt without a sound in case sleep might have caught up with him while he waited.

But the moment she set foot on the landing he was on his feet, too, and mounting the remaining steps of the flight.

"Into the next room, please." He reached past her to open the middle door of the three.

"Yes," he said, following the rapid glance she gave to the curving latch and the key-hole below it, "there's a lock. I can't afford any slips now, can I? You didn't leave me much choice."

Just over the threshold of the little bedroom, primrose and white, a charming place to house a guest, Bunty halted. With her back turned on him, she said softly and deliberately: "Do you know why I opened the boot?"

The dull voice behind her said, dragging with weariness: "What difference does it make?"

"I was looking for a rug," she said, "to put over you."

There was one instant of absolute silence, then the door closed as abruptly as a cry. She heard the key turned hastily, clumsily in the lock, then his steps stumbling down the stairs.

The bedroom looked out, like the bathroom, to the rear of the house. To the left lay the outline of the coast above cliffs.

By craning out, Bunty could see the cliffs broken by a small, tight inlet, with a tiny jetty and a boat-house.

There seemed to be a rocky path leading down from the house to the inlet, but only here and there could she glimpse a level, slated spot that formed a part of it.

The drop from the window she abandoned as impossible.

She was closing the window again when she heard the car below start up, and gently roll the few yards into the garage, and in a moment the double doors closed hollowly over it. Naturally, he wouldn't risk leaving that where it could be seen and draw attention to itself and him.

Now to take stock. The room, with its built-in furniture, offered her no possible sort of defence. She emptied the contents of her handbag on the bed. Her nail-file, long and strong and with a formidable point, was the only thing that even suggested a weapon.

It lacked a comfortable

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

handle that would give her more control and force in using it, and she supplied that by embedding the unpointed end in the cake of soap she had stolen from the bathroom. It wasn't much of a defence against a gun, but if she got a chance she intended to forestall that direct confrontation.

Passing by the window again, her eyes were drawn to the boat-house. Out from it, a graceful blond shape slipped demurely, all pale, smooth woodwork and gleaming brass and bright blue paint.

How lucky for him that he knew somebody with a secluded cottage on the coast, and a boat that could make it, in the right hands, over to the Low Countries. Somewhere, at any rate, on the way to a much more distant place where a man could vanish.

He was there in the boat, she saw the thin, dark figure step ashore and make the boat fast. He was bringing something in his arms from the foot of the path. Only when he stowed it aft, and went to drag up a tarpaulin cover over it, did she realise how simple and significant a thing it was. A large, jagged stone.

Of course, he would need a weight.

No, she corrected herself, two weights. And here he came with the second one, placing it carefully, to avoid disturbing the trim of the boat, here would be two bodies, a double burial at sea. She was looking on at the final preparations for her own death and burial.

She was probing desperately at the lock with a straightened hair-grip, when she heard her enemy enter the house and begin to climb the stairs. The key turned in the lock; the door opened.

"Come down when you're ready."

HIS voice was level and dull. His eyes hardly seemed to see her, but she had no doubt that they would give him notice sharply enough if she made a false move. Nor could she see the gun, but it must be ready in his pocket.

She picked up her handbag. With a step as slow and drugged as his, she went down the stairs. He held open the second white door in the hall.

The living-room of this spectacular little house would obviously be designed to overlook the sea. She looked round it with remote, unreal interest. There was a picture window, with a narrow white door beside it, no doubt leading into a tiny, built-in kitchenette. Everything was white wicker and orange corded silk, bright, inexpensive, and gay, cushioned chairs, a light settee, a small dining-table with an orange-covered cloth.

There must be a store of non-perishable and tinned foods left in the cottage. He had made tea and produced tinned ham, cheese, and a loaf of bread.

The unreality was too much for her. She began to range the room, paying no attention to him, examining everything that bore witness to the absent owners. And there on the small white bookcase, stocked with paperbacks, was their double photograph, a studio portrait of man and wife in their comfortable fifties.

"Your parents?" she asked with deliberate malice; for she was quite sure that they were not his parents.

"Friends," said the heavy voice behind her. "Louise is my god-mother."

"Ah, so that's why you're so at home here," she said. "What's their name?"

To page 86



ARE YOU TOO FAT TOO FAT TOO FAT TOO FAT

Gentle, natural Ford Pills help rid you of ugly surplus fat, restore your lilt, trim figure and bring back buoyant good health. Take Ford Pills regularly and follow the Ford Diet Chart. Safe and gentle to all your family with never any unpleasant side effects.

Keep slim, trim and healthy with

FORD PILLS

Large 120 for 80c Small 60 for 45c

Buy them everywhere

See London and work for

P. D. BUREAU 41, Whitehall, S.W.1.

Permanent and Temporary work always available for secretaries, typists, accounting, calculating and punch card machine operators. No Fees to Staff

FASHION FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"BEVERLEY."—Coatdress which can be worn with or without belt is available in grey, red, black, or brown corduroy.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$10.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$10.95.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$7.35; 36 and 38in. bust, \$7.55.

Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"Beverley"

REMEMBER THIS— If you don't enter, you cannot win

THAT'S the motto for our giant Bake-Off contest. Already one reader who has followed has won herself a progress prize of \$10. She is Mrs. B. Schwartz, 21 Harrolds Rd., Lynton, N.S.W. 5062, whose recipe for Toffee Supper Cake is below. This recipe was an entrant in Section 1 of the competition — cakes of all types.

A flood of entries is reaching us. Is yours among them? Remember there are \$1,150 worth of prizes to be won. And, boys and girls, if you are under 18 on August 9 of this year you are eligible to send in entries to compete for a special junior award worth \$50. So send in your entries now. Coupon is on page 70.

If you go out to work, there is a special quick-and-easy section that should appeal to you, because it uses convenience foods. It's a section that is new to the contest — Section 5 "The Busy Lady." Your entry recipe must use butter together with White Wings Yellow Buttercake or Chocolate Buttercake mixes or with one of their refrigerated dough products.

This year's Butter-White Wings Bake-Off contest offers more prizemoney than ever before. And this year we have included extra sections to give every cook a chance of winning the big prize. The Grand Champion will be chosen from the five section winners, so the champion recipe could be anything from a cake to a casserole.

Section prizewinners and the Bake-Off Grand Cham-

panion will be presented with their prizes at a banquet to be held in Melbourne.

Full details of the sections in the contest and the prizes to be won are given on page 70 of this issue.

Our two overseas judges for the finals of the 1968 Bake-Off contest, which will be held in Melbourne from October 1 to October 4, are Mrs. Monica Sheridan, from Ireland, and Signor Edoardo Moglia, from Italy, both internationally known cookery experts.

Don't worry about having to prepare your dish in public, just send in the recipe and our home economists do all the preparation and cooking. Your recipes must all be original ones, as simple or as complicated as you wish, and must all contain butter and a White Wings product. The Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Ltd. are jointly sponsoring our contest.

Again this year we will be looking for a Bake-Off Princess, the year's prettiest home hostess. Last year's winner enjoyed a trip to Hawaii as part of her prize, and an equally exciting holiday and glamorous wardrobe await the 1968 Princess. Details of this competition will be announced in a later issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

During the contest we will be awarding ten \$10 progress prizes to recipes received in any section. The first of these is published below. Even if your entry does not win a progress prize it is still eligible for one of the big prizes.

This easily mixed Toffee Supper Cake with a crunchy almond topping wins the first weekly progress prize of \$10 in our Butter-White Wings Bake-Off competition.

TOFFEE SUPPER CAKE

2 eggs
1 cup castor sugar
2oz. melted butter
1 cup White Wings plain flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup milk
pinch salt
vanilla

TOPPING:
2oz. butter
1 cup sugar
2oz. sliced almonds
1 teaspoon plain White Wings flour
1 tablespoon milk
Beat eggs until thick, add sugar gradually, and beat well. Fold in melted butter

alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Fold in milk and vanilla. Pour into greased and lined 7in. by 11in. lamington tin and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Remove from oven, spread over topping, and bake a further 10 minutes. Cool in tin.

TOPPING:
Place all ingredients into a small saucepan. Cook, stirring over low heat, until mixture comes to the boil. Boil slowly, without stirring, until mixture turns golden, approximately 2 minutes. Remove mixture from heat.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 746 — TENNIS DRESS

Tennis dress is available cut out to make in white mini-care poplin. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.50; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.75. Postage and dispatch 25 cents extra.

No. 747 — GARDENING APRON

Gardening apron is available traced ready to sew and embroider on blue, grey, green, or lilac cesarine. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.65. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

No. 748 — BED-JACKET

Bed-jacket with lace edging supplied is available cut out to make in pink, lemon, white, or blue good-quality flannelette. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$1.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$1.95. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No. C.O.D. orders.



Beautify Your Hair

YOUR hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.



In a month's
time you'll
find you can
walk or stand
as much as you
like and your legs
won't mind

Just imagine being able to stand, even for hours on end, without having your legs turn heavy as lead. To sit, and never feel the tiredness, the aches and pains that are the danger signs of developing varicose veins.

Just take two Venoruton tablets, three times a day for the next four weeks — to get the positive benefits of Venoruton. In cases of early leg fatigue (very often associated with varicose veins) Venoruton ointment should also be used.

Venoruton soothes pain, reduces swelling, and improves circulation in your legs. Stops you worrying where varicose veins might lead to. For Venoruton checks more serious developments — brings relief to even long-time varicose sufferers. Ten years' Swiss research proved that.

Get your legs off your mind. Ask your chemist for Venoruton today. Venoruton — the simple tablet treatment for tired, aching legs, swollen ankles and varicose veins.



Venoruton

TABLETS & OINTMENT

FOR TIRED, ACHING LEGS AND VARICOSE VEINS.

FROM THE RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF ZYMA, SWITZERLAND. DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY S.E.R.A. 390VEN

Turn to page 70 to find your entry coupon for our 1968 Bake-Off contest.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1968

"Alport. Reggie and Louise Alport. If you want some tea," he added remotely, "help yourself."

She came to the table and sat down, suddenly aware how desperately she wanted some tea.

"Do they live in Comerbourne, too?" she asked.

"No, in Hereford. That's where my family come from."

"Then you work in Comerbourne." She could not have explained why it was so important to keep talking, to keep drinking tea and swallowing mouthfuls of sawdust food that stuck in her throat. Nor could she have said why a grain of information added to her knowledge of him should seem to add to her meagre resources.

"How odd," she said, her eyes holding his across the table, her

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

right hand in the open handbag on her lap, "to think that I don't even know your name."

"Why should you?" he said. And suddenly he set both hands against the edge of the table and pushed back in his chair. His face was more dead than alive, but he moved with method and certainty, like a machine.

"Yes, what are you waiting for?" she blazed abruptly, on her feet with the nail-file in her hand. Her handbag went one way, her handkerchief another. "Do you think I don't know you've got everything ready? Even the stone for my feet?"

He got up slowly and started

round the corner of the table after her.

"I'm sorry!" said the distant voice, from somewhere far beyond sorrow. "What can I do? You shouldn't have looked in there. What choice have you left me? I liked you, you were kind to me! But what can I do about it now?"

"You could let me walk to my grave," she said, backing from him inch by inch, "and save yourself trouble." Anything to spin out five more minutes, three, even one, to give time one more chance.

His hand swung the table round, shedding the teapot from its tilted edge.

"Not you," she heard his voice

saying hopelessly, "you'd run, you'd swim for it, I know you. Why did it have to be you?"

She braced her fingers round the hilt of her dagger, as he took the last yard in one fast, light step, and reached for her with long hands crooked; and she stooped under his grasp instead of leaning back from him, and slashed upwards at his throat with all her weight.

She felt the impact, but in the same instant he had her by the wrist, and had wrenched hand and weapon away from his grazed neck, forcing her arm back until her grip relaxed.

Distantly, she heard the nail-file tinkle on the floor. Then his hands found their hold on her throat, and chaotic eruptions of light and darkness blinded her eyes. A

sound like sobbing thudded in her ears. She heard him moaning and whining with pain, and that lamentable sound followed her down into darkness and silence.

Consciousness began again in an explosion of fiery pain: the red-hot band of steel round her neck expanded, burst, disintegrated. She was dead, she must be dead. Why the delicious cool rush of air into her body again, the abrupt withdrawal of pressure and heat?

Nothing was holding her any more, her own limp hands wrenched freely to touch her burning throat. Her knees gave way under her, she slid down against the arm of the wicker chair, collapsed into the cushions, and lay gulping in air greedily.

The darkness lifted slowly. She lay still for a long moment, seeing the outlines of things round her with a brilliant intensity. The same room, the same signs of struggle, the fallen handbag on the floor, the broken teapot, the tablecloth dragged into disorderly folds.

She was alive, she was intact. Not because of any miraculous intervention, but for reasons, in pursuit of which her mind stalked within her recovering body. Realisation came to her with blinding clarity.

She sat up slowly, and looked round for her murderer.

Head-down in a dark huddle on the wicker settee he lay clutching the orange-colored cushions to his face. Shuddering convulsions shook through him from head to feet. The oblique graze on his neck was oozing crimson, staining the orange silk. Who had come nearer to killing?

It was at that moment that the knocker on the front door rang peremptorily.

THE man huddled on the settee lay utterly still. It was Bunty who dragged herself up and went into action.

Hurriedly, she stooped for her handbag, and ran a comb through her hair. Would there be marks on her throat? Not yet, probably, but she shook out her chiffon scarf and tucked it into the neck of her dress. There was blood on her fingers; she dipped her handkerchief into the nearest liquid, which was the spilled tea on the table, and wiped the stains away.

"Give me the key!" Speech hardly hurt at all. She had time to realise, even in that moment, how little she was damaged. He must have snatched his hands away from her as soon as he felt her pain.

"The key, quickly! Give it to me!"

He sat up and felt through his pockets for it numbly, and held it out to her without a word. He watched her walk out of the room, leaving the door open behind her.

In those few yards Bunty lived through a total reassessment of everything that had happened. Her senses were abnormally acute, her mind moved with rapidity and certainty. She remembered things observed at the time without comprehension, and made sense of them.

She opened the door of the cottage with the measured reserve of a woman alone, knocked up at an unusually early hour on a Sunday morning. Not too wide at the top, ready to close it and slip the bolt again quickly if she didn't like the look of her visitor; then surprised and relieved, setting it wide and coming confidently into the doorway.

The two uniformed policemen stood on the step of the porch.

"Good morning!" said Bunty, and waited with the polite, questioning curiosity of the innocent to hear what they wanted of her.

"Good morning, ma'am!" The elder of the two shoved up his cap civilly and eyed her with circumspection, plainly finding her of a reassuring respectability. "Sorry if we startled you, but we saw a light in one of the windows here a while since, from up the court road apiece, and knowing that the lady and gentleman who summer

To page 88



If you wash your own hair you should read this:

Most shampoos today are basically synthetic detergents. In the process of cleaning your hair they can strip away the natural, healthy oils which make your hair manageable, and shiny. Breck does not have a synthetic detergent base. Breck leaves your hair superbly well-behaved; easy to

manage, even though just washed. Soft, and as shiny as a hundred healthful brush strokes. Breck shampoo does leave your hair truly beautiful and as there are three different types of hair, there are three different types of Breck Shampoo: Dry, Oily and Normal. One of them is made specially for your hair.



Chemists and department stores only.

BRECK for beautiful hair

CRISIS FOR CLANCY

BY SANDRA M. LOPEZ



While Jay was speaking on the telephone, Clancy was busily making plans of her own.

CLANCY had had it. She'd taken all she was going to take, and this afternoon, when Jay Verdane came back from lunch, she was going to quit. She was going to tell him exactly what she thought of a man who let his mother run his office, and then she was going to sit back and watch him squirm.

When Clancy had been transferred from her duties as a typist to private secretary to the nephew of the president of the Wakeford China and Porcelain Company, she'd thought it was a major promotion, even though the nephew was fresh out of college and new to the business world. And when she'd met him she'd thought wistfully of a giant promotion to wife. But now she realised that businesswise and personally, the job as Jay's secretary was a dead end.

The phone rang, and before Clancy could say: "Mr. Verdane's office," the imperious voice of Mrs. Verdane, sister of the company president, and a major stockholder, demanded: "Is my son there?"

"No, Mrs. Verdane, he's not."

"Out to lunch?" the matron pried.

"I expect him back about 1.30," Clancy offered, hoping to avoid further interrogation.

However, Mrs. Verdane was not put off so easily. "Is he lunching with Mr. Dunbar?"

For a moment Clancy considered not telling her, but past experience had taught Clancy the wisest thing to do was to answer this formidable woman or be humiliated by a lecture on how a good secretary always knew where her boss was. "Yes," she said shortly.

"Fine, that's where he should be," Mrs. Verdane purred confidently, and hung up without wasting as much as a "goodbye" on Clancy.

"That woman!" Clancy hissed as she slammed the receiver down. "She's the one I should be angry with, not Jay."

If it hadn't been for Mrs. Verdane, Jay wouldn't have shouted at Clancy this morning. The episode had started when Mr. Dunbar, vice-president in charge of marketing, had stopped in Jay's office to ask him to lunch. Clancy had been happy to hear Jay say "no." She knew from the office grapevine that Dunbar was trying to use Jay to help convince his uncle that Wakeford should expand into pottery for sale in discount-houses.

Now Clancy may not have been a product of finishing schools (as Mrs. Verdane had pointed out to Jay on several occasions) but she did appreciate fine things, and she hated to see the company with its reputation for quality produce an inferior line just because Mrs. Verdane and Dunbar were hungry for extra money.

It wasn't ten minutes before Mrs. Verdane was on the phone and Clancy heard Jay tell his mother: "No, I'm not having lunch with Dunbar. He's trying to get me to back my idea for a line of cheap souvenirs and I won't do it."

Following a long silence on Jay's part, he grudgingly agreed to reconsider the lunch date, but didn't tell her positively that he would go.

Clancy's pleasure at his standing up to his mother had been short lived, and when he hung up he took his anger out on her by berating her for not keeping the files right up to the minute. She might have forgiven him for yelling at her, but she couldn't forgive him for calling Dunbar ten minutes later and agreeing to have lunch with him.

Until that morning she'd believed that Jay could shake off his mother's domination. Now it looked like he was just another mama's boy and would never stand on his

own two feet. Why, he would probably even marry that phony Dodie Dunbar with her fake European accent.

During the summer while Mrs. Verdane and Dodie were in Europe, Clancy had come to believe that Jay was man enough to run his own life. Without the incessant interfering phone calls from his mother Jay had proved to be an efficient and effective businessman and had been praised by his uncle for his acumen. He'd even shown interest in an idea of Clancy's for copying her grandmother's embroidery designs on china.

The two had gone out together and found they both enjoyed water-skiing, swimming, and dancing.

Then Dodie and Mrs. Verdane had returned from Europe, and several dates between Jay and Clancy were cancelled at the last minute because of business entertaining his mother planned for him without consulting him. It was clear to Clancy that Mrs. Verdane was not keen to have her for a daughter-in-law. So, being a smart girl, Clancy said nothing to Jay, but knuckled down to being an efficient secretary, hoping that he'd finally wake up to what his mother was doing.

Looking up at the clock Clancy saw it was nearly time for Jay to return from lunch. Her anger had abated and she no longer looked forward to seeing him squirm when she told him why she was leaving. She didn't want to see him squirm; she wanted to see him act like a man. The trouble was she'd given up hope of seeing him do that, and she couldn't work for a man she didn't respect. "For that matter, I can't love a man I don't respect," she told herself as tears stung her eyes.

She called the switchboard and told them to hold calls for a few minutes while she took a break and washed her face.

Sitting in the outer office, she steeled herself for the ordeal, then stopped as she heard Jay in his office angrily shouting: "I'm sick of you trying to run my life. Dunbar told me you'd ordered him to fire Miss Clancy. If she goes, I go."

For a moment there was silence, and Clancy deduced that Jay was listening to his mother on the phone. Then he said more quietly, his voice under control: "Mother, I've had it. You stop telling me how to run this office or I quit and find a job in another town."

There was silence and then a determined, "No, I won't be home tonight. I'm going to be busy looking for an apartment of my own."

Clancy heard him hang up. Quietly she left the outer office and a moment later re-entered noisily. Immediately the buzzer on her desk sounded and Jay asked her to come into his office. He looked different, confident, and happy. "Clancy," he said, "you know those embroidery designs of your grandmother's, how about bringing them in? I think I can interest my uncle in them for a new line of heirloom china. That's what this company needs, not cheap pottery."

"I'd be glad to," Clancy enthused.

"Oh, by the way, Clancy, there's a new John Wayne Western over in Middlebury Corners this weekend. How about dinner and going to a film on Saturday night?"

"I'd like to," Clancy said, "but dates with you have a way of getting cancelled at the last minute."

"Never again," Jay said with determination.

(Copyright)

Keeps baby's hair
clean, lustrous and
lovely... wonderful for
all the family too!



New Medicated Curlypet is a hair and scalp conditioner that gives new life and lustre to hair, gives body to your hair and helps control it. Curlypet contains Hexachlorophene to control dandruff as well as cradle cap for baby. Its baby-mild medication soothes away annoying irritation. Curlypet is non-sticky, non-greasy, will not soil clothes or pillows—the ideal setting lotion and conditioner for children and adults.

CURLYPET, P.O. BOX 5, ARNcliffe, N.S.W. 2205

Please send me your FREE booklet on hair care.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ STATE _____ A.N.W. _____

The Ideal Gift!		RATES	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR
A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian Women's Weekly	Australia	}	\$5.00	\$10.00
	Fiji			
	New Guinea			
	New Zealand			
Overseas			\$9.25	\$18.50
AIRMAIL				
New Guinea			\$8.75	\$17.50
MINIMUM PERIOD 6 MONTHS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE				



THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

here have left, we wondered . . . You never know, just as well to check up when a house is empty."

"Oh, I see! Yes, of course, and how very good of you! Reggie and Louise will be so grateful," said Bunty warmly, "to know that you keep such a good watch on their place. I'm a friend of the Alports, they've lent me their cottage for a long weekend. I drove up last night."

"Ah, that accounts for the light, then." He seemed to be perfectly satisfied, and why shouldn't he, when she produced the owners' names so readily? "And you found everything in order here, ma'am? No signs of anyone prowling

around in the night? No trouble at all?"

"Trouble?" said Bunty, wide-eyed. Her smile faded into faint anxiety, nicely tempered with curiosity. "No, nobody's been here. Everything was all right when I arrived. Why, is something wrong?"

"Och, nothing for you to worry about, ma'am," said the sergeant comfortably. "You're no' likely to be troubled here. Most like he's gone on northwards."

"He?" she echoed. "You mean there's somebody you're looking for? A criminal?"

"We've had warning to look out for a car, ma'am, a large old car,

black, thought to be a Rover, registration NAQ 788. It's known to have driven north out of England during the night. Constable Muirhead believes he saw the same car go past about three hours ago, heading for Arbroath, but he's no' sure of the number. We're checking up and down all those roads, just in case. But there's no call for you to worry, ma'am, you'll be fine here."

"NAQ 788," she repeated thoughtfully. "A black Rover. I could get in touch with you if I do see anything of it, of course."

"Ay, you could do that, ma'am. But I don't think you're likely to catch sight of him, I doubt he's as far north as he can get by now."

"What do you want him for?" Bunty asked inquisitively. A woman without curiosity would be suspect anywhere. "Has he run somebody down, or something?"

"Well, no' just that!" She hadn't expected a direct answer, and clearly she wasn't going to get one. "Constable somewhere down south had a narrow squeak, though," he vouchsafed, after due consideration. "We'll be on our way, then. Sorry if we disturbed you. And, by the way, maybe I should have your name and home address, ma'am, just for information."

She hadn't been expecting that, but she was equal to it. Startled by her own readiness, she responded without hesitation. "I'm Rosamund Chartley—that's Mrs. Chartley. I live at 17 Hampton Close, Hereford."

She couldn't be sure how much he would know about the Alports, but her use of their name had registered immediately, she might as well assume that he knew their home town, too. She watched him write down her instant fiction and put his notebook away.

"Thank you, ma'am, we won't keep you any longer now. And I'm sure ye needna be at all uneasy. Good morning, Mrs. Chartley!"

He readjusted his cap and they departed. She closed the door and leaned back against it for a moment, listening. They had a car. She heard it start up and wind away into the convolutions of the lane. Only then did she rebolt and lock the door, and go back into the living-room.

The young man was sitting bolt upright on the settee, his eyes fixed wildly on the empty doorway. The gun was in the clenched right hand that lay on his knee, and the finger was crooked on the trigger.

She saw it instantly, and instantly understood. He must have lowered his hand in sheer stupefaction when the meaning of that astonishing performance of hers penetrated his mind, with his death only the tightening of a nerve away.

OH, she thought, suppose he hadn't waited to hear! Why didn't I take it from him before I went to the door? But there'd been no time to consider everything. And thank heaven, he had waited.

So the first thing she had to do, without delay but without any hasty gesture that could startle him back into despair, was to cross the room to him, and gently take the thing out of his hand. He didn't resist; his cramped fingers opened at her touch, and gave it up without protest. Enormous eyes, cloudy with wonder, devoured her face.

"Why?" he asked, in a rustling whisper. "Why didn't you bring them in and give me up? Why didn't you tell them I tried to kill you?"

She opened a drawer of the little writing-desk on the other side of the room, and thrust the gun far back out of sight. Then she came back to the settee and sat down beside him.

"Look," she said urgently, "you and I have got to talk. We've got a little time now, and the car's safest where it is. They won't come looking for it here now—not yet!"

"But why did you send them away?"

To page 89

RAZZLE DAZZLE DRESS?

MATCH UP YOUR SHOES! EASY! WITH MELTONIAN COLOUR CHANGE.



Colour them matching. Colour them contrasting. Colour them fun! Easy! With Meltonian Colour Change: now available in 31 exciting fashion shades. Colour Change goes over any shade of shoe: dark, light or bright. Perfect for fabric, mesh or leather (not for suede or patent). So easy to apply you can Colour Change one pair of shoes as often as you fancy: and match and mix with all your clothes, at only 75 cents a time!

And to keep all shoes looking shiny and scuff-free, use Meltonian Renovating Polish. Its deeper colour pigment restores smoothness, lustre and good-as-new looks.

At all shoe shops and shoe repairers. Ask for our "Shoe Care and Colour" Leaflet.



Dress by Norma Tullo

NP224

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

"Never mind that. There are things I've got to know. That girl in the car—who is she?"

"Her name's Pippa Gallier," he said, with the docility of despair. "We were going to be married. I thought we were..."

"She's a Comerbourne girl? What was she? What did she do?"

"She worked at the big fashion shop, Pope Halsey's, and did a bit of modelling for them when they had dress shows. She was an assistant buyer. She wasn't a Comerbourne girl, though, her family belong to Birmingham. She had a little flat over one of the shops in Queen Street."

His eyes never wavered from watching her face. He had some kind of stunned trust in her now that told him she must have a reason for probing these irremediable things.

"And how did she come to die?"

"I shot her."

"All right, you shot her! But that's not what I want. I want to know how it happened, every detail, everything you remember. Tell me about it."

HE drew breath as if the effort cost him infinite labor.

"I wanted to marry her. We were running about together steadily until about a couple of months ago, and we were as good as engaged. And then she got very offhand with me for some reason and started pulling away. She turned down dates or she rang up to make excuses, and if I objected she flared up and walked out. They'd always tried to tell me she had other men on a string, too... I never believed it. I was just about her..."

"Who were they?"

"The chap who shares — shared — my cottage. Bill Reynolds, he and I teach at the same school. Other friends of ours, too. And then just over a week ago it seemed as if we'd got past the bad patch. She was the sweetest I've ever known her. I bought her a ring. She'd never let me get that far before. I was happy! And then she suggested that we should go to London together this half-term..."

"To London?" said Bunty sharply. "Not up here, then?"

"No, to London. She had a few days' holiday and she suggested we should drive on Friday evening. So when it came to Friday morning I was ready well ahead of the time we'd fixed, and I ran the car round to her flat, to pick her up. It was a good half hour earlier than she'd be expecting me. And I was just parking the car, a bit away from the house—you know what it's like trying to find anywhere to park in Comerbourne—when I saw her come out of her flat."

"Not alone, with a fellow I'd never seen before. And she was hanging on his arm and chattering away to him and looking up into his face, like... like a cut-price call-girl!"

"Did they see you?" asked Bunty solemnly.

"No. He had a car parked just in front of the shop, a light grey Jaguar, and they got into it and drove off in the other direction. By the time I was across the road they were turning the corner out of Queen Street."

"What was the man like?"

"I'd know him again," he said bitterly. "A big chap, well-dressed, over-dressed for Comerbourne, you don't see many dinner jackets around in Queen Street. Everything about him was smooth, his clothes, his movements... everything except his face. That had some pretty crude, craggy lines, a knobby forehead, auburn hair growing low, cleft chin, eyes buried in a lot of bone. Yes, I'd know him again!"

"And she went with him willingly? You're sure?"

"Willingly? Gladly! You should have seen her!"

"And what did you do?"

"I went back home, trying to kid myself there must be another answer, persuading myself there'd be a message for me. And there was! Bill was just rushing off for his own half-term, to his parents' place in Essex, when I got back. He told me there'd been a phone call for me from Pippa."

"She was terribly sorry, but she'd have to put off leaving for our jaunt until tomorrow evening. Her mother'd turned up unexpectedly, meaning to stay overnight, and she hadn't the heart to run out on her or even tell her she'd had a trip planned. So would I mind keeping away until to-

morrow evening and she'd come along and join me as soon as she'd seen her mother off home!

"And it could all have been true," he said bleakly. "It could all have been true, only I knew now that there wasn't a word of truth in it."

"So I went out and got horribly drunk. But I wasn't too tight to walk round by her flat after the pubs closed. The grey Jaguar was parked round the corner in the mews. Mother stayed the night, all right!"

"And this was Friday? But if she'd ditched you, and if you'd written her off as a dead loss, how did you come to tangle with her again on Saturday?" demanded Bunty.

To page 90

LULUBELLE



"Back to the diet chart!"

The answer is easy!

K9 Meaty Kiblets

—more nourishment than twice its weight in meat

Nothing could be simpler. Just tip K9 Meaty Kiblets into your dog's feeding dish. It's the easy, economical way to give him the very best diet possible.

K9 Meaty Kiblets are not only more nourishing than meat, they have essential Vitamins, minerals and other nutrients simply not found in meat at all.

So consider the problem solved! K9 Meaty Kiblets every day! That's the correct way to serve complete nourishment in the most convenient form.

Saves trouble! Saves money too!



FROM A WORLD LEADER IN NUTRITION — Carnation

**Keep
in good
shape
for
only
5c
a day!**

That's all it costs to have a slim, exciting figure... to return to your normal healthy weight with Mackenzie's Menthoids.

Keep in good shape with Mackenzie's Menthoids. Get them from Chemists and stores everywhere.



FREE

For a free copy of the Mackenzie's Menthoids "Way of Living" Chart send this coupon with a stamped-addressed envelope to:

Mackenzie's Menthoids, Dept. A., P.O. Box 5, Arncliffe, N.S.W. 2205

Makes You Forget You Have FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of false teeth need to be annoyed or feel ill at ease. FASTEETH, a new, improved powder, sprinkled on your plates will keep them firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey taste or feeling. Gums won't get sore. Avoid embarrassment. Get FASTEETH from any chemist. Refuse any substitute.

Page 90

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

"You forget, she didn't know I'd written her off. So around seven o'clock on Saturday evening she came rolling up in a taxi with her biggest suitcase, and started on another apology for Friday's hold-up as soon as she came in at the door. And I'd been howling like a dog all morning with the hang-over of a lifetime, and topping it up again in self-defence most of the afternoon, and I was fit for murder."

"And you owned a gun?"

"I didn't own a gun. I'd never had one in my hands. I know damn-all about the things. When I do mention it you're not going to believe me."

BUNTY said, "I might, though. All right, get to it your own way. She came breezing in, expecting to be taken to London. And you told her that she'd had it, that it was over, and she might as well go home."

"What I told her was meaner than that, but it added up to much the same, and she came up with a good story faster than you'd credit. That was her mother's cousin, that man with the Jaguar, it was because he'd turned up for a visit that her mother'd been able to make the trip, and that's why she had no warning."

"She was all set to put me in the wrong and herself in the right, as usual. Only this time it didn't work. 'You're a liar,' I told her, 'and a cheat,' and what else you are you know best, but as far as I'm concerned, I've done with you, you can go to London, or the devil, or whatever you please, but not with me."

"She couldn't believe it. I'd been so easy up to then. But as soon as she did get it into her head that I meant it, things got even crazier. She started persuading, threatening, even fawning... you've no idea how fantastic a performance that was, from Pippa. You'd have thought getting to London that night was a matter of life and death to her."

"She'd expected the car to be waiting in the road for her, and instead, it was locked in the garage. Bill and I rent—rented—down at the end of the street. When she realised nothing was going to get her her own way any more, she suddenly dived her hand into her bag and pulled out a gun. That gun."

He glanced across at the drawer where Bunty had hidden it, and said wryly: "I told you you wouldn't believe me."

"Go on," she said.

"Well, I still can't believe in it myself. Where would she get a gun? And why should she care enough about going to London with me to grab it out of her bag and point it at me, and tell me I'd better keep my promise to

drive her down, or else! And she meant it, I know she did, now. But then..."

"Then," said Bunty, "you were too furious to be cautious."

"Too drunk," he said hardly. "She waved this thing at me, and threatened, and as far as I was concerned that was the last straw. I just went for her. No holds barred. I got her by the wrist and we had a wild, untidy sort of struggle for the gun. About the rest I'm not sure. But I know I ripped it out of her hand. I know I was holding it when we both fell over together, and went down with a crash. I'm not sure what I hit. The edge of the table, I think. I hit something, all right, I've still got a bump like a hen's egg, to prove it."

"All I know for certain is that I went out cold for a time. I don't know how long, exactly, not more than twenty or twenty-five minutes, I'd say. When I came round, I was lying over Pippa on the floor. And I still had the gun in my hand. And Pippa... she was dead."

"It took me a few minutes to understand that. I was shaking her, talking to her, telling her playing the fool wouldn't get her anywhere... You wouldn't believe how little different she looked... There was no blood, nothing to show for it, only that small hole in her sweater. But she didn't move, and she didn't breathe."

"In the end I knew she was dead, and I'd killed her. 'You,' he said abruptly, turning his haggard eyes on Bunty, 'you change things. But not even you can change that.'"

She laid her hand on his arm, just as she might have done with her own son. "The shot... There's just one bullet-hole. Did you hear the shot?"

He thought that over with agonised care.

"Not that I can remember. I'd expect the moment when we fell to be the moment when the gun went off. When I fired it," he corrected himself grimly. "But I don't actually remember hearing the shot. All I know beyond doubt is that I came round, and she was dead."

"And I panicked. I can't blame the drink for that. I wasn't in very good shape when I came round, but I tell you, I was stone cold sober. I tidied up the room, and locked the house, and ran for the car. You can get it round to the back gate, and it's quite private there."

"I packed up girl and luggage and all in the boot, and picked up the spent cartridge case — it was there on the floor right beside her — and locked the place up again, as if we'd set off according to plan, and got out of there. It didn't take long, there was no mess, no blood... she was lying on her back, you see, and I reckon the bullet must be still in her. I threw

the spent case in a field as soon as I was out of town."

"All I thought of was getting away. At first I didn't know where, I was driving round and round on the country roads in a state of shock, trying to think, and I had to have a drink to help me. And that was when I met you."

He looked up. "I wish I'd left you alone. I'm sorry!"

"What were you going to do?" asked Bunty.

"I thought of this place. I've been here several times with Reggie and Louise, and they gave me an open invitation to use it even after they'd packed it in for the year and gone home. They're like that, they probably invited other people, too. That's why they leave a key. And I thought of Reggie's boat."

"You were going to drop her overboard," said Bunty, "and head for Denmark, or somewhere..."

"Norway, actually. It must be possible to land unobserved somewhere on all that coastline, and I know my way around there a little."

"And I," she said practically, "was to go overboard, too, in mid-passage."

He stared back at her. "Why didn't you take your chance when it came?" he asked in a thread of a voice. "Why did you send the police away?"

"I'd only just realised it," she said deliberately, "but I knew I didn't need them. In the night I wasn't thinking very clearly, or I might have known before. Things are distorted as soon as you're afraid. I had all the evidence, if I'd been able to recognise it."

"When you drove at that constable in Hawksworth... did he jump back first, or did you swerve first? I didn't work it out then, I know now. No wonder you couldn't go through with it when it came to my turn."

HE was in no condition to follow her through such a maze; he clung to his own question.

"Why did you send them away? Why didn't you hand me over to them, and be safe?"

"Because," said Bunty with certainty, "I was safe. Because I don't believe you are a murderer. I don't believe you ever killed anyone, not even Pippa!"

For a long moment he stared up at her in absolute stupefaction.

"I wish that was even possible," he said, panting, "but it's crazy. Look, it's nice of you to pretend, but there were only two characters in all this rotten scene, Pippa and me. Nobody else! And I was lying on top of her, and she was dead with a bullet in her, and I was clutching the gun. I wanted to kill her..."

"You wanted to kill me," said Bunty bluntly. "What does that prove?"

"No," he said passionately, "I never wanted to kill you. I meant to..."

"Meant to or wanted to, I'm still here."

"But there was no one else there, only the two of us..."

"How do you know that? You were out for twenty minutes."

"You're not pretending. You do mean it," he said, staring, and shook with his sudden devouring hope and fear. "But if I didn't kill her, who did? Who else had my motive? Who else had a motive at all?"

"How can we know that, when we know next to nothing about her? If she was betraying you she could have been betraying others as well. And if it was a sound motive for you, so it was for them."

"The most I could squeeze out of it," he said wretchedly, "was that it might have been

almost an accident, when it came to the point... that the gun might have gone off when we fell. Even that I couldn't make myself believe. So it's that's what you're trying to prove..."

"No," she said at once, "not that. Because I think murder was done, that evening. But not by you."

"I wish to heaven," he said, trembling, "you could convince me."

"Give me a chance to try. Let me look at that bump of yours, where you hit the table — if you did hit the table."

He sat charmed into obedient stillness as she took his head in her hands and turned him a little to get the full light from the window on the place.

"It's crazy," he said. "After all this, I don't even know what to call you."

"Most people call me Bunty. Bend your head forward... that's it."

To page 92

ISLE ANTICS!



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



Sanitary belts are now old-fashioned!



Feel free in Slimline Brief Set

BY KOTEX®

the prettiest
free-est, freshest,
safest external
feminine protection
ever!

Exactly what is this new form of feminine protection? You wear a glamorous nylon stretch brief, specially Kotex-designed to fit like your skin. It has one tiny tab inside. Into this tab you slot two special napkins. First an accident-proof Slimline napkin and then a tiny mini-napkin that's absorbent as a sponge, and fits so close to you it takes most of the flow. Result? You can wear your slimmest dress (or swimsuit) and feel prettier, freer and safer than you'd have believed possible!

FREE! Illustrated booklet explains the Slimline Brief Set in detail. Write for your free copy to:
Slimline, P.O. Box 42, Lane Cove, NSW 2066

*Registered Trademark Kimberly-Clark Corp. †Trademark



First buy the complete set (lacy brief, napkins and mini-naps) in this **BLUE PACK \$1.99**



Then buy napkins and mini-naps only in this **PINK PACK 30c**

KKR15

Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves stops itch—even in most stubborn cases —not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of haemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful. All this, without the use of narcotics, anaesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

The mark of the blow he had taken was there to be found without difficulty, a swollen, tender pear-shape, above and if anything slightly behind his right ear. The forward end of it was higher, and only there was the skin slightly broken in one spot. She parted the thick dark hair to examine the mark carefully.

"Unless you've got a table with padded edges, it certainly wasn't the table that did this," she said finally.

"It looks to me much more the kind of mark you'd have if someone had come up behind you and hit you one nice, scientific tap to put you out. Somebody who knew how to go about it, and had the right sort of tool for the job. Maybe a piece of lead piping inside a sock, or simply a rubber cosh."

He gaped at her dazedly. "Bunty... do you really believe what you're saying. You wouldn't try to... soothe me, would you? Just out of kindness?"

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

"No," she said. "I wouldn't. I'm only saying what I mean."

"Then... what do you think happened?"

"I think someone else walked into that room—and I'll bet that you had your back to the door and Pippa was facing it. He laid you out with a knock on the head, and then dealt with Pippa."

"For some reason of his own, which we don't know. So there was Pippa dead, and you beautifully set up to take the blame. So beautifully that you yourself believed you'd killed her."

"Even so, it looks as if I've cut my own throat, doesn't it?" he said with a lopsided grin. "I've run out and pointed the finger at myself. What do I do now? Go to the police and give myself up?"

"No," said the law-abiding

police wife. "Not yet! I've burned my boats, too, remember? I bought a few hours by lying to the police and sending them away. I gave a false name. To them I'm an accessory after the fact. What we do now is make use of the short time we've got in hand."

"Before we go to the police, let's see exactly what we have got, and have a go at making sense of it. The more evidence we can hand to them, the better prospects we've got."

"We?" he said softly. "Well," she repeated with emphasis. "And the very first thing you do is get a few hours' sleep... and a bath, if it'll help. You've had no sleep for two nights, and I haven't had much, and we're going to need our wits about us. I'll tidy up this mess, and then I'll snatch a sleep, too. But before you go—what can I call you?"

"Luke. My name's Luke Tennant."

The turmoil of hope had finally overwhelmed him. He rolled himself in the quilt on the Alports' bed, and drowned in the vast sea of sleep that had been waiting for his first unguarded moment. And Bunty, having restored order in the living-room, lay down in the cushions of the settee and was instantly asleep herself.

It was nearly noon when she awoke. She got up stiffly, sticky with sleep, and went to explore the contents of the kitchen cupboard. A canned Sunday luncheon was better than nothing. There was rice, and ham, and some exotic canned vegetables. And blessedly, there was coffee.

She had just finished her preparations when she heard him coming down the stairs with a brisk tread that told her plainly he meant to resume responsibility for his own fate. He was a new if slightly battered man, polished, shaven, combed. He had even changed his clothes. His face was still pale, but the terrible tension was eased.

"I hope you're hungry," she said. "You've probably got to be, to eat this concoction."

FROM THE BIBLE

● *And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.*

— Revelation 21; 1.

I've knocked up. It was the best I could do. If you don't mind, I'll dish it up in the kitchen and bring it in on the plates."

They faced one another across the dining-room table.

"Bunty, I've been thinking..." he began.

"Good!" she said. "Maybe you can infect me. After lunch we've got a lot of hard thinking to do."

"Not we," he said gently. "I, Bunty, I'm more grateful to you than I can ever tell you. But now I've got to go on with this by myself. I've let you do too much for me, and without you I should never have come to my senses. But now I am in my right mind, and I want you out of this mess, clean out of it."

"After lunch I'm going to drive you into Forfar, and put you on a train for Edinburgh, on the way home. I'd make it all the way to Edinburgh, and see you safe on the express, only I doubt if I could get the car that far without being picked up."

"I doubt," said Bunty, laying down her fork with careful quietness, "whether you'll get it as far as Forfar, either."

"I think I shall. I know

these roads. And I shall feel a little less guilty if I know you're clear away."

She was surprised at the violence of the sudden temptation that tugged at her mind and heart, to accept the offer and escape now, back into her old prosaic life. She thought with an astonishing surge of joy and longing of her unexciting household. By morning she could be home. No one need ever know she had been away at all. Not even George!

The very mention, the very thought of George turned her in her tracks, and brought everything into focus for her. Of course she couldn't consider it. She had never seriously believed that she could.

"Eat your lunch," she said practically, "it'll be even more revolting cold. You're wasting your time. I won't leave you. We're in this together, and we stand or fall together. I'm not going home to Comberbourne until I can take you with me, a free man."

In a sudden harsh gasp he burst out: "I meant to kill you!" and shuddered at the memory.

"I know you did. I know you meant to, but you couldn't. There was never any possibility that you'd be able to do it, when it came to the point. And neither can I go away and leave you now. Maybe I meant to, for a moment, but I can't."

HE said, after a long pause, "Then I'd better bring in her things from the car, and see if there's anything there that means anything, to begin with. I suppose I ought to bring her in, too. Bunty, watching his profile narrowly, noting its determined calm, saw sweat break in beads on his lips. "In any case I shall have to, to get at her suitcase."

He had laid Pippa down carefully on the bed in the guest-room upstairs and locked the door. He was back with Bunty in the living-room.

"You know," said Bunty intently, "what really puzzles me about Pippa? Not so much why she dropped you—most likely that was what she picked up with this other man—but why she picked you up again. Not out of any affection, you soon found that out. No, she came running after you and made herself charming again because she wanted something out of you."

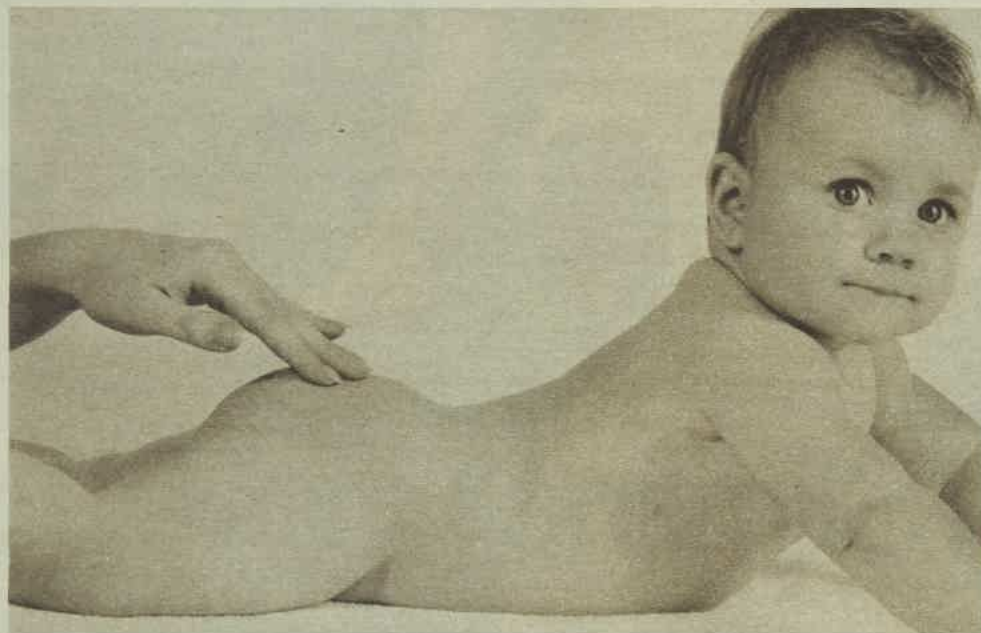
"It would make sense," he agreed painfully, remembering Pippa alive. "Only she never actually asked me for much, did she? A trip to London in my company. Oh, yes, and the loan of the car on Thursday, because she was going shopping for clothes. She brought it back in the evening, and we went to a cinema. But that's all she asked from me."

"But that drive to London with you she wanted very, very badly. She showed you that when you held out to her. What could possibly have been so urgent about it? I mean, she could as easily got herself there by train, or she wanted to go as badly as all that. But that wouldn't do. It had to be with you. But why? Why should it matter to her how she ran out, even if for some reason she had to run?"

He shook his head hopelessly. "I don't know." "But Pippa knew. She knew of a very strong reason indeed. When she couldn't get her own way by charm, she was even desperate enough to use the gun. And now I've thought of something else. You were meant to be found right there."

To page 93

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 3, 1960



No nappy rash with Vaseline Petroleum Jelly!

Try this test and see how it waterproofs skin. And how powder doesn't!



Rub Vaseline Petroleum Jelly generously over the palm of your hand.



Wipe off with a napkin.



Pour on water. See how it runs off, leaving your skin perfectly dry.

Now, with baby powder, do the same test on your other hand. Feel the moisture going right through to your palm. You've just proved that Vaseline Petroleum Jelly keeps irritating wetness out better than powder, because it waterproofs skin. Use Vaseline Petroleum Jelly at every nappy change. You'll have a happier baby.



the spot, a sitting duck. After still out, or half-dizzy body. Caught red-handed with a murder you couldn't begin to deny... even knowing yourself guilty..."

"Yes," he said, "that's the way it would have been."

Then, she said, closing her eyes tightly in concentration, "whoever planted you would have to take steps to ensure that you should be found like that. I'd stake my life that the police got an anonymous telephone call to your house, just as soon as the other fellow had made sure he was out of range."

"But you came round too early and scared sober, landed up the place, ran for the car, and got out with all the evidence. So the police would dismiss it as a hoax by some crank."

"Bunty," he said suddenly, reaching across the table to catch her hand, "I don't want you to hope too much, and put yourself badly let down in the end. You've made me begin to believe I couldn't have done it, but everything I've got is only conjecture. There isn't one bit of evidence to show that there was

ever anyone else there but the two of us. Not one!"

"Give me time," she said, "and I'll prove there was someone else there."

"The gun's no help," he said heavily. "Even if someone else did handle it, you can bet he'd have wiped it clean before he planted it back in my hand."

"That's so," she agreed. "At least... wait!" A sudden light came into her eyes. "I know we've wrecked any chance of getting anything off the outside. But we haven't touched the inside. I bet nobody thought of wiping that part off before they planted it on to you."

"But it isn't going to tell us anything, is it," he objected ruefully. "Pippa loaded it—"

"Ah, but did she? How do we know that? She most probably got that gun from somebody else, somebody shady. And if she got somebody to give her a gun, wouldn't she get him to load it for her, too?"

"You're probably right at that," he agreed, reflecting the glow of her excitement back to her. "Do you think the chap who gave it to her may be the same one who killed her?"

"Why not? It's a good chance, anyway. Now bring that suitcase over here where the light's good."

Pippa Gallier's suitcase was of the air-travel type, large but light, and secured, in addition to its twin locks, with a broad external strap. Luke laid it on the couch, unbuckled the strap, and tried one of the locks with his thumb. The flap sprang back at once, a success he had not expected.

He released the other one, and opened the case on as tempting a collection of femi-

THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

nine fashion as Bunty had ever seen under one lid. Pippa had loved clothes, and cared for them tenderly. Everything was delicately folded, protected in plastic and held in place by pink corded ribbon.

BUNTY loosed the ribbon tethers, and began to lift out the upper layers carefully, surveying each before she removed it.

"She did herself well. Doesn't it seem to you that a lot of this is brand-new?"

"I told you, she took the car shopping on Thursday. I said she'd have time to shop in London, but she couldn't wait. She loved clothes," he said helplessly, watching delicate feminine colors lifted one by one from Pippa's treasury.

"I see she did. Too well," said Bunty sharply, "to have let this pass when she was packing."

He had noticed nothing wrong, and indeed there was little to notice, just a corner of a folded skirt crumpled into creases. And directly below that, the lace edge of a slip folded back on itself.

Bunty slid her hand into the corner and felt down past layer after layer, turning them back to examine each as she came to it. Then she readjusted them, a glint of excitement in her eye, and treated all the other corners in the same way.

"You see?"

He didn't see: his own packing would have looked so different that this still appeared perfection.

"He was very neat, he

hardly disturbed anything, but he left his traces, all the same. She'd never have left those corners crumpled like that, not even by one fold. Somebody has been through this case, hunting for something. Something big enough to be easily found, because he didn't lift out the things, he just ran his hands down in the corners and here, at the front, and felt for it. And what's more," she said with certainty, "he didn't find it!"

"How can you possibly know that?"

"Because if anything sizable had been yanked from under these pretties, not only would they have been disarranged a good deal more, but also the hole where the thing had been would be there to be seen and felt. And even if he'd lifted things out, I think I'd be able to tell the difference."

"But..." He was afraid to believe too readily. He was still waiting for the unmistakable sign, something as positive as a fingerprint.

"I wonder," said Bunty, "what he was looking for?" She closed the lid again over the delicate remains of Pippa's human vanity, and turned to their last card, the large, expensive handbag of cream-colored glove-leather. "This is new, too? She was really intending to start afresh, wasn't she?"

He said sombrely: "Yes"; thinking, but not with me.

Bunty unclasped the opulent bag, and turned it upside-down over the table, letting its contents slide out gently through her fingers to be spread out on the polished surface. She moved the

items aside one by one, innocuous things like comb, handkerchief, purse - cum - wallet, stamp-case, compact, lipstick, tissues in a clear plastic holder...

"... ball-pen, manicure, pills for travel sickness... Was she a bad traveller in a car?"

"Not that I know of. But we hadn't made any long trips together before. Maybe she was. When you come down to it, I didn't really know much about her."

"... a folder about what's on in London, a small wallet of hair-grips, That's all. Well?"

"Well?" he repeated, without understanding. "Yes, that's all. Nothing there to tell us anything new."

"Oh, no?" said Bunty. "Then where are her keys?"

"Keys?" he echoed. "Keys!"

"Yes, her keys. Her suitcase wasn't locked. Would Pippa go anywhere with her suitcase unlocked? Of course she locked it! Of course she had her keys with her, here, in this handbag. He — whoever he was — he took her keys to look through her case, and he didn't find what he was looking for, so he kept the keys. Why? To look for it in her flat?"

"There was someone there," he said, suddenly shaking with laughter like a lunatic. "I didn't..." And he put his head down and laughed and wept, with relief, with rapture, because he wasn't a murderer.

"She always carried them," he said, almost gaily. His face was warm, human, mobile. "She was a person who took care to lock things. She had a little leather case shaped like a climbing boot,

she'd bought it somewhere in the Tyrol, one holiday. A little kid climbing boot with a keyring. You fitted your keys on the ring, and it went inside the boot, and the boot zipped up.

"She wouldn't go away without that! And it isn't here. And I didn't take it. So somebody else did. So I believe — I believe now! — that I didn't kill her. Someone did come in on us. I was set up purposely to take the blame. Can you credit it?" he said, lost in wonder. "Now I don't even care so much if they convict me. Just so I know I didn't do it."

"They're not going to convict you," said Bunty quietly. "They can reason, too. And they'll listen, I'll see to that. And there's her flat in Comersbourne, that ought to furnish some evidence, too. The gun... her suitcase searched... her keys missing... We've got something to offer, now."

He looked at the light, and calculated chances, and wondered.

"Maybe we ought to wait a little, just until it's dusk? I should hate to be picked up now. I want to drive up to the police station and report in without any question of compulsion."

"We could wait a little longer," said Bunty. "Why don't you put the boat away, while we're waiting?"

He looked at her across the white and orange room, and tried to assess the quality she had for him. And those eyes for which his experience had no measure, so blazingly honest and gallant and clear, the eyes that had first drawn him to her. They were looking at him now with a direct, contented regard in which he

To page 94

OH, BOY!



"Isn't it almost my bedtime?"



"Don't dance too close... I have a frog asleep under my shirt..."



"My teacher's improving! Today he recognised my Mozart concerto!"



"Hey, Mum! Guess what I traded my baby sister for?"



"I'll never understand women if I live to be twelve."



THE GRASS WIDOW'S TALE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

found undoubted affection, but did not dare find more.

But I love you, he thought, I shall love you for ever and ever and ever, as long as I live, and even after I'm dead. I had no conception that there could be a person like you. Utterly without deceit or meanness or the very shadow of anything second-rate. Nobody ever told me you were possible or I would never have settled for anything less.

"Yes, of course," he said, fumbling after ordinary words through the golden haze of a revelation for which no expression was possible.

And he took off his coat and slung it on the back of a chair, putting on instead an old duffle jacket that Reggie Alport left permanently hanging in the hall cupboard. In a few moments Bunty heard his footsteps, unbelievably light and young now, leaping down the slaty stairs toward the water.

By the time she had washed out the stained tablecloth and hung it to dry, she was no longer entirely easy in her mind about those keys. Supposing she had read too much into their absence, and built him up on insufficient evidence to another shattering fall?

What if they were upstairs at the time, for instance, in Pippa's coat pocket? No, that was too late to believe. Someone who loved clothes so much wouldn't spoil the set of them by carrying things of any bulk or weight in the pockets.

Still, why not slip up and make sure, while Luke was out of the house?

There was his coat on the back of the chair by the desk. The bedroom key was there, she found it in the left-hand outside pocket. She ran up the stairs, and let herself into the pastel-colored room.

Touching Pippa's set up no repugnance at all; Bunty had seen death before.

The charcoal-colored coat had two large slant pockets. There was nothing in them, but they were cut so wide and shallow they might easily shed their contents when the wearer was recumbent. Better look in the boot of the car, too, and make quite sure.

Bunty tiptoed out of the room and closed and locked the door. She was still moving soundlessly when she slipped the bedroom key back into Luke's pocket.

The garage key was hanging on its own proper hook in the kitchen; Luke had made no attempt to hide it, once he had brought Pippa and her belongings into the house. Bunty let herself out by the front door and crossed the gravel to the timber building, large enough for two cars. She unlocked the door and went in.

There was the big old Rover, a hulking black shape in the light from the dusty window. At the last moment she wondered if Luke would have locked the boot again, and whether she would have to go back and hunt for more keys; but the huge lid gave easily to her hand and bounced open to its fullest. There was nothing to hide in there now.

Pippa had travelled a great many miles in this dark coffin, and there had been some pretty rough riding on the way. The Tyrolean climbing boot could very easily have rolled out of those shallow pockets and into a dark corner here and escape notice. But no, there was nothing to be found but a gallon can for petrol, the spare wheel braced to one side, and a wooden tool-box and a jack shoved well to the back.

Bunty moved those items which were movable, and felt all round the dusty floor until she was satisfied. Nothing. And the thing could hardly have found its way into the petrol can or the tool-box.

Nevertheless, she opened the lid of the box. A roughish affair, but solid, maybe as old as the car. There was a top tray full of small tools. She lifted it out and below was a larger compartment.

The clean, new, flat package that lay there, almost as large as the inside dimensions of the box, and wrapped neatly in decorative bookshop paper, started her by its sheer incongruity. It was about fifteen inches by ten, and could easily have been one of the latest gift-books currently fashionable.

Only it wasn't. She prodded it, and it had no bound hardness, but a thick, yielding, heavy, paper quality. It might have been unremarkable enough almost anywhere else; but here it arrested her attention sharply.

She lifted it out, pulled at the end of the pink tape that tied it, and unwrapped it at one end. It felt like paper, and it was paper. Neat bundles of thin, limp oblongs printed in sepia browns and muted greens on white, and held together in regular order by girdles of narrow brown gumstrip. Six bundles in one layer, four of them ranged side by side, and two lengthways alongside them; and several layers.

She riffled the ends through her fingers unbelievably, and stared, and stared again. She had never seen so many ten-pound notes in her life. At a lightning estimate, she was holding in her hands something over twelve thousand pounds.

To be concluded

The Wonderful World of Lloyd Triestino

The moment you step into you know...the dream trip of a lifetime is about to come true!



It's hard to imagine a more pleasant way of spending a lazy morning. Swimming. Soaking up Indian Ocean sun. Sipping sodas! This is the Lloyd Triestino life... and it's great!



Everyone's full of plans for their trips across Europe to London. So inexpensive, too. Lloyd Triestino makes all the arrangements.



Night... and the ship really swings! Concerts, games, movies. And the band... Continental, with that now sound... even at 2 a.m.!



That pool! Can't keep away from it... and there's always a soft deck chair and thirst-quenchers waiting 'longside.



How about another round of deck tennis? Or shuffleboard! Or cards with the crowd! The ship's open now, too! Decisions! Decisions!



So that's Las Palmas! Won't be long before we're hunting for duty-free bargains and seeing the sights. There's always tons of time ashore!



When they say "Welcome aboard" they really mean it! And what a magnificent ship! Did you know that Lloyd Triestino's two luxury liners are the newest sailing between Australia and Europe?



Choosing a course isn't easy. Those menus are often 70 dishes long, and everything's delicious. Heard Lloyd Triestino's master chefs are internationally famous for their superb cuisine... I'm convinced.

Sailing to Europe aboard Galileo and Marconi you enjoy an entirely new kind of life at sea. In these sleek Lloyd Triestino flagships, we gladly offer you our own special hospitality... a proud 131 year-old tradition that includes superb accommodation in first and tourist class, and every thoughtful luxury and service.

See your travel agent today for full details on fares and sailings. And remember our grand economy season! It's from August to January.



Lloyd Triestino

operating the newest luxury liners

on the Australian-Europe service

BUTTERICK PATTERNS

4529. — Empire dress with low neckline front and back has pleated and gathered full skirt. Belt extends from front detail, with button and top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

4164. — Tent dress with three-quarter bell-shaped sleeves, contrast bands at hem and neckline. Short sleeves and collar included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4569. — Step-in shirt dress in ankle-, street-, or above-knee-length has bias front tab and collar. Sizes, Young Junior 30½, 31½, 33; Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.

4569

4529

4164

4484

4181

4181. — A-line skirt darted into waistband. Sizes 24, 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. waist. Price 50 cents includes postage.

3741. — Shift with ruffle on yoke seam, full-length sleeves. Self-belt and bow trim. Sizes: Sub-Teen 28, 29, 31, 33; Young Junior 30½, 31½, 33; Teen 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 50 cents includes postage.

4484. — A-line dress or jumper with square armholes and square neckline has seaming details. Optional top-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE	PRICE
ADDRESS			

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

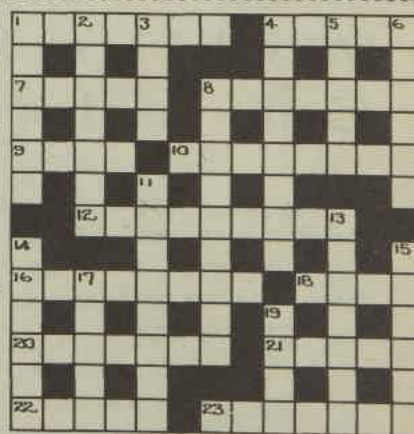
THOUSANDS of light years from earth is Magna—the greatest planet in the galaxies. The emperor is Magnon. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Adore to row back to the boat (7).
- The fleshy editor is doomed (5).
- Supports refreshing inactivities (5).
- Panting to whirl in a joke (7).
- Formerly it was a way out (4).
- Father's around in ships ropes (8).
- Printer's measure squeezes monarchs (9).
- A man Eric (anagr., 8).
- An Egyptian goddess is repeated (4).
- Last in bed gets blown up (7).
- A female relative (5).
- The Mexican with the German tree (5).
- Opposes is in supports (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



- A guard is pale about a mixed color (6).
- Pause concerning hatred (7).
- A dish for a mixed-up king (4).
- This is a stronghold (8).
- Your in in the days of yore (5).
- An abstract to dissolve in the stomach (6).
- Stern measure for a place of interment (9).
- A runner is a publisher under direction (8).
- Nurses the relatives (7).
- Physician in a strong wind is to speculate wildly (6).
- Estimate the female donkey? (6).
- The Mexican and an antelope (5).
- The burden is at our expense (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.



"Would you believe it.....
Only yesterday I was coughing my head off!"

"All day long it was cough... cough... cough! I just dreaded the thought of night coming on. So, I had a talk to my family chemist and he suggested I try Nyal 'Decongestant'."

Your own family chemist will tell you that Nyal 'Decongestant' is a prescription-standard cough elixir that gives **real** relief from coughing. It contains medications which, by law, can be sold only

by chemists. That's just one reason why it's so effective.

'Decongestant' loosens the congestion that causes irritating coughing; helps clear bronchial tubes so that you can breathe easily; soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest. At night you'll get restful sleep, undisturbed by constant coughing.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

6 fl oz 78c • 12 fl oz \$1.35 • 16 fl oz \$1.74



SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

NYAL COMPANY • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, ERMINGTON, N.S.W. 2115

The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News

Black and white—a bang-on color choice for young sophisticates—is highlighted here and on pages 2, 3



Two smart young A-line designs in black wool. Nifty dress with the crisp white collar and cuffs has a button trim. Tabbed lace bib and cuffs decorate the other style, far right. Both by Toronto. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$10.66. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, Second Floor.)

Fashions in the Shops

BLACK and WHITE



Black-and-white-striped wool dress with bib detail has lace trim on collar and cuffs and two-tone buttons. In brown and white, also. XXSSW-SW. About \$23. (Wilson's, 180 Pitt Street.)



Young black-and-white looks. Wool dress, left, with narrow white lace collar-and-cuff trim. XXSSW-SW. About \$13.99. Black crepe dress, right, has frilled lace bib-front and cuffs and a high collar. XXSSW-SW. About \$11.99. (Waltons.)



Swing dress of black wool has white cotton collar and cuffs trimmed with lace. Available in range of colors. XXSSW-W. By Shubette. About \$10. (Wilson's, 180 Pitt Street.)



Black-and-white-check wool coat-dress buttons through, has half-belt across back of high waistline. XXSSW-SW. About \$11.99. (Waltons.)



At left: This cute little dress in black estacel with surface interest is from Ninette's "Nutmeg" collection. The style has tiny leg-o'-mutton sleeves, is smocked, and lace-trimmed. XXSSW-SW. About \$19. (Mark Foy's "Young Look" Shop, Liverpool Street.)



At right: V-necked black crepe dress, left, swings wide to the shoulder, has deep, white organza collar and cuffs with decorative edging. XXSSW-SW. About \$13.99. Snappy black wool dress (right) with white collar, cuffs, and doubled buttons. XXSSW-SW. About \$11.99. (Waltons.)



Frothy - white lace frills deeply for a feminine old-world effect in this black estacel crepe dress by Le Goye Parisienne. 10-18. About \$23.50. (Chat Noir, Kings Cross; Catrina Boutique, Cronulla.)

DAY and ...



Below: Grey wool frock checked in orange and brown has wide inset at waist. In other colors, too. 10-16. About \$17. (Farmer's "White Collar Girl" Dept., 2nd floor.)

Above: Black pleated estocel Modern Millie mini-dress with white collar, cuffs by La Goye Parisienne. Sizes 10-18. About \$22.50. (Black Poodle, Darlinghurst.)



At left: Soft, feminine shift dress loosely caught at waist with a self-belt is angora paisley-printed in shades of pink, green, and caramel. XSSW-SW. About \$22. (Sportsgirl.)

Above: Horizontal welting at bust, waist, and hip level is featured in pure wool dress. In camel, gold. 10-16. About \$31. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)



... NIGHT

ROMANTIC LOOK FOR AFTER-FIVE



Above: Dolly, blue
maire gown with
ruffled lace trim by
Ninette. In black
with white lace also.
XXSW, SSW, SW, W.
About \$30. (Mark
Foy's Evening Wear
Dept., Liverpool
Street.)

At left: Charming
party looks—black
lace dress with satin
trim, John J. Hilton
Group One. XXSSW-
SW. About \$27.50.
Black - and - white -
striped sheer dress,
with white collar and
cuffs. XXSSW - SW.
About \$30.99. (Mark
Foy's Young Look
Shop, Liverpool
Street.)

At right: Paprika
velvet hostess skirt
with glitter buckle.
\$20. (Farmer's Skirt
Dept. 2nd floor.)
Mexican wedding
blouse, white only,
about \$7. (Farmer's
Blouse Dept., 2nd
floor.)





FOR THE OLDER WOMAN

Above: Smart wool ensemble has a camel-and-white (or pink-and-white) check coat with a broad, buckled half-belt over a pink dress with front panel and button trim. XXSSW-SW. About \$57. (Grace Bros. Coat Depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands.)



At left: Horizontal cocoa/beige striped wool dress with brown collar and belt. Also orange/pink, purple/blue, brown/camel. Sizes 12-18. About \$17. (Farmer's Fashion Knits Section, Sportswear Dept., 2nd Floor.)

At right: Stylish wool dress by Play Togs has a low, inverted front pleat and twin pockets. In pale pink, pale blue, baby camel. XXSSW-SW. About \$13.99. (Waltons.)



At right: Swashbuckling black velvet cape with grosgrain trim. Available in chocolate velvet also. By John J. Hilton Group One, 12-18. About \$36. (Mark Foy's Coat Dept., Liverpool Street.)



Below: Attractive, long-sleeved orlon knit dress is in navy/red, white/emerald, kasha/brown, brown/orange. XSSW-W. About \$11.99. (All Big W Stores.)



Interesting stripe pattern in a fully fashioned navy/royal/sky wool-knit frock. In tan/brown, gold/kasha also. XSSW-W. About \$11.99. (All Big W Stores.)

Fashions in the shops

WHAT PEOPLE

AT A LUNCHEON

New fashion trends for winter, 1968, were well to the fore when guests arrived at the Wentworth Hotel for the Ezra Mother's Day luncheon. Here are some of the well-dressed women who attended.



Above: Helmet hat of soft white felt tied under the chin with a black ribbon was perfect foil for Mrs. Norman Skolnik's black wool suit. She wore a white silk blouse and white leather gloves, and added patent bag and shoes.



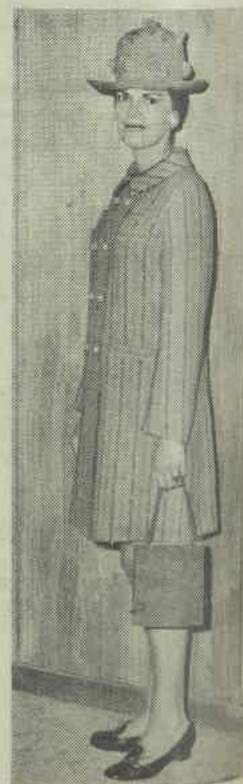
At right: Military-style coat of black wool with unusual chain fastenings looked smart with Mrs. George Bloomfield's black lacy stockings and patent accessories. She wore a maxi black - and - white spotted bow at the nape of her neck.



Above: Young mothers, Mrs. David Lance (at left) chose a black-and-white houndstooth check shift with white pique collar and cuffs, and Mrs. Alex Moss wore a navy three-piece suit trimmed with a striking white leather collar and spotted silk cravat.

At left: Camel, bone, and grey checked wool shift was worn by Mrs. Joseph Brender. It featured a wide polo neck, and looked chic with bone turtle shoes and handbag.

At right: Cut-out bowler of emerald felt toned beautifully with Mrs. Albert Freedman's emerald - and - chocolate - striped ensemble and emerald suede Italian handbag.



ARE WEARING in SYDNEY



Mrs. Louis Mauduit recently returned from five weeks in Paris and London, where she made some glamorous additions to her wardrobe. Above she wears her favorite souvenir from Paris — a Christian Dior evening jacket, fully beaded in charcoal and olive tonings over an olive chiffon backing. At left, pictured with daughters Patricia, 6, and Miranda-Tiare, 3, she wears the navy wool dress and jacket she bought from Pierre Balmain. She adds a French beret in navy, mustard, and emerald stripes. At right: Mrs. Mauduit in the navy-and-white check wool dress and jacket designed by Jacqueline De Puy, of Paris, whom she describes as "an exciting young designer becoming very popular with the younger Parisians."



INTERNATIONAL FASHIONS

SOME people collect matchboxes — others color slides. But for women the most exciting thing about travelling overseas is to bring back an international wardrobe. Here three Sydney women model their overseas favorites.



Above: Givenchy-inspired dress and coat is one of the elegant outfits Mrs. Neville Christie bought on her recent holiday to America and Mexico. The superbly cut dress of white jersey features a wide contrasting black cummerbund which matches the one on the checked coat.



At left: Mrs. Sid Griff wears her python coat, which has a lynx collar with a matching lynx hat, long black leather boots, and leather gloves. The outfit came from London, where Mr. Griff bought the skin coat at Harrods after his wife had admired it in a glossy fashion magazine.

What



Above: Princess Anne arriving at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, for a performance of the Danish Ballet, in a simply styled white evening gown of embossed silk with a white fur stole. With her was Princess Margaret (not in picture) and Lord Snowdon, at right.



At left: Down came the rain, but Liz Ferris and Robbie Knight, pictured as they left Caxton Hall, London, after their marriage, looked as though they didn't care. Liz, a former Olympic diver, wore a maxi-length Edwardian-styled striped dress and boots.

At right: London deb Jayne Harries, 17-year-old daughter of a Welsh millionaire property man and racehorse breeder, was a show-stealer at the annual Queen Charlotte's birthday ball in London, with her long blonde hair done in ringlets and a dress of white silk frilled with spotted muslin.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 5, 1969

people are wearing overseas



Above: Dino de Laurentis and his actress wife, Silvana Mangano, with Walter Read, jun., were among the distinguished international audience which attended the American premiere of the film "War and Peace." Miss Mangano wore a superb gown of yellow silk with a jewelled neckline.



At right: Moscow film star Ludmilla Savelyeva arriving at the De Mille theatre for the premiere of "War and Peace" in which she plays Natasha. Her theatre-coat had a high-set belt with a diamante buckle and was cut at the neckline to show an Edwardian-style blouse beneath.



Rolling Stone Mick Jagger with singer Marianne Faithfull, at the premiere of "2001: A Space Odyssey," wore their own style of way-out gear. Mick was in a velvet suit with a black satin trim and a frilled white shirt, and Marianne wore a sleeveless silk trouser-suit edged in a floral-designed braid.



Virginia Wade, one of England's outstanding tennis players, is a snappy dresser off the court. Here she wears a cropped oatmeal wool jacket and Bermuda-style shorts.



Britt Eklund, film-star wife of Peter Sellers, waves a £25,000 cheque she received on behalf of the Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. She is wearing a maxi-skirt, bolero jacket, and long yellow boots.

OUR BUDGET BUYS OF THE WEEK

Two very smart jersey dresses and a soft little suit in spirit-raising colors are the stores' budget offers to our readers this week. Stocks are limited so choose without delay.



Classic wool jersey dress, above left, front-buttoned to waistline, has a tie belt and slit pockets. In turquoise, ruby, charcoal, lagoon. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -OS $\frac{1}{2}$. \$16. (Grace Bros., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands Proportionate Fittings Depts.) Go-anywhere wool jersey style, right, with stand-up buttoned collar and buttoned cuffs is in blue, ruby, orange, black. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -OS $\frac{1}{2}$. \$16. (All Grace Bros. Stores Proportionate Fittings Depts.)



Colorful suit in knitted vonnel is uncrushable, washable, drip-dry. Available in green, orange, and blue floral patterns. SSW-XW. \$9. (All McDowell's Stores.)

The Australian Women's Weekly presents

BENCH-TOP COOKERY

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1968 BENCH-TOP COOKERY — Page 1

INDEX

SOUPS, SALADS

Chilled Cucumber Soup	7
Green Vichyssoise	5
Mimosa Salad	7
Prawn Salad Platter	7
Raw Mushroom Salad	15

SAUCES

Bernaise Sauce	15
Caper Sauce	15
Chocolate Rum Sauce	10
Hollandaise Sauce	5
Mayonnaise	7
Rum-Butterscotch Sauce	10

MAIN DISHES

Buffet Steak and Mushrooms	13
Chicken Livers with Rosemary	4
Fillets of Sole Bonne Femme	4
Fish with Sweet and Sour Sauce	12
Fondue, Bourguignonne	15
Fondue, Cheese	15
Lamb's Fry, Italian Style	3
Lamb Oriental	12
Nasi Goreng	14
Pineapple Beef Curry	12
Saute of Lamb Provencale	13
Saute Veal with Lemon	12
Savory Macaroni	12
Seasoned Veal Rolls	14
Sherried Veal	14
Spiced Chicken	12
Steak Diane	4
Steaks in Red Wine	3

DESSERTS

Apricot Orange Compote	14
Flambe Rum Fruits	4
Frozen Apple Snow	7
Mandarin Cheesecake	5
Sherried Cake Custard	7
Spiced Peaches	3
Strawberries Flambe	4
Waffles	10

MISCELLANEOUS

Brandied Liver Pate	7
Chocolate Ice Blocks	7
Eastern Vegetable Pickle	5
Energy Health Drink	7
Family Drinks	4
Frypan Fruit Cake	13
Frypan Scones	14
Garlic Butter	15
Toasted Sandwiches	10

Meals cooked right at table or on the kitchen bench

The bench-top in the kitchen is one of the most important parts of the home. Here are kept the modern time-saving, labor-saving appliances which help prepare meals for the family or for guests with a minimum of effort and a maximum of good results. You can whip up delicious meals without the necessity to light the oven!

In this book we give recipes which make practical and imaginative use of many of these popular kitchen appliances. They include the electric frypan, which has become almost indispensable to the modern housewife and is now available in varying sizes to suit every family; the electric blender, toaster, and waffle iron.

A new appliance is a butane gas range; this is portable — you can use it just as readily in a caravan or when you're out picnicking as you can on the bench-top.

Apart from its convenience in use, the modern cooking appliance is so well designed, so attractive in appearance you can take it straight to the table and use it as a serving dish. Some of the cooking appliances can also be used like an expensive chafing dish. You can cook right at the table — in front of guests — savory dishes or dramatic flambe desserts!

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

● Color picture on page 1, by staff photographer Don Cameron, shows Spiced Peaches (recipe on page 3) and Sauté Veal with Lemon (recipe on page 12).

COOKING WITH ELEGANCE

Small portable butane fuel stoves, now available, have all the elegance of a chafing dish but are more versatile and practical.

THESE stoves are attractive enough to grace the table at the smartest dinner party. Right at table in front of your guests, you can cook delicious main-course dishes, desserts, or fondues; and the stoves are equally useful outdoors, for camping, picnics, caravanning, etc.

The flame adjusts immediately to any heat required.

Recipes on this page and overleaf are suitable for meals indoors — some are dinner-party dishes.

STEAKS IN RED WINE

(Picture on this page)

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons butter | 4 tablespoons chopped shallots |
| 4 thick fillet steaks | 1 dessertspoon plain flour |
| 1 dessertspoon butter, extra | 2 tablespoons red wine, extra |
| 1½ cups red wine | |

Heat butter in pan. Over high heat, cook fillet steaks 4 minutes on both sides, or until browned and cooked to taste. Remove steaks and keep warm. Melt extra butter in pan, add shallots, and cook 1 minute. Add wine, cook quickly until liquid has been reduced to half original quantity. Stir in flour which has been blended to smooth paste with extra wine. Bring sauce to boil; boil 1 minute. Return steaks to pan, spoon sauce over steak, serve immediately.

Serves 4.

SPICED PEACHES

(Picture on page 1)

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1 large can peach halves | whole cloves |
| 2 in. cinnamon stick | whipped cream |
| | strawberries |
| | slivered almonds |

Drain peaches, spike each peach with a few whole cloves. Heat peach syrup, add peach halves and cinnamon stick to pan; heat through 5 minutes. Place peaches on serving dish, remove cinnamon stick; if necessary, continue cooking until syrup has thickened a little. Top each peach half with whipped cream and strawberry half. Pour over warm syrup, sprinkle with slivered almonds.

Serves 6 to 8.

LAMB'S FRY, ITALIAN STYLE

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 young lamb's fry | pinch dry sage |
| ½ lb. white onions | salt, pepper |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley | 2 tablespoons butter |

Soak lamb's fry in slightly salted water 15 minutes, drain, remove skin. Cut into pieces about 1 in. by 1½ in.

Peel and slice the onions thinly.

Melt butter in pan, add onions; cook, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned. Add the meat, cook quickly until meat is browned and cooked (5 minutes should be enough — the liver will harden if it is overcooked). Add salt and pepper to taste, sage, and parsley.

Serves 3.

Continued overleaf

STEAK IN RED WINE is one of the many dishes that can be cooked at the table in front of your guests on a convenient, portable butane cooker. The recipe is on this page.



COOKING WITH ELEGANCE . . . continued

STRAWBERRIES FLAMBE

rind 1 lemon
rind and juice 2
oranges
1 cup sugar

2 punnets straw-
berries
1 cup brandy
vanilla ice-cream

Add lemon and orange rind to sugar and juice. Cook slowly in pan 5 minutes, pressing rind with spoon to get all the flavor possible. Remove rind, add strawberries, which have been carefully washed and dried. Spoon syrup gently over strawberries until they are coated with it. Pour brandy over and set aflame. Serve spooned over vanilla ice-cream.

Serves 6.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH ROSEMARY

2lb. chicken livers
1 cup red wine
salt, pepper
1 tablespoon dried
rosemary or 6
sprigs fresh rose-
mary

3oz. butter
2 large onions
1 dessertspoon
cornflour
little water
1 chicken stock
cube

Trim livers, soak 5 to 10 minutes in cold salted water, drain. In basin mix stock cube, red wine, salt, pepper, rosemary, and drained chicken livers; allow to marinate in mixture at least 1 hour, turning occasionally. Drain, reserve marinade. Melt butter in frypan, add sliced onions, cook until soft. Add drained chicken livers, cook 10 minutes; add marinade. Cover, simmer until livers are tender (approximately 15 minutes). Stir in cornflour blended to a smooth paste with a little cold water, bring to boil; boil 1 minute. Serve with rice.

Serves 4 to 6.

STEAK DIANE

For each person:
10oz. fillet steak
3½oz. unsalted
butter
1 tablespoon
 Worcestershire
sauce

5 freshly ground
peppercorns
1 teaspoon salt
1 clove garlic
1 tablespoon
chopped parsley

Ask butcher to cut steak 1½in. thick, then pound steak to about ½in. thickness. Season each side lightly with freshly ground pepper. Put butter into pan, when sizzling, add steaks. While cooking on one side, rub garlic into top of steak with wooden spoon. Turn steak over. Add Worcestershire sauce to pan, swirl steak round in the pan juices. When cooked to desired doneness, sprinkle with chopped parsley, transfer to heated plate.

FLAMBE RUM FRUITS consists of bananas and pineapple in a rich caramel sauce, flamed with rum.

FILLETS OF SOLE BONNE FEMME

6 fillets of sole
2 tablespoons
butter
3 shallots
4 to 6 mushrooms
chopped parsley

¾ cup dry white
wine
1 dessertspoon
butter, extra
1 teaspoon flour
salt, pepper

Melt butter in pan, sprinkle over the finely chopped shallots, and half the thinly sliced mushrooms. Season the fish fillets, arrange over the mushrooms. Spread remaining mushrooms on top, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Add white wine.

Cover the fish with piece of waxed paper the size of the pan, with small hole cut in centre. Bring to boil, cover pan with lid, reduce heat, cook gently for approximately 8 minutes, depending on thickness of fish. With broad spatula, remove fish and vegetables to hot serving dish. Blend the extra butter with flour, swirl into liquid in pan; stir until sauce thickens. Correct seasoning, if necessary; pour sauce over fish.

Serves 6.

FLAMBE RUM FRUITS

(Picture on this page)

4oz. butter or sub-
stitute
¼ cup rum or
brandy

1 cup brown sugar
1 large can pine-
apple rings
3 bananas

Melt butter in pan, add brown sugar; stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Peel and quarter bananas, drain pineapple rings and cut in halves. Add fruit to pan, gently stir through the caramel. Pour over rum, and flame. When flame has died, gently shake pan to blend ingredients.

Serve warm with whipped cream or ice-cream. For a mellow flavor, 3 tablespoons whipped cream may be folded into sauce just before serving.

Serves 4 to 6.

FAMILY DRINKS

Drinks for the whole family are quickly mixed in an electric blender. Here are some recipes — thirst-quenching or just deliciously good!

LOVELY LEMONADE

1 lemon
¼ cup sugar
1 pint water

Wash the lemon, cut off the thick pithy ends, then cut the lemon into 8 pieces. Put all ingredients into blender, mix well until lemon is finely shredded. Strain, chill, and serve. Makes 1 pint.

CARAMEL MALTED MILKSHAKE

6 tablespoons
ice-cream
1 tablespoon
malted milk
powder
8 ice-cubes

1 pint milk
2 tablespoons
bottled cara-
mel topping
nutmeg

Put all ingredients except the nutmeg into the blender and blend thoroughly. Pour into glasses and sprinkle each with a little nutmeg.

Serves 4 to 6.

BANANA COOLER

4 ice-cubes
2 teaspoons
icing sugar
1 tablespoon
lemon juice

¼ pint pineapple
juice
1 small ripe
banana

Bang ice-cubes so they're roughly broken. Put 2 broken ice cubes, icing sugar, pineapple and lemon juices, and chopped banana into blender. Blend well about 1 minute or until smooth. Add remaining ice cubes and blend again. Pour into glasses. Serves 2.

ICED COFFEE

2 teaspoons
instant coffee
¼ cup hot water

4 tablespoons
ice-cream
½ pint milk

Dissolve coffee in hot water, cool. When cold, put all ingredients into blender and blend thoroughly. Top each glass with scoop of ice-cream.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1968



BLENDERS SAVE TIME

To a busy housewife time is important — and an electric blender can cut down preparation time for many dishes. So many good things to eat can be prepared in a few minutes.

SOUPS, sauces, cake fillings, mayonnaise are just some of the things that can be whipped up in a jiffy with a blender.

MANDARIN CHEESECAKE

(Picture on this page)

CRUMB CRUST

8oz. plain sweet biscuits 4oz. melted butter
few drops vanilla

FILLING

11oz. can mandarin segments
rind 1 lemon
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1½ tablespoons gelatine
½ cup hot water
1-3rd cup sugar
2 egg-yolks
2 4oz. packets cream cheese
1-3rd cup iced water
½ pint sour cream
whipped cream

Crumb Crust: Roughly break up biscuits, place in blender, cover, and blend on high speed 20 seconds, or until all biscuits are broken down to fine crumbs. Do this in two lots if all biscuits will not fit in blender first time. Place crumbs in basin, add melted butter and vanilla; mix well. Press crumb mixture on base and sides of 8in. springform pan. Refrigerate until set.

Filling: Drain mandarins, reserve juice (approximately ½ cup). In electric blender place gelatine, lemon juice and rind, and hot water. Cover, blend on high speed 40 seconds. Add sugar, egg-yolks, cream cheese; cover, blend 20 seconds. Add ½ cup reserved mandarin juice, iced water, and sour cream. Blend another 15 seconds,

or until all ingredients are well combined, stopping to scrape down sides of blender occasionally.

Arrange half mandarin segments in pattern on base of prepared crumb crust, keep remainder for decoration. Spoon over cheesecake mixture; refrigerate until set.

Before serving, decorate with whipped cream and remaining mandarin segments. Sprinkle toasted slivered almonds over the cream for a pretty effect.

Serves 8 to 10.

EASTERN VEGETABLE PICKLE

(Picture on page 8)

1 red pepper 2 cloves garlic
1 green pepper ½ teaspoon chilli powder
2 cups cauliflower 1 coarsely chopped onion
1 large carrot 2 cups white vinegar
1 green cucumber ½ cup water
8 shallots 1½ teaspoons salt
6 almonds 3 tablespoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon turmeric
1 dessertspoon green ginger

Cut peppers into thin strips, slice carrot and cucumber into thin rings and cut shallots into 1in. pieces. Cook vegetables, except the shallots, in boiling salted water 1 minute; drain.

In electric blender place almonds, turmeric, garlic, green ginger, chilli powder, and onion; blend on high speed 10 to 15 seconds. Add vinegar, water, salt, and brown sugar, blend on high speed further 5 seconds. Add to vegetables and boil 5 minutes.

Pour into warmed jars, cool, and seal.



MANDARIN CHEESECAKE makes a lovely dessert. Both the crumb crust and filling are quickly mixed in a blender.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

1 small onion 3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 clove garlic ½ cup boiling water
2 egg-yolks 4oz. butter
salt, pepper

Place coarsely chopped onion, garlic, and egg-yolks into electric blender with seasonings and lemon juice. Blend on high speed 30 seconds; gradually add boiling water, blend a minute further, or until thick. Pour into saucepan, stir over low heat until mixture thickens and is smooth; do not boil. Return to blender, add butter a little at a time, blending well between each addition; blend until smooth.

GREEN VICHYSOISE

1 cup chopped raw potato ½ cup fresh or frozen green peas
4 chopped shallots salt
2 cups chicken stock 1 cup cream

Simmer vegetables with stock and salt 10 minutes, or until barely tender. Puree in electric blender. Return to saucepan, add cream, heat gently without boiling. Then transfer to bowl; cool, then refrigerate. Serve topped with extra spoonful of whipped cream.

Serves 4 to 6.

Continued on page 7

BENCH-TOP COOKERY — Page 5



Sunbeam: the table-top range

How is it a table-top range?

The Sunbeam Electric Frypan does practically everything—from stewing fruit to roasting turkey (note the hi-dome lid with 6-position tilt). Heats pre-cooked and packaged meals; even dry grills. There's an accurate automatic heat setting for every cooking method.

Is it easy to use and carry?

Switch on and set the thermostat for perfect full-scale cooking. And what an elegant serving dish it is, with smart styling and those cool buffet handles—so light, too.

How easily will it wash up?

Sunbeam's smooth, forever-gleaming stainless-steel lining makes it easy to clean. Removable control unit lets you immerse the whole frypan.

How often will I use a Sunbeam Electric Frypan?

Three times daily for major meals—more with between-time snacks or suppers.

Other Sunbeam table-top ranges

Sunbeam round Gourmet Frypan, the bachelor's choice.

Sunbeam Deep-Fry Cooker

Deep-fries, stews, boils, bakes, steams—automatically. Complete with deep-frying basket.



THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

SUNBEAM—THE ONLY ELECTRIC FRYPAN WITH GLEAMING STAINLESS STEEL

Page 6 — BENCH-TOP COOKERY

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1968

CHILLED CUCUMBER SOUP

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 2oz. butter | 1 cup chicken stock |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion | 2 dessertspoons parsley |
| 2 large cucumbers | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raw potatoes | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 cup milk | 1 cup cream |
| | chopped parsley |

Melt butter, cook chopped onion until transparent. Add chopped cucumber, diced potatoes, milk, chicken stock, parsley, salt and pepper. Bring to boil, simmer 15 minutes or until potato is tender. Puree in electric blender. Taste for seasonings, then refrigerate. For a richer, creamy soup, stir in chilled cream before serving. Serve garnished with chopped parsley.

Serves 4 to 6.

BRANDIED LIVER PATE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 5oz. butter or substitute | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried thyme |
| 2 crushed cloves garlic | pinch nutmeg |
| 2 medium onions | 1 tablespoon salt, pepper |
| 1lb. chicken livers | 1 tablespoon brandy |
| 2 tablespoons chopped parsley | 1 tablespoon cream |

Melt 2oz. butter, fry garlic and chopped onion until soft and golden brown. Add chicken livers, cook gently 3 to 5 minutes, sprinkle over herbs and seasonings; continue cooking 1 minute further. Cool mixture slightly, transfer to blender; blend on high speed until mixture forms a smooth paste. Remove from blender, fold in brandy, cream, and remaining 3oz. melted butter. Pour into greased mould, refrigerate until set.

To serve, unmoild and serve with toast triangles.

CHOCOLATE ICE-BLOCKS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk | water |
| 1 tablespoon drinking chocolate | 1 dessertspoon sugar |

Blend together drinking chocolate and sugar with little hot water until smooth. Add milk, blend again. Pour into ice-block trays, freeze until firm.

FROZEN APPLE SNOW

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 13oz. can pie apple | 2 egg-whites |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream |
| 1 tablespoon lemon juice | 1 extra teaspoon sugar |

Place apple, sugar, and lemon juice in blender, blend on low speed until apple is a puree and all ingredients are well mixed; occasionally stop blender and scrape down sides. Pour into freezer tray, freeze approximately $\frac{3}{4}$ hour or until mixture has frozen $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in from edge of tray. Turn into blender, add cream, blend on low speed for 5 seconds. Stiffly beat egg-whites, add extra sugar, beat until dissolved; fold into apple mixture. Spoon into freezer trays, freeze 2 hours.

Serves 4.

ENERGY HEALTH DRINK

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 15oz. can pineapple juice | 1-3rd banana |
| 2 teaspoons malted milk powder | 1 tablespoon honey |
| | 1 dessertspoon marzipan meal |

Place all ingredients in electric blender, blend one minute. Chill before serving.

SHERRIED CAKE CUSTARD

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 3 eggs | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| 4oz. plain cake | 1 pint warm milk |
| 2 tablespoons sweet sherry | nutmeg |

Place all ingredients except nutmeg in blender. Blend on low speed 15 seconds or until all ingredients are well mixed. Pour into greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with nutmeg. Stand in dish of cold water, bake in moderately slow oven 50 to 60 minutes or until custard is set.

Serves 6.

Perfect mayonnaise gives that gourmet touch to salads

A well-made creamy mayonnaise adds the final touch of perfection to a beautiful salad. And it's easy to make at home in a blender—and so quickly mixed.

WE give recipes for two wonderful salads and a blender mayonnaise to serve with them; and also some variations to the mayonnaise recipe so that, with a few additions, it is transformed into a classic sauce.

Sauce Remoulade: To the blender mayonnaise add 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 small crushed clove garlic, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon chopped capers, 2 small, finely chopped pickled onions. Serve with fish or shellfish.

BLENDER MAYONNAISE

- | | |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 egg-yolk | 2 tablespoons vinegar |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt | 1 tablespoon lemon juice |
| pinch paprika | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil |
| 1 tablespoon icing sugar | 1 tablespoon boiling water |
| pinch cayenne | |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard | |

Place egg-yolk, salt, paprika, sugar, cayenne, mustard, vinegar, and lemon juice in electric blender; blend on high speed 5 seconds. Remove blender cap, slowly add oil, blending continually; this will take about 5 minutes. Scrape down sides, add boiling water, blend in on low speed; adjust seasoning.

VARIATIONS

Tartare Sauce: Add to completed mayonnaise recipe above 1 to 2 teaspoons each of finely chopped gherkins, capers, and parsley. Serve with fried or grilled fish.

Cream Mustard Dressing: To the blender mayonnaise add 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream. Serve with meat, egg, fish, or poultry salads.

EGGS MIMOSA

(Pictures on pages 8, 9)

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 4 hard-boiled eggs | salt, pepper |
| 4oz. prawns | mayonnaise |
| lemon juice | chopped parsley |
| | watercress |

Slice eggs in half, remove yolks, set aside. Shell prawns, cut into small pieces, season to taste with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Fill into egg-white shells. Spoon a little mayonnaise over each egg half, sprinkle with chopped parsley and sieved egg-yolk. Serve on bed of watercress.

PRAWN SALAD PLATTER

(Picture on pages 8, 9)

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| lettuce leaves | asparagus spears |
| cucumber slices | prawns |
| tomato slices | mayonnaise |
| chopped parsley | french dressing |

Toss lettuce, cucumber slices, and tomato slices in french dressing. Arrange attractively on serving platter with asparagus spears and shelled prawns with tailpiece still intact. Spoon little mayonnaise over prawns, sprinkle tomato slices with chopped parsley. Serve extra mayonnaise separately for dipping prawns.

DISHES FOR MODERN MENUS



SEASONINGS for these crisp Eastern Vegetable Pickles at left can be quickly mixed in a blender. Recipe is given on page 5.

PRAWN SALAD shown at right with Eggs Mimosa (foreground) both use home-made mayonnaise mixed in a blender. See page 7.





The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1968



SWEET AND SOUR FISH (above) is colorful and beautifully flavored, cooks in an electric frypan. See page 12

SANDWICHES below are Ham and Pineapple, and Hot Steak — two hearty, savory snacks that make the most of toast. Recipes on page 10.



BENCH-TOP COOKERY — Page



Popular waffles

Waffles can be sweet or savory — either way they're popular. For dessert, top with ice-cream and serve with a sweet sauce spooned over.

SCOOP of ice-cream or one of the delicious sauces on this page ladled over the ice-cream will make waffles an easy but special dessert.

THE non-stick electric waffle irons now available make it easy to turn out stacks of waffles quickly.

BASIC WAFFLES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water	2 cups self-raising flour
2 eggs	2 tablespoons corn-flour
1 dessertspoon sugar	4oz. butter or substitute
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk	
1 teaspoon vanilla	
pinch salt	

Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks and sugar together, add milk, water, and vanilla; beat again. Add sifted dry ingredients. Pour in melted butter or substitute; beat well. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Allow to stand 10 minutes. Spoon

into hot, greased waffle iron, cook approximately 5 minutes, or until golden brown and crisp.

CRISP GOLDEN WAFFLES

1 cup self-raising flour	2 eggs
1 dessertspoon sugar	1 cup cream
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon butter, melted

Sift flour, sugar, and salt. Separate the eggs, beat egg-yolks until thick. Add the cream, mix lightly. Stir in the flour mixture, mixing only until smooth. Mix in melted butter, lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Cook in hot, greased waffle iron until golden brown and crisp.

SAUCES FOR WAFFLES

RUM-BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

2 tablespoons golden syrup	2oz. butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, lightly packed	1 to 2 teaspoons rum

Put into saucepan the golden syrup, brown sugar, and butter; stir until melted, then bring to boil, and boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in rum.

CHOCOLATE RUM SAUCE

2oz. dark chocolate	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar	1 dessertspoon rum
	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla

Chop chocolate roughly. Melt over low heat with butter, add sugar; continue stirring over heat 1 minute. Add milks and bring slowly to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer gently 5 minutes until of creamy consistency. Stir in rum and vanilla.

TOASTED SANDWICHES MAKE SAVORY SNACKS

ELECTRIC toasters, especially the automatic toasters, make golden-all-over toast a certainty. It's too good to restrict to breakfast alone, so try some of these ideas for savory snacks to serve at any time.

HAM AND PINEAPPLE SANDWICH

(Picture on page 9)

buttered toast	french mustard
lettuce leaves	pineapple rings
thick slices leg ham	radish roses

Saute thick slices of ham in a little butter until lightly browned; add pineapple rings, saute until hot and glazed. Place round of hot buttered toast on serving plate, top with lettuce leaves,

ham, spread lightly with little mustard, then pineapple ring. Garnish with radish roses.

HOT-STEAK SANDWICH

(Picture on page 9)

slices hot buttered toast	fried onion rings
fillet steak	tomato slices
lettuce leaves	parsley

Assemble by placing slice of hot buttered toast on plate. Arrange in layers lettuce leaf, fillet steak that has been cut wafer-thin and pan-fried in little butter. Add another slice toast, hot fried onion rings, top with a final slice of hot buttered toast. Garnish top with circle of onion rings, slice of tomato, parsley sprigs.

TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES

4oz. well-flavored grated cheese	freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon butter	little beer or cider
1 teaspoon prepared mustard	slices of buttered toast

Combine cheese, softened butter, mustard, and pepper, add sufficient beer to make a paste. Spread on slices of hot toast, brown under griller.

A little finely chopped celery can also be mixed into the cheese mixture before it is spread over the toast; this will add a crunchy texture to the sandwich.

Serve the cheese sandwiches with well-crisped lettuce leaves, tomato wedges, and black or green olives.



NEW **RONSON** TABLE CHEF

**serves up a
whole new fun-world
of table-side cooking**

Cooks or warms right at the table! The Ronson Table Chef is a fully adjustable portable "gas-range" that burns clean odourless butane gas.

You cook old favourites or exotic new dishes right at the table. Try Sukiyaki, Swiss Fondue, Crepe Suzettes, Flambe. A new, special issue Recipe Book is free with your Table Chef and tells you how!

R6052

Ronson
Table Chef

\$29.95



with special issue recipe Book and "Ceramiware" Frypan by Susie Ann.



ELECTRIC FRYPAN COOKERY

Possibly the most versatile of all kitchen appliances, the electric frypan—available in a range of sizes—can be used for most cookery methods; you can even cook cakes in one!

ELECTRIC frypans are attractive enough to use as serving dishes; it's an advantage to be able to keep the main dish hot, right at the table, ready for second helpings.

FISH WITH SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE

(Picture on page 9)

2 whole snapper or other fish (1½-2lb.)	2 tablespoons sherry
cornflour	2 tablespoons soy sauce
	oil
SAUCE	
2 cups sliced celery	2 cups cauliflower flowerets
1 large green pepper	½ cup pineapple juice
1 cucumber, sliced	4 tablespoons cornflour
2 large carrots	½ cup brown sugar
8 shallots	2-3rd cup vinegar
15oz. can pineapple rings	
2½ cups water	

Clean fish, wash and dry. Mix sherry and soy sauce in basin, allow fish to marinate in mixture at least 1 hour; drain. Reserve marinade for sauce. Coat fish in cornflour.

Heat oil in frypan, fry fish on both sides until golden brown (approximately 8 to 10 minutes). Remove from pan, pour off excess oil, leaving approximately 1 tablespoon. Keep fish warm while making sauce.

Sauce: Cut pepper into wedges, score unpeeled cucumber with fork, and slice. Scrape carrots and cut into rings, cut shallots into lin. pieces. Drain pineapple

(reserve ½ cup juice for sauce) and cut rings in quarters. Place all vegetables in frypan, cook 3 minutes in the hot oil. Remove, keep warm. Mix the water, pineapple juice, vinegar, brown sugar in frypan, bring to the boil. Blend cornflour to smooth paste with reserved marinade, add to sauce, cook 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add vegetables and reheat, pour over fish.

Serves 4.

SAUTE VEAL WITH LEMON

(Picture on page 1)

1½lb. thin veal steak	salt, pepper
1 egg	2 teaspoons paprika
½ cup plain flour	oil
½ cup cornflour	
LEMON SAUCE	
1 cup chicken stock	1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup water	1 teaspoon cornflour
1 teaspoon butter	extra water

Beat together the egg and 1 tablespoon oil. Mix together all dry ingredients. Dip veal in egg, then roll in flour mixture, shake off excess flour. Fry veal slices in hot oil until golden brown on both sides. Serve with boiled rice which has been mixed with chopped parsley and shallots. Spoon over lemon sauce.

Lemon Sauce: Bring stock and water to boil, add butter and lemon rind; stir in cornflour which has been blended to smooth paste with little extra water. Boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly.

Serves 4.

LAMB ORIENTAL

1½lb. lamb leg chops	2 onions
1 egg	1 carrot
3 tablespoons cornflour	1 tablespoon arrowroot
1 teaspoon salt	1½ cups stock
pepper	1 tablespoon soy sauce
½ cup oil	chopped shallots
3 stalks celery	

Cut lamb into thin strips. Combine egg, cornflour, salt and pepper; mix well. Add meat and coat well. Drain off excess batter. Heat oil in an electric frypan, add meat, brown well. Drain off excess oil. Add chopped celery, sliced onion and carrot; cook 2 minutes. Add stock, soy sauce, and arrowroot, blended with a little water. Bring to boil, stirring. Simmer 2 minutes. Serve garnished with chopped shallots.

Serves 3 to 4.

SPICED CHICKEN

2½lb. chicken	1 clove garlic
2oz. butter or substitute	1 onion
1 teaspoon turmeric	1 teaspoon ginger salt
2 whole cloves	1 cup white wine
2in. stick cinnamon	2 egg-yolks

Cut chicken into serving pieces. Melt butter in frypan. Add chicken, brown well on all sides. Remove from pan. Add crushed garlic and chopped onion; saute a few minutes. Add turmeric, ginger, cloves, and cinnamon; stir well. Return chicken to pan with wine. Reduce heat, cover pan, simmer very gently until chicken is tender, turning occasionally. Add beaten egg-yolks, stir until mixture thickens; do not boil. Season to taste. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Serves 3 to 4.

SAVORY MACARONI

2 tablespoons oil	1 dessertspoon water
1 clove garlic	salt, pepper
1 onion	pinch basil
½lb. pork	½lb. shell macaroni
½lb. veal	grated parmesan cheese
½lb. tomatoes	
3 dessertspoons tomato paste	

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water, drain well, and set aside. Mince pork and veal finely. Put oil in frypan, heat to moderate temperature. Add chopped onion and crushed garlic, saute a few minutes. Add meat, continue to cook until meat browns; reduce heat. Add skinned and chopped tomatoes, tomato paste, water, basil, salt and pepper to taste. Cover, cook 10 to 15 minutes, or until meat is tender. Add cooked macaroni, heat through. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese.

Serves 4.

PINEAPPLE BEEF CURRY

1 tablespoon oil	15oz. can pineapple pieces
1 clove garlic	1½ cups chicken stock
1 dessertspoon curry powder	1 cup uncooked rice
½lb. blade steak	salt, pepper
1 onion	½ cup desiccated coconut
1 carrot	
½ cup chopped celery	

Cut meat into lin. cubes. Heat oil in frypan. Add crushed garlic and curry powder, saute a few minutes; add meat, brown well. Add chopped onion, sliced carrot, and celery. Cook, stirring occasionally, for several minutes. Add pineapple pieces, syrup from can, stock, salt and pepper to taste, and rice. Stir well, cover, and cook approximately 1 hour or until steak is tender. Serve sprinkled with toasted coconut.

Serves 4.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1968

FRYPAN FRUIT CAKE

(Picture on this page)

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed fruit	5 eggs
$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. almonds	3 cups plain flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sherry	1 teaspoon mixed spice
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon instant coffee
1 dessertspoon parisian essence	

Preheat frypan to 420 degrees, with high aluminium lid on, steam vent closed, and asbestos mat in base of frypan.

Line 8 in. round or 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. square deep tin with one layer of brown and two layers of greaseproof paper; do not have paper higher than necessary.

Prepare fruit, chop almonds. Pour over sherry, allow to soak overnight. Cream butter and brown sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well between each addition. Add parisian essence, sifted flour, coffee, and spices alternately with fruit mixture; mix thoroughly. Place in prepared tin and stand on asbestos mat in frypan. Place lid in position. Cook at 420 degrees for 30 minutes, reduce temperature to 320, cook further $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours; vent must be closed for entire cooking period. Test cake by placing skewer through cake, if it comes out clean, cake is cooked.

SAUTE OF LAMB PROVENCALE

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lamb	2 tablespoons plain flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon	salt, pepper
1 clove garlic	pinch mixed herbs
8 small white onions	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint red wine
2 large tomatoes	8 olives
2 tablespoons oil	

Cut meat into 1 in. cubes. Heat oil in frypan. Add meat, fry until brown on all

sides, remove from pan. Add whole, peeled onions, crushed garlic, and chopped bacon to pan. Saute until onions are brown. Drain excess oil from pan. Return meat, sprinkle with flour; mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add herbs, pour in stock. Reduce heat, cover, and simmer very gently 20 to 25 minutes, or until meat is tender, adding a little more stock if necessary. Add wine, increase heat, cook quickly, uncovered, until liquid has reduced by about three-quarters. Add olives and peeled quartered tomatoes. Heat through.

Serves 4 to 6.

BUFFET STEAK AND MUSHROOMS

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. round steak	1 teaspoon arrow-root
2 tablespoons oil	1 teaspoon sugar
1 large onion	1 tablespoon soy sauce
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced beans	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms	1 tablespoon sherry or brandy
$\frac{1}{2}$ bunch spinach	1 teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup radishes	pepper to taste
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery	

Slice steak into wafer-thin strips. Heat oil in frypan, add sliced onion, and steak; cook until meat is light brown. Add beans, mushrooms, thinly sliced spinach, celery, and radishes; continue cooking 3 to 5 minutes. Blend arrowroot with a little stock. To the vegetable mixture add sugar, soy sauce, remaining stock, sherry or brandy, salt and pepper. Bring to boil, add blended arrowroot, and simmer 2 minutes.

Serve with boiled rice as main course or buffet dish.

Serves 6.

Continued overleaf



FRUIT CAKE, moist and flavoursome, cooks to perfection in a frypan with a metal lid. It can be decorated with almonds, cherries before being cooked.

ELECTRIC FRYPAN COOKERY . . . continued

NASI GORENG

(Picture on this page)

1lb. long-grain rice
2 tablespoons oil
½lb. lean pork
½lb. prawns
oil for frying
4 stalks celery
1½ cups finely shredded cabbage
6 shallots
1 crushed clove
garlic
2 eggs
1 red pepper
¼ teaspoon chilli powder
1 teaspoon ground coriander
salt

Boil rice in usual manner, drain, and, while still hot, pour over oil. Spread out on baking trays, leave in refrigerator 12 hours. Shred pork and shell prawns. Heat oil (approximately 1 tablespoon) in frypan. Add pork, cook 3 minutes, then add chopped celery, chopped shallots, chopped red pepper, garlic, cabbage, seasonings; cook 5 minutes. Add rice and prawns; cook, stirring until rice is heated through.

In another frypan, make omelet in usual manner, using the 2 eggs; cut omelet into fine strips. Arrange rice on large platter, sprinkle over the omelet strips.

Serves 8 to 10.

• Nasi Goreng can be served with Fried Prawn Crisps, as shown in our picture. These are obtainable in packets from large food stores. Drop them into hot oil, one or two at a time, for a minute or so until they puff and crisp; drain well.

SHERRIED VEAL

2lb. veal
seasoned flour
2oz. butter or substitute
¼ cup oil
¼ cup chopped shallots
½lb. mushrooms
1 cup chicken stock
½ cup sherry
1½ teaspoons paprika
salt, pepper
¼ pint sour cream
chopped parsley

Cut veal into very thin strips, toss in seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in frypan. Add meat and brown well; remove from pan. Add shallots and sliced mushrooms

to frypan, saute a few minutes. Return meat to pan with chicken stock, sherry, paprika, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer very gently 20 to 25 minutes, or until liquid has reduced by three-quarters and veal is tender. Just before serving, stir in sour cream, adjust seasoning. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with hot, fluffy rice.

Serves 6.

APRICOT ORANGE COMPOTE

½lb. dried apricots
½lb. prunes
brown sugar
2 oranges
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
pinch ground cloves
2oz. butter or substitute
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 tablespoons port wine

Soak apricots overnight or a few hours in water to cover. Cook with water in heated frypan until almost tender, sweetening to taste with brown sugar. Add prunes, peeled and sliced oranges, grated orange rind, cloves, butter, the 2 tablespoons brown sugar, and port wine. Heat together thoroughly; do not boil. Ladle while hot into individual serving dishes.

Serves 6.

FRYPAN SCONES

2 cups plain flour
pinch salt
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
2 tablespoons castor sugar
1oz. butter or substitute
¼ pint fresh or sour milk
extra butter

Heat frypan to moderately hot temperature, grease with a little butter. Sift flour, salt, soda, and cream of tartar into basin. Rub in butter with tips of fingers, stir in sugar; add milk and, with fork, mix to soft dough. Turn on to floured board, knead quickly once or twice, roll out to ¼in. thickness, cut into rounds. Place in frypan, cook 2 to 3 minutes until nicely browned on one side. Turn, brown other side. Split open, butter, and serve hot.



NASI GORENG, a popular dish for a family meal, is equally good for a buffet party. It contains fried rice, celery, peppers, prawns.

SEASONED VEAL ROLLS

1½lb. thin veal steaks
2oz. bacon
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup soft white breadcrumbs
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2oz. butter or substitute
1 egg
1 small carrot
1 small onion
1 rasher bacon, extra
½ cup tomato sauce
1 cup beef stock
1 tablespoon plain flour
pinch oregano

Cut veal into thin slices, approximately 3in. wide by 6in. long. Combine chopped

bacon, parsley, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper. Bind together with slightly beaten egg. Spread over veal slices and roll up, securing 4 to 5 rolls on 1 skewer. Heat butter in frypan, add veal rolls, brown well on all sides. Remove from pan. Add sliced onion and carrots and chopped extra bacon, saute a few minutes. Return meat to pan. Add tomato sauce, stock, and oregano. Cover, simmer gently approximately 30 minutes, or until meat is tender. Thicken liquid, if necessary, with plain flour blended with a little cold water. Serve with hot, fluffy rice.

Serves 4.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 5, 1968

FONDUES ARE FUN

THE small electric frypans with rounded base are ideal for fondue cookery—either Cheese Fondue or Fondue Bourguignonne; both recipes are given on this page. Heat can be maintained at just the temperature you require.

CHEESE FONDUE

$\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic 2 dessertspoons
1lb. gruyere cheese cornflour
1lb. cheddar cheese 2 tablespoons
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint dry white kirsch
wine crusty french bread

Rub round inside of the frypan with the cut garlic. Add the wine, heat to boiling point. Reduce heat, add the grated cheeses gradually, stirring continually, until cheese melts and mixes with the wine. Add the kirsch blended with the cornflour. Continue to cook until the mixture thickens (about 3 to 4 minutes), stirring gently all the time in the form of a figure 8. Reduce temperature to warm, use immediately. Use squares of crusty bread for dipping.

FONDUE BOURGUIGNONNE

2lb. to 3lb. steak accompanying
butter sauces
oil

Remove all fat from steak, cut into 1in. cubes. Have meat at room temperature for cooking.

An equal combination of butter and oil gives best flavor to the steak. Melted butter, combined with oil, should fill frypan to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from top. Heat the butter-oil mixture until very hot, then maintain at an even temperature. Each guest spears a morsel of beef on a long-handled fork and cooks it in the hot oil-butter until done as desired. The cooked meat is then dipped into a choice of sauces.

Using another fork, slide the cooked meat on to the plate. Another piece of beef can be cooking while you're eating.

Accompanying sauces and condiments should give a variety of flavors; offer a choice of at least two. See ideas at right.

Serve with a green salad, or mushroom salad, and spears of asparagus.

Steaks to use: Any tender steak can be used; rump will have best flavor, but there will be less wastage with fillet because of its lack of fat.

Round steak can be used, but will need to be marinated first to make it tender.

Marinade: Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, good pinch of monosodium glutamate. Let meat pieces marinate in this several hours, turning occasionally. Drain well, pat dry.

Quantity of steak required will depend on type of steak used, what wastage is cut away, and also, of course, on what you know of your guests' appetites.

RAW MUSHROOM SALAD

1lb. very fresh mushrooms
salt
garlic
oil
chopped parsley
juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
freshly ground
pepper
lettuce leaves

Wipe mushrooms, slice finely. Place a little salt in bowl, rub bowl with garlic. Add mushrooms, pour over sufficient oil to moisten. Mix lightly, set aside until mushrooms have absorbed most of oil (about 5 minutes). Sprinkle with generous amount of chopped parsley, add lemon juice and pepper. Taste, season with a little more salt, pepper, or lemon juice if necessary. Stand 5 to 10 minutes.

Serve on lettuce leaves.

CHEESE FONDUE, rich and creamy, can be cooked and served at table in small electric frypan with round base.

A fondue party is an easy and pleasant way to entertain a small number of guests. It's a popular type of party and delightfully informal.

BERNAISE SAUCE

4 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
pinch salt
6 crushed peppercorns
1 tablespoon chopped shallots
3 egg-yolks
4 to 5oz. butter
few drops lemon juice

Combine in saucepan the vinegar, salt, peppercorns, and shallots. Cook until reduced 1-3rd in quantity; strain. Beat egg-yolks well; cook, stirring over hot water, until slightly thickened. Add the strained liquid, beat again. Gradually beat in softened butter, beating after each addition until butter is well incorporated. Sauce

will gradually become thickened, like rich cream. When sauce has thickened to desired consistency, stir in lemon juice.

CAPER SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise 1 teaspoon vinegar
1 tablespoon from capers
chopped, drained 1 tablespoon finely
capers chopped parsley
Combine all ingredients well.

GARLIC BUTTER

4oz. butter 1 small clove garlic
1 dessertspoon 2 tablespoons finely
lemon juice chopped parsley
Crush the garlic and blend well with remaining ingredients.



FOR YOUR FAMILY'S HEALTH SAKE—WIPE IT WITH WETTEX

TESTED &
APPROVED BY
HEALTH AUTHORITIES
**SAFEST &
MOST HYGIENIC**
IN
THE WORLD



insist on Genuine
Wettex
worlds most absorbent cloth

